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## **Benighted Mexico**



# Benighted Mexico

By  
Randolph Wellford Smith



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## PROLOGUE

The observation of neither savant nor wise-acre is required in these eventful days of the year 1916, to note that a crisis has been reached in Mexico and must be met. Either the faces of its people must be turned to the sun or else they must forever pass over into the Land of Shadow. The recognition of the so-called *de facto* government of Carranza by the Government of the United States, at the most crucial period in Mexico's history, is an incident so tragic, with the massacres and horrors which have followed, that it has excited the deepest international interest and concern, despite the fact that the world is staggering under the greatest war in history.

This work must not be interpreted as propaganda for any party or faction in or out of Mexico. The sympathy of the author has been deeply enlisted in behalf of the exiles in this country and in France, numbers of whom are people of the highest culture and refinement. Neither is this volume published in the interest of the Catholic Church. If the personality may be pardoned, the author asks permission to state that he is an Episcopalian. The tale, the lurid, vivid tale of saddened Mexico, however, cannot be fairly told without kindly reference and highest tribute to the brave priests and nuns who

have dared the infamies of the desperadoes of that land.

No effort is made here to lift the veil of Mexico's future. If there is a vista of light ahead, the author has been unable to discover it, and the incontrovertible fact remains that by the recognition of Carranza the burden of responsibility for the mere existence of the millions of down-trodden peons within its borders has been shifted from the shoulders of its infamous rulers upon the United States Government.

Incomparable in its spectacular picturesqueness is sun-kissed Mexico, and it would have been a pleasant task to brighten these pages with stories of atmospheric romance and its varicoloured beauties. But there are none to-day. It is a land of suffering, intrigue, infamy, crime and vice almost beyond human belief and the end is not yet. A titanic struggle is at hand, but the ways and means for the redemption of the nation are not in the perspective. Fate and the United States of America seem to have carved a skull and crossbones on its destinies.

Future historians will hesitate in their efforts to record the era of almost unprecedented frightfulness which marked the years of 1914 and 1915. The milestones along the highways of those years have been simply hitching posts for one bloody deed or assassination after another, occurring in countless succession with inconceivable celerity.

The German atrocities in Belgium and Russia are but the weird vagaries of fevered imagination compared with the infamies perpetrated

by the brigand Carranza, the bandit Villa and that prince of looters and highwaymen, Zapata. Bowed in grief, like some weeping Niobe, the Mexican populace has had to stand quietly aside and watch its whole land shattered and shorn of its wealth and resources until it is now nearly all one vast plain of devastation. Could a bird's-eye view be had of that country as it is to-day, the spectator would be horrified to note the great areas of waste places where there were once prosperous and picturesque cities and villages and agricultural districts; and yet the destruction of property is but a minor matter compared with the human terror and suffering that has been heaped upon the 12,000,000 peons by the bands of brigands and bandits, who numerically, all told, have never exceeded 140,000 men, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. That such widespread destruction could be effected by such small armies of pillagers in so brief a period is almost beyond belief, but it should be borne in mind that Carranza, Villa and Zapata and the forces under them have lived principally on the proceeds of their thievery and savagery. The loans which the two former leaders have been able to make have been spent largely on munitions of warfare and riotous living.

The American people and the world at large have been kept in absolute ignorance of the conditions that have governed in the storm-tossed country for so long a period, and the ruthless followers of Carranza and Villa have swept it of its wealth and resources without a staying hand, as the grasshoppers sometimes do the table-lands



of Kansas. Even the deliberations of the American Colony in the City of Mexico are buried in the archives of the State Department, for it was best, as Secretary of State Bryan put it early in the revolution, that the "public should not know."

During nearly the entire period since the expulsion of Huerta, Carranza has controlled the mails and cables through the Mexican ports and only such information as he deemed wise and beneficial to his own cause has been allowed to pass the censor into the United States. Couriers and a few unscrupulous newspaper correspondents have occasionally voiced the Villa sentiments and acclaimed his victories. But few of his depredations have been made public, and it is the confident belief of the author of this work that the true versions of the Benton murder and the McManus assassination and many other tragic incidents during the progress of the revolution are here first told.

When merely an infinitesimal part of the truth about present conditions in Mexico is known, it will astound the whole civilised world, and more especially the American people, with its nauseating details and the refinement of its cruelties. In the pages that follow will be found the dramatic recitals and proofs, not to be refuted, of the assassination of American citizens and soldiers; of the almost unbelievable bestiality by soldiers (?) of Carranza and Villa upon the persons of nuns, many of whom are bearing children in the maternity hospitals of Mexico; of countless outrages upon the persons of priests and ministers

of the Gospel; of massacre, pillage and murder, rape and arson.

Germany's fine hand and "kultured" efficiency is more than apparent in much of the infernal mischief. Scattered throughout Mexico, there is a population of some 16,000 Teutons, 4,500 of whom are in Mexico City. Early in the revolution nearly all these were followers or adherents of Villa and many of the more thrifty helped to finance some of his ventures. In the early Spring of 1915, however, the Kaiser's emissaries began to flirt with Carranza. Villa was losing heavily, and he had been an expensive investment. Carranza was more conservative in his perfidies and Mexico appeared to be an inviting proposition.

Knowing the Germans to be past masters in the art of unscrupulous propaganda and reeking in gold, Carranza gladly welcomed them. Germany's commerce had then been swept from the seas, her colonies were all lost, and Mexico, despite her internecine spat, was indeed a fair land to behold, and a fine place wherein at least a few of her multitudinous people might lay their heads. During his entire regime, the German Consul in Mexico City was the only foreign representative whom Carranza had troubled himself to protect.

The Germans in Mexico have made no secret of their affiliation. Leading articles have appeared in many German newspapers, recounting the efforts of the Teuton emissaries. Catholic schools have been taken over and Germanized, and Carranza's ripe friendship for the Father-

land highly praised. Carranza's repeated rebuffs and insults to President Wilson, his positive refusals to attend the Niagara and Pan-American Conferences, are not difficult to account for, as his obligations to Berlin prevented and precluded his extending courtesies to the Chief Executive of the United States.

Nothing, perhaps, could better illustrate the beautiful gullibility of the American people than the attitude of the First Chief in relation to Villa. The head of the alleged de facto Government has an army of not less than 130,000 men. Villa has never had more than 5,000 men at his command since Carranza came into power on Oct. 9, 1915. The First Chief's promises to the United States were to put down banditry, restore religious liberty, and put Villa out of the way. He has never made the smallest effort to accomplish these purposes, and there are strong suspicions in many quarters that he has rather assisted than attempted to frustrate the massacres by the bandit.

The terrific conditions existing in the ill-starred land are best illustrated in Mexico City. There have been no less than seventeen radical changes in the government of the Capital in five years. Each of these several governments has left a train of bad money in its wake, until now a Mexican peso is worth less than one cent.

There are on an average between 600 and 700 deaths a day from typhus. The death rate is steadily increasing, mainly because the street cars are used to carry the dead to the cemeteries at night and for ordinary conveyances in the day

time. Carranza insisted that the Red Cross withdraw its relief corps the day after he was recognised. Cardinal Gibbons announced in February of 1916 that more than a quarter of a million dollars had been contributed for the relief work in Mexico, but he was not permitted to use it. The Rockefeller Foundation was allowed to send three physicians to Mexico City to endeavour to arrest the disease. Almost immediately upon their arrival, they themselves were stricken with the disease and had to be hurried out of the country. Entire villages and towns in Southern Mexico have been devastated and abandoned. Less than one per cent of the Mexican population is loyal to Carranza, and his evident purpose is to starve the people into submission.

The situation is perhaps more grave than any that has confronted the people of the United States since the War of the Rebellion. The nations of Europe are already well nigh spent with the conflict in which they are engaged and it is hardly likely that this country will be involved over continental issues, however serious they may appear. Mexico is a different proposition. There are fully two billions of dollars of American capital at stake there; England has between eight and nine millions of actual property to be looked after; and nearly all the oil that feeds the ships of Great Britain comes out of Mexico. France and Spain also have large interests and Germany's holdings of some twenty or forty millions are said to have tripled since the inception of the Carranza regime.

It is obvious that there will have to be a reckoning shortly.

Mexico, unfortunately, has had no definite fundamental principles of government since the halcyon days of Ferdinand and Isabella. After a fashion, Diaz was successful in bringing something like order out of the chaos that preceded him; but his house of straws soon tumbled in ruins, leaving nothing but the mere semblance of a government, and even that semblance has faded into a mirage.

Thanks to the basic principles inculcated by the Constitution of the United States, no disorder followed the assassinations of any one of the three presidents of the United States—Lincoln, Garfield or McKinley. But with benighted Mexico, the theme, the *motif* of good government has ever been missing. It has had no Washington or Jefferson to cast the fine metal of the bell, which the melting pot of the ever-menacing American politician could never dissolve. Mexico has had no Constitutional safeguard.

Since Madero's assassination conditions have gone from bad to worse—from simple chaos and disorder to direst human suffering and anarchy. The Mexican national debt amounts to 2,121,300,000 pesos. Since the Diaz regime it increased 1,681,300,000 pesos and is steadily growing. Carranza's government is living on loot and what money it can get from time to time from German sources—and the Fatherland is not over-liberal in its contributions to any cause, not even that of Mexico, just now. Germany is Carranza's only court of appeal for financial aid, as

the great banking houses of the world have positively refused to assist him.

More than 300 Americans have been murdered in the past eighteen months by Carranzistas, Zapatistas and Villistas, and not one German has been permitted to pass away either by accident or design. There is sufficient significance in this fact alone to show what the feeling between the "gringo" and "greaser" is, and there is apparently no solution to the problem.

Should it eventually become necessary for the United States to intervene, there will be no simple task ahead, and many military experts prophesy five and perhaps ten years of guerilla warfare. There is a popular fallacy in this country that the Mexican is a poor soldier. The punitive expedition after Villa may indicate some fine military points to the contrary. Often the peon-soldier has all the cunning of the North American Indian and much of the craftiness of the Spaniard combined. It is an error not to reckon him with esteem on his native heath, and we may have as much trouble in his conquest as England had with her Boers in South Africa.

The recognition of Carranza, even though it was but temporary, dumfounded the 60,000 Mexicans in this country and not a few Americans. The insults that Carranza has offered the Administration, the people of the United States in general and the President himself, personally, are without precedent.

President Wilson docilely reproved Carranza, it is said, for collecting the customs at Vera Cruz and using them for his own purposes during the

progress of the revolution. The contention was that these duties should be turned over to this Government and retained in trust until the conclusion of the revolution. Carranza treated this request from Washington with absolute contempt and a large part of the proceeds of these customs duties was squandered by the First Chief's cohorts along New York's Great White Way.

Carranza has always controlled that section of Mexico which produces sisal hemp. An enormous amount of this product is used in this country. The American farmer has to have it for his harvester. In the summer of 1915 Carranza was sadly in need of funds. He raised the price of hemp from three to six pesos in gold. It made a difference of many millions of dollars to the American farmer. The International Harvester people went to Mr. Bryan, explained the matter and declared they were helpless in the premises. Mr. Bryan took the matter to the President and the latter again sent a protest to Carranza, who did not even trouble himself to make response.

Again, when the President made an appeal to Carranza, which in a sense was personal, and requested him to attend the Latin-American Conference, he refused point blank. Later, asked to send a representative, he peremptorily declined.

Recognition after these avowedly flagrant insults to this country and its Chief Executive is incomprehensible.

Furthermore, Carranza is an agnostic. He will have no one about him who has anything to do with any church. Churchmen of many de-

nominations from all over the civilised world have protested vigorously against his recognition.

Despite the fact that the brigands and bandits under the three leaders represent less than one per cent of the population of Mexico, it has been no *opera bouffe* warfare. City streets and country lanes have flowed with the blood of thousands of peons and countless foreigners, as did Paris during the Commune. A reign of terror has extended from the Capital—if Mexico City can be so termed by courtesy—to the hamlets in the far fastnesses of the mountains. And close students of the situation say still worse is to come, for Carranza has been the chief offender against the people themselves, their churches, the State, and the innocents.

The Mexicans exiled in this country represent the best element of their native land, morally, mentally and physically. Staggering under the shame of Madero's assassination, the infamy of Huerta and the phantasmagorical array of illiteracy and ill-government handed down to them through the centuries, they were forced to leave their land to its fate. They knew Carranza as an "accident," a vacillating, obstinate, impossible weakling and egotist, and they were fully cognisant of the attributes and characteristics of his brigand followers. They knew Villa, also, as the bandit that he was, and they had a full estimate of his fellows, made up on the whole of those who feared him and those who were in his train simply for gain. And for the swashbuckler Zapata, they required no analysis.

So the exiles knew the character of the three



leading figures in the revolution and, striking their tents, they came to this country, knowing full well their homes would be laid low and their property destroyed, but hoping against hope that out of the chaos and anarchy there might arise some saving grace that would beget good government and a general movement for the uplifting and rehabilitation of their benighted land. And they looked to the United States, the mother country of the American world, for guidance and help.

Such a thing as the recognition of any one of the triumvirate of looting roysterers, whose calumnies and perfidies have been singing around the world, like the wassail cries of the royal rioters of old Rome, above the din and roar of even the European conflict, never entered the wildest dreams of the exiles. In helpless, impotent rage and hopeless sorrow, they watched across the distance the dissipation of their fortunes, the destruction of their homes and the devastation of their beautiful country—and then finally, as the crowning culmination of their woes, came the formal affiliation of this Government with Venustiano Carranza!—the very antithesis of all their hopes and ideals!

It is not to be expected that the best element of that land, which has been looking to the United States for some sort of relief, will stand idly by and watch Carranza give the broad lands of their beautiful and productive country to his German affiliates and the horde of adventurers about him.

The recognition of Carranza, the leader of one factor of a revolution, it is pointed out, is with-

out precedent. What prompted it will perhaps forever remain a mystery, for there is nothing ostensibly to justify such action, and it is preposterous to suggest that the present Chief Executive of the Nation would take such a radical step to justify the exigencies of a political situation. A clearness and conciseness of vision has characterised the every official act of President Wilson, since his inception in office, equalled only by that of two of his predecessors—Washington and Jefferson. In his internal policies as applied to the tariff, the currency, and in almost every direction, his dominant, brilliant ability has been marked and successful. With matchless hands he has handled the European situation. Men of all creeds and parties have doffed their hats and sounded his praises. Yet in the face of all diplomatic usage and precedent, all international tradition and all methods of governmental procedure, the troubadour and agnostic Carranza is put at the head of 12,000,000 peons whose land has been heavily burdened with the yoke of infamous government and cruel rulers for centuries!

It is the mystery of mysteries, and the whole world will await the eventual action of the Congress of the United States with bated breath. Apparently the President has been almost criminally misled and misinformed by his emissaries to that country.

No sane commentator discussing Carranza to-day has pretended to place any confidence in his promises to restore property, make restitution and award amnesties. His whole political career precludes any such possibility. His "affairs" with

this government, his dealings with the Church and innumerable private individuals, the records of which Congress may or may not secure from the State Department, will signally suffice to illustrate his inability to rejuvenate his disrupted country.

History records no graver or more heart-rending tragedy than that which has finally befallen this stricken land. Rich in natural resources, a veritable garden of roses, beyond the dreams of the avarice of the discoverers, it has passed from the lap of one tyrant ruler to the arms of another, its groping subjects the while sinking deeper and deeper in the mires of ignorance and illiteracy, until to-day the country, in the minds of many sociological students, is almost past redemption.

Silhouetted in light against the background of the darkened pages of its annals, is the Christian world, proffering outstretched, helpful hands, but hands—alas!—that for one reason or another could never reach across its borders. Mexico's possibilities were limitless. Despite the lack of schools and seats of learning, the art of the Aztecs and the natives in sculpture, in architecture and other directions has been evinced and illustrated at times after a fashion marvellous to the outside world—that Christian world that has so studiously refrained from lending a helping hand.

The attitude of the United States toward Mexico has from time immemorial been the acme of inconsistency. Nearly \$900,000,000 and 100,000 lives have been squandered by this Government in the Philippines, the islands in the Pacific

being worthless to this country except as a strategical naval base. Cuba, another elephant on our hands, has cost whole mints of American gold. But Mexico, an integral part of us, at the very gateway of the American soul and conscience, has been left lamentably and tragically to crumble in its own ruins.

Where the responsibility rests, Heaven and history will eventually decree. Meanwhile over this tear-stained, benighted land another cloud of blood is hanging menacingly and the shadows again deepen.

Whose hand can stay it?



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# BENIGHTED MEXICO

## CHAPTER I

### A LAND OF INCOMPARABLE WEALTH LAID WASTE

Mexico is an undiscovered country. Scientists, archæologists and mining experts concede that the vast wealth and natural resources within its borders have been simply skimmed, not drawn. Mountains of copper, silver, gold, rare ores of almost metal purity and some of the richest deposits of petroleum in the world, yet in their virgin state, await development and the world's markets. The agricultural possibilities of some of its rich valleys and highlands, in many instances thus far untouched by the hands of man, can hardly be exaggerated. Practically all the products grown in this country and Germany can be grown successfully, and with less risk quite frequently, because of the regularity of the seasons and the splendid waterways. Lack of railroads and common carriers of all descriptions, internal and almost eternal dissension, misrule and internecine strife, revolution after revolution and constant effort on the part of one ruler after another to wrest its fabulous wealth from the natural owners for selfish reasons *pur et simple* have served to bring about a condition in the affairs of

the country difficult, if not, indeed, almost hopeless.

The sunniest period in Mexico's recent history beyond question began with the rule, or perhaps to express it more properly, the reign of Diaz. From the inception of his career as the head of the nation, many latter-day historians paint Diaz as certainly an able if not a great man. No ruler was ever confronted with graver problems, and if his mode and methods of accomplishment do not meet the approval and requirements of some squeamish commentators, time and recent events will serve to soften the severity of the criticisms passed upon him and prove him the Master Man of Mexico since Cortez. That his sincerity should be questioned when he painted orphan asylums and jails and bedecked and befrocked the orphans and prisoners during the great fair in the City of Mexico was but natural; but doubt of the sincerity of his love for his native land and his efforts for the welfare of his people cannot be entertained.

It will ever be the regret of the intelligent Mexican that Diaz was not permitted to remain at the head of his country until he could at least have formed and organised the primary principles and constitution of a permanent government. The countless enemies buzzing about his throne gave him no peace, however, and those closest to him graphically picture the difficulty of his task in taking care of the present during his regime, let alone the morrow. To the spectator without his court his rule was most spectacular and, ostensibly, eminently successful. Only his closest inti-

mates knew that it was but by the daily, almost hourly, threat that the "Americans may intervene" he was able to hold his enemies in check. Often only by holding that sword of Damocles over the heads of his own beloved people was he able to keep them in leash.

Upon such slim pretext and pretence, it stands to reason, no rule could endure, and it is remarkable that he should have been permitted to remain in power as long as he did. The introduction of enormous sums of British and American capital and the fantastic parade of British and American multi-millionaires at the Capital and in the principal cities served to inspire the natives, and assisted Diaz in maintaining the pomp that must accompany all power in a land of Latins—if that power is to have any chance of successful accomplishment.

When Diaz regretfully turned over the government to Madero in May, 1911, the Mexican National Debt was 440,000,000 pesos. The National credit of the country was absolutely unimpaired and stronger than that of any other Latin-American country with the possible exception of Argentina. A peso was then worth 50 cents in gold. The National Debt is now 2,121,300,000 pesos—a peso is worth less than one penny—and, since Carranza assumed the reins of government, Mexico has had no credit in any of the world's money markets. Carranza's army and his alleged government have been supported entirely by a system of "taxation," mainly upon British and American industries in Mexico, which is but a polite name for loot or graft.



Some of the present National indebtedness was incurred by Huerta, and many prominent Mexicans are inclined to excuse this obligation because of the lamentable conditions that followed the assassination of Madero. Diaz clearly foresaw the present dark fate of his country. But a few days before Madero assumed office he told his associates and old friends that he feared for his country. "I fear that it will soon be swamped in blood and perhaps some day ruled by one of the new party of Agnostics." This remarkable prophecy is constantly commented upon by the Mexican exiles in this country, for in less than five years Carranza—a leader among Agnostics and the greatest enemy the Church of Mexico has ever had, the exiles and nearly the entire population declare—Carranza was not only elevated to the "First Chieftainship," whatever that may be, but he was also recognised by the United States as the head of the *de facto* government.

This new party of Agnostics is the subject of much dissension and discussion among Mexicans at home and abroad. Under the head of "Mexico" in the recent report of the Congress on Christian work in Latin America, the following is said relative to this: "Most of the students and educated classes called themselves liberals, which means a general belief in God, but not in any Church. Many are proud to claim they are agnostics. The revolution has stirred up society to its lowest strata. The people are reading, studying and thinking as never before. As a whole they have come to detach the Church from its traditional sanctity and perfection. The

old systems are broken up. All kinds of men are brought together more or less on an equality. While they are looking for social and political freedom they are more open than ever for religious truth. The historic Church, demoralised in its control of the community, is losing great numbers who have been held by its power, magnificence and position."

The Congress on Christian Work in Latin Countries is made up mainly of American Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist dignitaries.

Mexico is ninety-two per cent. Catholic; some statisticians claim an even larger percentage. There are a mere handful of other denominational sects in the country and a very small minority of the new party of Anti-Clerical Agnostics. Yet the Catholics sadly admit defeat. Their churches have been destroyed, the sacred vessels overturned and thrown in the streets, countless priests murdered and the sacred persons of nuns violated. The only salve they have, they say, is that their enemies were not able to put one of their own kind at the head of the nation, but had to compromise on an Agnostic. And they point to the devastation of the whole land to-day as the natural consequence and retribution.

Disease and death are on all sides. The death of a starving man or woman or child in the streets of the City of Mexico to-day has become so common that it no longer attracts attention. Services over the dead are but seldom held because there are no priests, except in rare cases, to administer the sacred rites of the Church. The marriage ceremony among the lower classes

is no longer possible for the same appalling reason.

The Catholics of the United States point to beautiful bleeding France as an object lesson. Not long since her churches were overthrown and her priests exiled. Is a Higher Hand at work because of these desecrations? they ask. But never did France violate the sanctity of her women or permit bestialities upon the persons of gentle Sisters of Mercy. Under the personal order of Carranza hundreds of nuns have had their beds strapped to their backs and been deported to this country and Spain. Several affidavits are extant, signed, witnessed and attested by U. S. Army officers, stating in frightful detail how these nuns were allotted to Carranzista soldiers for purposes of infamy—"one nun to four soldiers."

The whole Mexican situation is likely to come home to the American people eventually—at no very distant day—with appalling distinctness.

The punitive expedition to capture or kill Villa, after the Columbus massacre, aroused naught but disgust in the nostrils of those familiar with the conditions, for it would not have been necessary if Carranza had kept his promises. He has a well-armed, well-equipped force of nearly 95,000 men available for field work. Of that number fully one-half can live and exist after the same fashion as Villa and his force have seemed to thrive in the fastnesses of the Sierras. Carranza, as one of the provisions of his recognition, which no one familiar with the man put any faith in, promised to subdue the rebellion. It is not on record that he ever made the slightest effort to

put down Villa and his band, although in possession of a vastly superior force—a force that knew Villa's mountain lairs as well as he himself. As soon as he was recognised General Carranza—a general, *en passant*, who never saw a battlefield until the smoke had all cleared away—retired to the sanctity of his home to enjoy his own greatness, while Villa terrorised the border and murdered American women and children at will. It mattered not what was the outcome of his expedition. It left no doubt as to what the attitude of Carranza was toward Americans and the United States.

Aside from the sentiment that naturally attaches in the American mind to the wholesale slaughter of its citizens and the simple ruination of sanctified gentlewomen, there are other more materialistic matters that must come up for early consideration. Foreign interests have been watching and waiting patiently to get something like an accurate estimate of the Carranza administration of public affairs. Thus far—as far as the summer of 1916—there has not been a glint of azure blue in the darkened skies.

At the beginning of the revolution the mining output alone of Mexico amounted to some \$95,000,000. It had largely dwindled when Carranza ascended the throne. Now it has dropped to the amazing figure of less than \$30,000,000. Great American and British properties are standing idle with no hope of protection and hence no hope of operating with a Carranzista blackmailer on one side and a Villa bandit on the other.

There is but little difference in the methods of the erstwhile brigand and the bandit.

Just three years ago the foreign commerce of Mexico amounted to more than \$250,000,000. It is impossible to tell with any degree of accuracy how great the commerce is to-day, but a conservative estimate would place it now at less than one-third.

The National railways of Mexico, through the American stockholders, will shortly demand some \$75,000,000 in gold for damage done their properties, mainly by Carranzistas. The English owners of the Mexico Northwestern will also shortly insist upon the payment of some ten or twelve millions for destruction to property and business. There are scores of similar lesser claims. And the chaos and anarchy grow steadily worse and worse as Carranza is completing the first summer of his regime.

What is most needed in the Mexican situation is an American Cecil Rhodes or just one American statesman. Nothing at this late day can be expected of any Mexican. The whole land and even the exiles are too antagonistically divided in faction. Distracted and unnerved, there is no peace within them. And, sadly enough, but little without.

An American Rhodes or an American Statesman of bygone days, after the pattern of a Washington, a Jefferson, a Monroe, a Marshall or a Randolph, forsooth! would have noted several important matters before falling into the Carranzista traps during the punitive expedition after Villa. He would have observed that the "First

Chief" had requested permission to move his troops through American territory—a permission which was promptly and pleasantly granted by the President of the United States, for the reason that it was assumed that he was going to capture Villa. It would have then been recorded in a most interesting notebook that not the slightest effort had been made in any direction to capture the elusive bandit, but that on the contrary the latter had doubled on his own trail after he had engineered the Columbus massacre. It would have also been keenly observed that shortly thereafter the spirit of the American people, which for some inexplicable reason seems to have been buried in a slough of lethargic despond and money-grubbing for the last half century, arose to fever heat and demanded reparation for the repeated wholesale slaughter of American innocents.

Thereupon this Carranzista brigand drew himself up in the majesty of his importance and insolence, closeted himself with his friend, adviser and financier, Herr von Eckhardt, the German Minister at the Mexican Capital that was, and refused not only to allow the passage of American troops over the railways of his land, but also even the transportation of food over the lines!

Then followed the Parral incident when the Carranzistas, inspired, it is reported, by the German consul of that place, surprised and killed more American soldiers, furnishing additional interesting marginalia.

The astuteness and acumen, and the remarkable success of Americans at arms and statecraft, have hitherto always been based upon that com-

monplace but nevertheless most patent and paramount theory, "forewarned is forearmed"—a warning that seems to have been signally disregarded in all our dealings with Carranza and his cohorts. The mantle of kindly charity, however, should be gently drawn, for it is a far cry from the duties of a mayor of an inland city to the arduous responsibilities of the second most important portfolio in the Cabinet of the greatest country in the world.

What would the American statesmen of a generation or two past have done under similar circumstances, think you?—the Jefferson of Monticello or the fiery Randolph of Roanoke, for instance? Mexico would have been spanked—most beautifully, artistically, picturesquely, fantastically and phantasmagorically *spanked* within sixty days. There would have been no war—it would have been a lovely little picnic. There would have been a call for half million volunteers over night and within a fortnight or less they would have been, half of them, promenading up and down the Paseo de la Reforma, and San Francisco Street, viewing the Castle of Chapultepec and listening to the bands on the Plazas and in the great restaurants in that most picturesque of capitals. All the trains for several days would have been running one way. The Allies would have had to wait for supplies for a few days, for everything from a portion of asparagus to a *demi-tasse* would have been deflected to Mexico. "Big business" might have howled its head off because freights were interfered with—the howls would have died away to faint plaints and grim silence

against the portals of Wall Street. No one would have harkened except with an occasional "Shut up. This is the United States."

There would have been a lot of noise, martial music, much confusion, tears, many good-byes to sweethearts and wives and here and there "taps" for some poor bonnie lad, perhaps—but he would have died in honour and those Americans of us left would not have to hang our heads every time we walk down the Strand or the Champs Elysées while the world looks on and looks, *if it does not scream*, at us, "Cowards."

This country would not have been infested with the flotsam and jetsam, the menacing debris of all Europe, Asia and Africa, threatening to eat away the very heart of the great Republic conceived by Washington. There would have been some salient and subtle restriction of immigration to preclude the possibility of the civil revolution that now confronts and endangers this whole unprotected and unprepared land of ours.

But these are different days. We still insist we are the greatest of people. We are so very wealthy and so important commercially and industrially. We make more powder and the finest munitions of warfare in the world, but the average American boy does not know which end of the gun to shoot out of. A Swiss schoolboy is taught the manual of arms with his coffee and rolls while the American youth is wearing a path to the nearest dime savings bank—hoarding up his little gains for future enemies to wax fat on one of these days.

It is not within the ethics of polite vaudeville



for an American to discuss his fellows in these terms, but there are some such sickening, menacing truths apparent in these Summer days of the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen that beggar even the ordinary courtesy of literature.

It took exactly five weeks to get 5,000 men in Mexico and the officials in charge did not even see to it that they had goggles to dare the blinding snow and sand storms. It required the same period bar three days for Germany to put 1,000,000 men into France.

*Allons! Pardon, Messieurs!* This is a tale of Benighted Mexico—not of the decrepitudes and infirmities of Uncle Sam, lest we forget. It is after all but futile reflection. As matters now stand, with the present administration of the affairs of the United States, it may take years of desultory warfare to bring order out of the Mexican muddle—if at all. For Mexico to-day is a land of disaffection, disintegration and complete demoralisation; her people are swamped in a maelstrom of all the vices—and the responsibility rests largely if not wholly with the United States.

Yet time and time again during the past three years this Government might have mended the broken reeds of the wavering piecemeal government that followed the pathetic downfall of Diaz; but naught worth while was done, as will be clearly shown in the succeeding pages.

## CHAPTER II

### THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO

How came such a people, such chaos and infamy? What combination of circumstances could there have been, that would in the end lead to the ascendancy of a leader of the Carranza ilk? Well may the world ask these questions. They are very pertinent queries but not readily answered. Looking backward there is every logical reason for a remarkable civilisation among Mexicans to-day. Left to themselves with good government, a surpassing prosperity would unquestionably have been attained ere now. But from the very beginning of the Sixteenth Century up to the present moment, Mexico has been ever the stamping ground of adventurers and looters from many lands the world over. Lax laws, selfish and nearly always unprincipled rulers, and priceless riches of lands and natural resources, have offered the most inviting propositions to men of questionable type for centuries past. Honest capital has been but rarely attracted because the wise captain of industry does not care to risk his principal where there is such small chance of the proper legal protection.

Undisturbed, the Mexicans of to-day would be a fine people. At the time of the Conquest of Mexico, Spain was in the foremost rank of na-

tions. The victory of the Christian over the Mohammedan peoples, finally culminating in the wonderful reign of Charles V at the dawn of the Sixteenth Century, placed Spain at the head of the civilised governments of the world. No nation on earth had anything like that country's prestige and power. Her dominion and influence extended to nearly every country in the world, including both North and South America. In the arts and sciences, in the culture and refinement of the day, and in all educational institutions, the Spaniards excelled with a surpassing excellence that made them the envy of all the peoples on earth. Historians universally agree and concede these facts. The marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, uniting the two rival houses of Aragon and Castile in 1479, the acquisition of Grenada in 1492, which concluded eight long centuries of everlasting warfare—war following war with a rapidity that kept the whole world red with blood—the discovery of America the same year, the union of Spain with the Netherlands, and the wonderful reign of Philip II were history-making incidents, happening in such quick succession and successful accomplishment that they startled humanity and marked an era of marvellous progress.

For centuries Mohammedanism had been making sad inroads on nearly all the peoples of the world. Christianity could not have gained headway and probably never would, but for the bravery, self-sacrifice and courage of the Spaniards and their allies.

The accomplishments and achievements of Ferdinand and Isabella will stand out in vivid light

on the pages of History as long as there is a scroll extant.

That was the Spain at the time of the Conquest of Mexico and that was the character of the blood infused into that land. The Inquisition and horror after horror followed, but the nucleus of much that was humanly good was left, and the complete deterioration and demoralisation of the people will always remain an unsolved problem. The trend backward of Spain herself, to be sure, has been hardly less marked, but she is rapidly rising out of her ashes and it is a curious coincidence that all nations in the world are now turning to her to make peace in the unprecedented European conflict. But never in all her misery, defeat or downfall, has Spain begotten such types of sordid, sodden humanity as Carranza and Villa.

It is indeed difficult to comprehend the Mexico of to-day. Among the exiles are to be found many men of high honour and integrity, and it is a mooted question if a higher standard of womanhood exists in this or any other land. Nearly all the Mexicans forced to remain in their native land, because of their poverty or for other reasons, have been literally forced to take sides with one or the other of the revolutionary factions. That being the case, it is not easy to see how they could have helped sacrificing their honour.

All the factions of the revolutionists have proved themselves devoid of all National integrity or good intent. Carranza secured his de facto recognition, it may be assumed, in a meas-

ure, on the strength of his countless promises to protect Americans and observe at least the semblance of a National code of honour. Some faint idea may be gathered of his intention to observe these promises by the fact that he ordered the execution of the leader and one-time president of the American Society, Agramonte, within a fortnight after his recognition.

The world has ceased to-day to boast of its civilisation, and small wonder when the eyes of the observer are turned to Mexico, the land of sunshine and untold riches that has been, strangely, nearly always in shadow.

One great era of notable exception, including only too brief years, followed the Conquest. The whole beautiful land and its peoples seemed to rise *en masse* out of the ashes of its illiteracy and sluggishness. The Conqueror had been counted a dreamer by some of his followers—an idealist devoid of all the fine sense of practicability and permanency. Some of his subjects intimated if they did not openly voice the drastic fear that he was a fit subject for an *inquinando de lunatico*.

Nothing daunted, Cortez pushed forward ever, imparting to his idealism the very utilitarian purposes that he was charged with not possessing. Model towns and cities began to dot the beautiful valleys and highlands. A march of progress ensued nearly magical in its attainment and accomplishment, and the world—particularly the European world—marvelled and was amazed at the successes and prosperity of the new peoples. The untutored municipal experts and the governmental authorities of the day were dumfounded at the

advancement, and one enthusiastic scribe heralded to the world that "Europe could not boast of a single city so fair and opulent as Mexico."

Cortez knew his country—knew it as it might be well for some ill-advised and densely unlettered people of to-day to know it. If he did not have positive knowledge of the wealth and riches within its soil he must have had some keenly true and finely intuitive dreams. Prescott, whose witchery of description and talent as a *raconteur* have never been surpassed and rarely matched by latter-day authors, declares in his entrancing classic, "The Conquest of Mexico," that, of all that extensive empire which once acknowledged the authority of Spain in the New World, no portion, for interest and importance, could be compared with Mexico—and this equally whether we consider the variety of its soil and climate, the inexhaustible stores of its mineral wealth, its scenery, grand and picturesque beyond example, the character of its ancient inhabitants (who not only far surpass in intelligence the other North American races, but remind by their monuments of the primitive civilisations of Egypt and Hindustan), or, lastly, the peculiar circumstance of the conquest, adventurous and romantic as any legend devised by Norman or Italian bard of chivalry. Wallace, a much later writer, goes even further and declares that "in all the two continents of the Western Hemisphere there is no area of equal extent that can approach Mexico in wealth of natural resources, variety of climate, grandeur of scenery, prehistoric ruins and romantic history."

Neither statement is one whit exaggerated. The development of the country under the most adverse circumstances has borne out the prophecies. In the late years—throughout the entire Nineteenth Century and up to the last two years of revolution, or, rather, epoch of brigandage—Mexico has produced half the world's supply of silver and an enormous amount of gold, accurate statistics of which are not available; precious stones, copper, iron and other ores; large quantities of the finest cotton grown in the world—counted of higher grade than even the Sea Island of our own Southland; millions upon millions of dollars of petroleum and lastly, but not least, great crops of sisal hemp upon which the American farmer is absolutely dependent.

The idea of the average somebody in this and other equally uninformed countries about this wonderland of the one-time Montezumas is not unlike most other erratic fallacies.

There were no less than seventeen hospitals erected by the good Father Almedo within a few years for the "plain people of the City of Mexico" and the country roundabout. The University of the City of Mexico was a seat of learning equal in importance to European institutions and thriving some seventy years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on these shores. The City of Mexico was not only the most beautiful capital in the world in the minds of many artists and as shown by their works in the Fifteenth and the early part of the Sixteenth Century, but it rivalled Venice in its pristine beauty and multi-coloured picturesqueness. And the land possessed an art, a mu-

sis, a drama and a significant literature all its own. For the Aztec empire had handed down much that was worth while and Spain was able to add a splendid *dictum*.

There is no disposition to write the annals of Mexico's history in these pages, but these brief sketches of this radiant land in that early period are outlined for the sole purpose of illustrating why the fabric of some potent government was *not* imparted. Is it simply that the ill-star of Empire has forever hung over the land! That the benign influence of Ferdinand and Isabella, the splendid accomplishments of Cortez—despite his sometimes cruelty—and the great works of the traditional Church and its Fathers did not endure seems more passing strange. There were the human, Christian and material inceptions and resources for the making of a stable government and a land as advanced as France herself. Mexico's native wealth and natural advantages were not to be surpassed. The enigma of her demolition, until recently, is not easily explainable. Was it gold—the simple, terrible greed of gold—that turned the faces of the people yellow, and so far backward that they now permit the rule of a Carranza, whose bloodthirstiness and infamies are equalled only by some of the barbaric ancients and the Germans of to-day?



## CHAPTER III

### PROSPERITY UNDER MENDOZA

Glancing back over the history of the great nations, there is none that stands out in finer, bolder relief than that of Spain, during the Fifteenth and the early years of the Sixteenth Centuries. The splendour and magnificence of achievement and accomplishment that seemed to mark the every movement of her people was infinitely spectacular and kaleidoscopic. It was a veritable pomp of progress. Mohammedanism seemed to be fading away like some phantom ship on a spectral sea before the fiery efforts of an inspired Christian world in which Spain was always in the lead and would not be denied.

The reign of Charles V is one of the favourite themes of which the students of history and historians themselves never weary. Spain promised to rule the world. There were no less than eleven colonies in Spanish America, including Mexico. The dominion of Spain in the New World was vast beyond the dreams and conceptions of territory of that day. As to the Philippines and the other islands in her possession between Asia and America, the Spaniards are still able to boast that theirs was the first empire the world has ever known upon which the sun never set.

The efforts of Charles V to establish a stable

government in the new land were dominant and at first successful. Truth was, however, that despite the unquestionable ability of many of the noble Spaniards at his court there were not enough of sufficient ability to take care of all her immense domain. Much of the effulgent brilliance of his great court was reflected in the new American acquisitions, and the viceregal period started out with great promise. The first Viceroy designated was Antonio de Mendoza, and while there is not the smallest desire on the part of the author to dwell at any length upon the ability or shortcomings of any of the rulers of that day and time, he cannot refrain from paying a passing tribute to that distinguished Christian gentleman for the sole reason that some of his characteristics are in such striking and significant contrast to the political rulers of the moment. Historians of all countries without exception picture Mendoza as a man of unquestionable integrity of purpose and an undeniable genius for good government, and an almost matchless private character. In the atmosphere of political chicanery and cheap trickery that characterises nearly all modern government, how refreshing it would be to run across an occasional Mendoza?

The power of this ruler was supreme. Not only did he govern with a strong and imperious hand, but the ecclesiastical welfare of his people was directed with hands that were never unclean and that left their good mark upon his country to be handed down through the centuries.

A Christian gentleman first and always above all things, he ruled his people with strong will but

nearly always with kindly hand. There were many barbarians close about him and they often strove to wrest his throne from him; frequently efforts were made to take his life. Revolt after revolt, rebellion after rebellion, he put down with iron will, and, bearing what seemed to be a charmed life, he nearly always won the affection and warm esteem of the conquered and those under him.

The whole land was transformed as if by a hand of magic. Towns and cities grew up like the proverbial mushroom, although it was an age of slow achievement; mines of great value were discovered and immediately operated with the primitive machinery of the day; superb roads after the imperial type about Rome, bridges and other important public works were built and constructed with such permanency that some of them stand as monuments to his handicraft at this late day. Great churches, convents, schools, hospitals were erected, and agriculture and the industrial pursuits of the people thrived in remarkable fashion. In the fifteen years of his rule Mendoza accomplished more for the welfare of his country than any five of his successors.

In the height of his greatest success he was asked by Charles V to go to Peru and repeat his fine accomplishments there. At that time the Spaniards under Pizarro were in open rebellion throughout the whole of South America and a serious war threatened. Mendoza went there; but he had burnt the candle at both ends, and at the very zenith of his usefulness to the world he passed away.

And mark it, ye statesmen of the American and English banquet tables, in that day when an opulence and luxury at table and in all public and private life prevailed, that is not known in this present hectic era, Mendoza's death was hastened because he was so abstemious and had so studiously sought to improve and inspire his subjects by the Christian precept and example of self-denial!

There has been no Mendoza to preside over the destinies of the United States of America since Monroe. Had the Fates decreed just one such President in the last many years, this country might not have been without an army, without a navy, without a mile of adequate coast fortification; its forests might not have been depleted, its riparian laws utterly ignored; it might not have dissipated its God-given national resources like a drunken sailor in his first port after a long cruise; it might have been able to take care of its island possessions with some credit to itself, and there might have been statesmanlike cleverness enough in its salons and government chambers to lend a helping hand to stricken Mexico in its direst need.

But, it is repeated, there has been no Mendoza since Monroe. Even if there were such a mentality to draw upon, it is doubtful if it would be now effective. Ecclesiastical rule is out of vogue in America—in North America at any event. The awakening is not yet at hand perhaps. Wise men have agreed for all time that there can be no government that is not Christian government. It is not necessarily the idea of the

idealist or the dreamer, or even the Christian. It is the simple theory of the man in the street. He may—this man in the street—deny himself all the privileges of the Church, but he wants his wife to have some sort of religion because he wants some sort of utterance to bind his marital vows besides the half-drunken utterances of some ward-heeling alderman; he wants his child baptised, and when he or some one dear to him passes over in the purples and golds of the Great Beyond, he wants to know that some kindly-voiced priest or minister of the Gospel will help him along the way.

No people that know God can get along without a Church. And yet, the United States to all appearances is using the strongest arm of its government to remove the traditional Church out of Mexico and leave its people far afield on a plain of absolute atheism, agnosticism and non-sectarian imbecility. It is preposterous. Would the United States think of attempting to remove the Church of England from Great Britain, if it could, or would the latter government presume to interfere with the religious liberty of its subjects in Ireland?

Yet the Church, so revered and beloved by Mendoza, which has endured and prospered for some 2,000 years, must go while Carranza creates a new religion with loot and rape, hypocrisy and deceit for its first principles and foundation.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE INFLUENCE OF MENDOZA AND WASHINGTON

Government is based largely on precedent rather than precept. Hence incalculable error is often committed. The best laws of all nations for centuries past have always prohibited the passage of armed or unarmed troops over the territory of a neutral country, however friendly the neutral neighbour might be. Yet Carranza was permitted to transport 6,000 men of his army over United States territory from Laredo to Eagle Pass, Texas, and the excuse was offered by President Wilson's Administration that similar action had been taken by a previous executive of the United States. This official action on the part of Washington had the effect that might have been anticipated by any one familiar with the Mexican character and love of soil. The moment the news went forth throughout that land that the President of the United States was acting in concert with Carranza, the impression at once prevailed that he was going to help him fight his battles. Villa, once the favourite Mexican leader of all the factions despite his known career as a bandit, began a series of raids, depredations and butchery of Americans, culminating in the Columbus massacre, matchless in brutality, which is now history. And it will be seen in the end that this one act

greatly strengthened and increased his following.

The often dilatory and always vacillating temper of the Wilson Administration has aggravated the whole Mexican situation, so that it is to-day one of the most intricate and complex enigmas.

Before commencing the direct narrative of Mexico's last revolution or era of banditry, another glance over Mexico's early history, her relationship to the United States, brief reference to some of her leading men of affairs, and the intense but futile efforts on the part of Mexicans and others are necessary to comprehensive understanding of the extremely interesting muddle. The admitted determination of the Government of the United States, bearing a strong relationship, must also be touched upon.

Fifty years after the coming of the Christ, the Saviour whom Mexico has so recently disavowed, Spain was a land of heinous savagery and barbarism. Fifteen hundred years later it was the first among nations with an effete civilisation far more advanced than that of any other country in the world. "New Spain" in no small measure reflected its glories and under the wonderful Mendoza excelled in many points of government. Property rights were observed rigidly; there was a vigorous and equitable administration of the courts and an efficiency and system in all the departments of the government, remarkably effective considering the day and time. Charles V watched his new domain develop and succeed with admiring eyes. The conditions that confronted our own Washington were not entirely dissimilar. Both rulers had to wrest the domains under them,

but Washington in addition had other vital affairs to settle.

In Mendoza, the King knew he had discovered an administrative genius of astonishing attainments and ability, and he let him rule with full rein. The results were all that could be expected and desired. It was almost magical, historians declare, the fashion in which the Viceroy of the new possession put down insurrection after insurrection. So in time the natives began to have a wholesome fear of him and to regard his wonderful power with a most distinct reverence and appreciation. Then again the model life of the man made for them an almost ideal pattern for their own lives. A firm, determined Christian gentleman, with all the dignity of the Spanish courtier, he ruled the splendid land over which God and his King had placed him, with equity, justice and a conscientious principle that could not be swerved. With none of the Spanish power of cruelty of the eloquent Cortez or brilliance of conquest, he was nevertheless imbued with an iron will and other attributes of character of far more sterling worth and value to his associates and the difficult people with whom he had to deal.

It will suffice to say as a finale of the summary of this exceptional man's character that he gave to the land of the Montezumas an impetus of progress and good government that did not entirely ebb when the indifferent reigns of the numerous Viceroys that succeeded him expired.

In the administrations of the Viceroys that followed there was no signal event to mark or mar the land. Throughout the long years the coun-



try remained in a state of placid somnolence with the usual floods and fires that mankind is heir to. As one historian described the period of viceroyalty, "there were few incidents worthy of mention, one vice-regent succeeding another as did the Kings of Israel, in long, dull and monotonous reigns."

But the kingly influence of the great Mendoza, as we have said, was long felt. Had he ruled at the end rather than at the beginning of the period of the Viceroys, there might be a different story to relate of Mexico to-day. His influence upon the wonderful Spanish Colony was not unlike that of Washington upon the United States, and their dominant traits of character and ability to govern were very similar. Mendoza's gift to his fellow countrymen was a scheme of government, erroneous in many respects, because of its background of royalty, but successful to a large degree as was proved by the peace and prosperity of his people for nearly a century after his death in Peru.

The heritage of the American nation from Washington was the soundest and sanest system of ruling and controlling a people the world has ever known. Upon his fine, basic principles of equity and justice was built the United States of America and a sound and stable government as near the ideal as human mind ever divined or devised. How the American people have juggled and tricked this heritage and lost sight of its incalculable value is profoundly illustrated on all sides, in all quarters of the land to-day, from coast to coast, from Maine to the Gulf.

On one coast of this America is a beautiful bay,

the Bay of Magdalena, on whose waters might easily ride in safety the greatest Navy in the World, Great Britain's, and take possession of a benighted land within whose borders British subjects have been murdered and robbed without a staying hand. Within easy reaching distance of another coast, bordering on one of the richest and most productive and beautiful sections of the whole wide world and a valued part of the United States, is a horde of little "yellow devils" that have been hysterically waiting to jump at the throat of these United States for a score or more of years. At the last Japanese military census there were exactly 1,983,000 men in their army and navy, and it should be always borne in mind that they have already defeated China and Russia. But one thing has prevented the dainty land of Cherry Blossoms from taking what they wanted of this country as all the world knows. It takes money to win wars and Japan is financially bankrupt. Not a yen has she paid back to the Jewish bankers who, on the strength of the Kishinef outrages upon their countrymen, strained a point and made the Mikado his big war loan. Naught cares Japan for her English treaty if she can get Germany to join her. Japanese National integrity is sometimes seriously discussed in the United States and yet so little do the Japanese trust each other that every bank in Japan is manned by a Chinaman and the Mikado has no credit industrially, commercially or otherwise anywhere in the world. And although in these Midsummer days of the momentous year, 1916, the cords tighten about Uncle Sam's throat, they may yet loosen for a

time—*Qui bono?* Mexico is the game of battle-dore and shuttlecock. General Ramon Iturbide is about to hold a secret conference with the Mikado for Carranza. The latter is in secret consort with the German consul in the City of Mexico. And the brigand Carranza has asked that the fighting general of the United States, Funston, be sent to the brigand chieftain, Obregon, to hold a conference as to whether or not the American troops turn tail and run like a scared rabbit out of Mexico! The present administration is establishing another precedent, for it is the first time in American history that a United States Army Officer has ever been asked to lay down his arms and treat peacefully with an outlaw!

Anent the Mexican situation, the European war, the Philippine bill and a few other things that this Congress has under discussion, two of the most advanced of the kindergarten representatives who decorate the Lower House, in troubled spirits were laboriously discussing the "American situation" after one of President Wilson's memorable addresses to the body.

"We need a Washington," remarked one of the infantile law makers.

"He would never be able to cope with the situation to-day," was the response.

Both of these distinguished gentlemen failed to recognise that there would be no "situation" to-day had the precepts of the sage of Mount Vernon been harkened to. Had his ideals been lived up to by other statesmen, as they were by Jefferson, Clay, Adams, Monroe, Marshall,

Henry, Harrison (first) and nearly all the great Americans and guardians of National affairs in the early days of the Republic, there would have been small cause for public worry to-day.

Had the spirit of Washington only lived as it should have lived, there would have been no War of the Rebellion, where brother murdered brother, and the chicaneries of one of the earliest and most culpable crops of politicians that has infested this country would have failed. The negro question was a question of "business" first in the North where the negroes were sold as slaves and, secondly, a question of "business" in the South where they were bought and sold again frequently. Such barter and trade in human beings, against all the laws of humanity, would never have troubled Washington very much when it came to a head. He would have soon settled it by sending the negroes out of the country, forcing the North, which first profited by the slave trade, to share its expense; the South would have been relieved of the menace that will ever confront it, and that would have been the end of the negro question.

Had the spirit of Washington lived in the hearts of the American people, there would have been no first war with Mexico and no occasion for a second one. Washington never had the slightest trouble with his neighbours to the South of him, except on one or two minor occasions, and they so well understood his methods of warfare with our English cousins, his eternal and everlasting vigilance and his constant "preparedness," that it resolved itself into a simple question of logical

policy to adhere strictly to his "neighbourly" admonitions.

Had the spirit of Washington lived in the acts of the American people, their land would not have been the Mecca of every "undesirable citizen" in the world. It would not have bred assassination and nursed the vipers of political dishonesty in high places to excite and, in some measure perhaps, excuse acts of violence that blacken the annals of American history. It would not have had such colossal monuments of perfidy and thievery to show to the strangers within its gates as the capitol buildings at Albany and Harrisburg. The polite term of "graft" would have been missing from our vocabulary and the low thieves in high places would have been treated as they deserve—arrested, tried summarily and imprisoned with the dispatch that that type of criminal deserves above the petty thief who steals for bread.

Had the spirit of Washington lived in the minds of men in this land to-day, there would have been no Bryans, no Fords, no Kitchens, no Hays to stand out against protection for the land and its safety. And, God save the mark, there would have been no pro-this or pro-that, but a concise and clear United States, and the hyphen would have been as conspicuously absent from American life as it is in the Declaration of Independence! There would have been freedom of speech—the same freedom of speech and action that Patrick Henry sang of so sweetly in the little church on Church Hill in Richmond—but no license.

Emile Havelogue, whom all the world knows

as a distinguished Fellow of the University of Paris and president of the "famous Society du Monde of France, declares that America is a Nation without a childhood and without dreams. No one will gainsay him that statement so redolent with truth.

America under Washington in a short space of time passed from its infancy to a strong manhood among the Nations of the world. It had no time to pause for the trivialities of childhood under his powerful leadership, and its progress and advancement in every accomplishment of human endeavour marks the most remarkable era in the world's history. Is its progress to cease with the declining influence of Washington? Says Havelogue: "I do not despair of seeing the America of 1776 come to life again. And then perhaps the United States will find itself alongside of France, fighting under the same flag as she did 150 years ago, in the same holy cause of liberty and civilisation from which the Promised Land cannot afford to stand selfishly aloof, smug in its wealth wrung from our sufferings, in its inglorious security for which our blood is shed in torrents without a drop of theirs mingling with it."

Perhaps so. The outlook is not very good, however, at our present rate of progress toward preparedness. In the Punitive Expedition after Villa we had only two aeroplanes, the wireless would not work and the reader will probably recall that the United States Army was lost in the wilds of the Sierra Madre for some days. Then again the Army lost Villa, or rather Villa lost the

Army. It is not quite clear just which was the case. So as comrades-at-arms just now we would be rather an elephant on the hands of the French army, counted by many military experts the greatest in the world to-day with the possible exception of that of Germany. And the question of supremacy between those two great forces, France and Germany, is yet to be definitely determined. And, if you please, there is not the slightest danger of the United States entering the contest. As a matter of fact we are extremely hesitant about measuring swords with our little neighbours in Mexico for reasons that unfortunately the whole world is fully cognisant of.

The centuries of misrule and mistakes and vicissitudes that have marked the history of Mexico are hardly less tragic than those of the United States. The invasion of the French, the Empires of Maximilian and Iturbide, the Texas revolt, the war with the United States and the rise of the people and their struggle for independence are all incidents in Mexico's history, often pathetic and unreal, and replete with romance that offer a most inviting field for the talented *raconteur*. This narrative, however, must be confined to such hard, cold and metallic facts as have to do with the coming events which already seem to be casting their shadows before.

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## CHAPTER V

### THE REMARKABLE SUGGESTION OF ITURBIDE

Two families in Mexico have had much to do with its public affairs in the past and, as they are likely to be conspicuously prominent in the near future, it is well to refer to them here at some length. Iturbide and Diaz are names that most Mexicans mention with distinct reverence.

The first Diaz—Bernal by name—was one of the chief aides of Cortez. The rule of the Emperor Augustin de Iturbide, in the early part of the last century, was far from successful and finally, after a tempestuous reign in which he had all sorts of political differences with his subjects, Iturbide was executed under a variety of charges. There was nothing particularly remarkable about his career except his death. When he was led to the place of execution he addressed his subjects.

"Mexicans," he said, "in this the last moment of my life I beseech you to love your country and to observe your holy religion. I died from having come to aid you and I am reconciled to death because I die among you. I am no traitor, and such a stain will never attach to my children or their descendants. Preserve order and render obedience to your commanders. From the depths of my heart I forgive all my enemies."



He himself arranged the bandage about his eyes when he was shot.

The incident is related for the reason that the Iturbides have been conspicuously prominent in Mexican public affairs ever since and are again very much in the public eye. General Ramon Iturbide, who has gone to Japan on a private mission for Carranza, is well known at Washington and was very highly thought of by previous administrations.

Eduardo N. Iturbide, another member of the same family, was an officer in Huerta's army and has held many prominent positions in his native land. He has had an exciting career from his early youth. He was violently opposed to Carranza's recognition and, like all of the best element of Mexicans in and out of the country, he has vigorously laboured to improve the condition of the people. His warm friendship for Americans and his protection of foreigners in Mexico City during Carranza's first occupation nearly cost him his life.

A few weeks before Carranza's recognition, Señor Iturbide wrote Secretary of State Lansing the following letter:

"I avail myself of this opportunity to outline briefly the procedure which to my mind is the only one which can give a solution to the chaotic and immoral conditions which now obtain in my sorely harassed country.

"I believe that the only solution of the situation in Mexico lies in the reorganisation of the revolution, without taking any of the factions (Villa, Carranza, Zapata, Huerta, etc.) into ac-

count. A party must be formed and an honest man, of a conciliatory spirit and unconnected with any of the factions, chosen to lead it. Lascurain, for instance, would be a suitable choice. Bonilla has put himself out of the reckoning by his open declaration to the effect that he is a Villista. If pledged to an entirely liberal programme in accord with the principles of the revolution, and if strengthened by the moral support of the United States, such a man would become the rallying point for all honest Mexicans, all of whom genuinely desire to see these principles put into practice and cease to be merely the platform and battlecry of factions who unfailingly forget them once they achieve power. All honest revolutionaries would abandon the factions they have long since lost all sympathy for to join the new man, and all exiled Mexicans would give him their support. That ninety-nine per cent. of the population which has been the victim of the revolutions would see in him a Messiah come to save them from misfortune. Those who held aloof from him would be those whose personal interest or unbridled ambition lead them to thrive on the misery of a people, or who prefer the easy profits of pillage and robbery to the legitimate fruits of honest toil. They would be swept away by the majority, naturally on the side of law and order.

"If the American Government decrees to embargo on arms and ammunition, within two months the factionists will have to use their rifles as clubs. Then the ninety-nine per cent., the honest people, will have a chance of shaking off their yoke, and a provisional government such as the one suggested could make itself respected without any need of bloodshed. If to this you add the fact that the moral support of the American Gov-

ernment gives a tremendous strength to any group of Mexicans, and suffices to ensure its being followed by all others as the predestined victor, you will understand that the desired outcome is certain.

"In general, the armed factions in Mexico claim to be the sole arbiters of the country's destiny, and they deny all right to the Mexicans who are not risen in arms, even though they represent social forces, to take part in any plan to restore order. Such a pretension is sheer nonsense. There are not even a hundred thousand men in the field, and of those ninety per cent. are mere tools who fight, as to do so is their only means of obtaining their daily bread. Those really responsible number less than one per thousand of the population. Their unarmed victims total fifteen million souls. Are they to have no voice in the country's affairs?

"The real revolutionaries to-day are we, the unarmed fifteen million, who clamour for respect for the Constitution and for the Law, and who ask for the fulfilment of the promises made by the Revolution of 1910. The dictators and despots are the factionists who want to continue the rule of disorder, without the Law and without the Constitution. Huertista despotism and Carranzista 'Pre-Constitutionalism' are one and the same thing.

"If Villa should turn over the few disorganised elements he still has to General Angeles and should leave the country, and if the latter put himself unreservedly under the orders of a Government of which, say, Lascurain was head, these elements might yet be of some use, as Villa's retirement alone would signify greater order in their ranks, and Angeles would have a free hand

to maintain discipline. The strength he would derive from supporting the cause of truth, justice and order, would be enormous. If Carranza sees that the American Government is decided to support this cause, I also believe that he will yield, and if he does not the majority of his forces will abandon him to follow the stream and those who remain with him will be swept before the popularity of the pacificatory movement.

"As for Huerta and the movement he heads, they are not to be taken into consideration. They merely constitute a faction without moral worth, whose principal leaders are men indelibly stained, who can have no place in an honest government, and who seek to acquire sufficient strength to enable them some day to offer their services to a popular cause, with the idea of thereby evading the action of Justice. This I am convinced they will be unable to do, as no amnesty, ample and generous though it be, can sanction robbery and condone the most repugnant murders.

"One thing must never be lost sight of, and that is that the reorganisation of the revolution must perforce be effected in entire independence of the existing factions. To do otherwise is impossible as it would entail the recognition of the vast amount of paper money which the factionists have manufactured with no other limit than the capacity of their printing presses. This paper is absolutely worthless and not even its sponsors have any idea of how much of it there is. Recent developments have led to most of it being taken up by ruthless speculators who seek and hope to make enormous and illegitimate profits under the ægis of the American Government. Its repudiation would fall on them and not on the merchants and workers of Mexico, who have only received

it under duress and who lose no opportunity of getting rid of it. Its recognition would saddle Mexico with an unjust debt of over a thousand millions, to say nothing of the increase on this amount from the many printing presses it would be impossible to seize and destroy, which would continue their profitable production."

This letter rather kindly invited the United States to become *particeps criminis* to a revolution, a proposition which at the time could not have been given serious thought. To the astonishment of the world, however, a little later Carranza was recognised at the very height of the revolution and, as a result, Villa perpetrated the Columbus massacre and the murder of various Americans besides. And Carranza with the apparent power of the United States Government behind him proceeded—apparent to Mexicans and the other Latin countries that had been cajoled into recognising him—to commit outrage after outrage, and insult after insult upon the American people.

The Iturbide letter might have put the Administration on guard as it very clearly defined just what would be the condition of Carranza's finances very shortly after his recognition and in a measure anticipated the whole present lamentable situation. At the time of the receipt of the letter, however, the recognition of Carranza had already been decided upon and communications from the Latin countries were only awaited to insure some weight to the movement which, it must have been readily seen, would cause the great bulk of the American people to protest vig-

orously and rise in indignation even at that early day. It would appear that when Iturbide made his representations to the government of this country they might have carried some weight, as he presented himself in the summer of 1915 at Washington with the following letter of recognition:

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL  
MEXICO, MEXICO

*December 19<sup>th</sup> 1914*

*To Whom Concerned,*

*The bearer, Mr Edward H. Sturbide is a citizen of Mexico, sojourning in the United States. On account of his official position Mr Sturbide has rendered invaluable assistance and service to Americans and other foreigners in this City which has been appreciated by the Government of the United States, and by the Governments of other Nations.*

*The Sturbide is most respectfully & most cordially commended to your Country and consideration of any one to whom he may have occasion to show this letter.*

*John R. Dickinson  
Special Representative of the  
Department of State*

A member of President Wilson's Cabinet, it is said, offered him a position in Carranza's cabinet which he indignantly refused.

Meanwhile the Congress on Christian Work in Latin Countries was distributing a private and confidential report in quarters where it was thought it would do the most effective work. It has already been explained how this document described the situation in Mexico and very graphically outlined how many Mexicans had arrived at that state of mind that they were "proud to claim that they were agnostics" and that the historic Church, demoralised in its control of the community (meaning, it is presumed, not only the City of Mexico, but the whole land), is losing great numbers who have been held by its power, magnificence and position. All of which is quite true. Even then the Church, the traditional and much despised Church, was rapidly losing ground, not so much because of the revolution, but mainly because of its enemies in other Churches.

But it was not until after the official recognition of Carranza by this country and the ordering of the Red Cross Committee out of the City of Mexico at the request of Carranza himself that the storm broke with full force and fury. The "First Chief" and new ruler of the Mexican people knew that the Americans in Mexico would not dare expose any of his acts of bestiality, and if they tried to do so it would amount to nothing, as he had all avenues and publicity closed to the American people. Moreover, if they should manage to reach the United States Government with news of the outrages upon Americans, the

State Department and no other department of the Government would be permitted to make such reports public. They would be buried, it was assumed, *pro bono publico*, in the State Department, as were the deliberations of the American Colony.

Some idea of the conditions immediately after the recognition may be gathered from one paragraph that appeared in the *Red Cross Magazine*, the official organ of the organisation:

"There are details in reports which have come to American Red Cross headquarters from Mexico which would tax the credulity of many Americans and their publication would not contribute to the improvement of conditions. There have been happenings in the experiences of our agents which have been amazing and disheartening, but these may be forgotten in the interest of a hoped-for cessation of hostilities and the consequent measurable lessening of misery."

The American people were supporting this Red Cross work—the little that was permitted to be done—and had a right to the reports. They were suppressed nevertheless.

On the night of the recognition the scenes throughout Mexico will never be forgotten by the foreigners and the Mexicans who witnessed them. At the Capital riot followed riot, and the event was celebrated with outrages and acts of violence upon the terror-stricken inhabitants of a character absolutely indescribable. It was in the old city of Merida that the zenith of infamy was reached.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE SACKING OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MERIDA

A shimmering scintillant October moon swung over the populous city of Merida in Yucatan in revolution-ridden Mexico. The radiant rays bathed the ancient streets and buildings with a silvcred artistry and picturesqueness, weirdly and brilliantly beautiful. The bells from the three-century-old Cathedral chimed the hour of ten and the few housewives who remained awake—for it is a weary, tired city, long under the domination of misrule and tyranny—began to close their shutters and make ready for another vigil and night of anxiety. Suddenly from out of the nowhere, apparently, rushed an athletic Mexican, bearing a torch in one hand and waving a piece of paper in the other.

"Viva Carranza! Viva Carranza!" he cried, as he rushed through the market place and from one street to another.

The pale faces of the men and women at the windows—pale with the sallowness and suffering handed down to them through the ages—needed no more definite mandate. They knew that the long-expected event had happened—that Venustiano Carranza, the Agnostic, the traducer of women and the worst tyrant Mexico as a whole, and the city and state of Yucatan more

especially, had ever had to live under, had been recognised by President Wilson and the United States Government.

"Viva Carranza! Viva Carranza!"

The messenger lighted and relighted his torch as he rushed through street after street. Thousands of the population heard him, went wearily to their windows, glanced out and went more wearily back to their beds, for they knew full well that Fate had dealt their city and state another irreparable blow. The messenger rushed on over an incalculable distance, frantically waving his torch with one hand and the telegram with the other.

An American journalist accustomed to mobs and their actions regarded it as peculiarly significant that when this messenger and a score of others of like kind had appealed to the 60,000 inhabitants of the city, it was possible to assemble at midnight only a mob of less than 500 Carranzistas in front of the Club of the Obrero Mundial, after two hours of diligent effort.

What the mob lacked numerically, however, was more than made up in the measure of its infamy. The scene that followed is unparalleled in the history of the world. There have been infamies and infamies—assassinations and murder and arson and cruelties exquisite and various in the present Mexican era of brigandage, but for unique infamy and horror the acts of this throng of desperados will stand out in all annals.

The cries of "Viva Carranza, Viva Carranza" soon died out in the silence of anticipation. Shortly after midnight, when the force of the

demonstration was about to pass and the police showed an inclination to disperse the crowd, a notorious gambler and mob leader saw that something must be done to keep alive the passions of the Mexican gangsters. So he harangued his fellows in the crowd and they in turn harangued those nearest them, until sufficient ardour was restored to beget anew the excitement that had shown a strong inclination to die out, mainly for the reason that the usual oratorical pyrotechnics necessary to mob success were missing.

The smoke now gone to their heads, the gambler and those about him agreed that something unusual and memorable should be done to mark the eventful night and the new Carranzista epoch. A hunchback, the husband of the most notorious procuress in the City of Mexico, suggested the Cathedral.

The sacking of cathedrals and churches, outrages upon nuns, the burning of convents, and other infamies upon everything and everybody identified with decency and the Christian Faith in Mexico had become so common that the mob well knew ordinary sacrilege and destruction would count for naught.

Proceeding on the way from the Club to the Cathedral, the gambler, the hunchback and the ringleaders of the mob consulted to devise some extraordinary method for distinguishing the festal evening from ordinary nights of pillage and savagery.

The Cathedral might be sacked and racked, they asserted, but that would not make history. Then the mob deliberated more deeply and al-

most silently, for it was a serious matter at hand and not to be dismissed lightly, and it was no fiery, drunken throng that wended its way slowly and with premeditation through the moonlit streets and avenues to the public plaza in front of the Cathedral.

"Let us take the image of Christ and hold Him as a hostage for Carranza," yelled one of the mob in Spanish.

The suggestion met with a wild cheer and instant approval, and the mob began to batter down the doors of the Cathedral with an improvised ram. In less than a minute's time the great barred doors gave way before the blows of the infuriated crowd and the Image was torn from its resting place and hidden "to be held in hostage."

As soon as this sacrilege had been accomplished, many thousands of dollars' worth of valuables were thrown into the street and destroyed. The rare paintings and statues of the Cathedral, which was counted one of the most superb edifices in Mexico, were wrecked in wanton rage. The magnificent Crucifix, revered and beloved by the people of Yucatan and the peons for hundreds of miles around, was covered with oil and an effort made to burn it. Failing in this attempt, they dashed it against the pavement and finally almost completely ruined it. Having utterly destroyed the Cathedral's art objects and a good part of the structure itself, the mob proceeded to destroy other churches, the Bishop's house, and nearly tore down two colleges conducted by Sisters of Charity. The Sisters were

insulted, forced to give up their buildings and made to leave the city the next morning.

Similar heinous acts were committed in Mexico City and all over the whole land, or that part of it under the supervision of Carranza, and it is said, and not contradicted, that these outrages were committed with his distinct consent. There can be no doubt of the fact that, in some instances, they had been long before planned, and that Carranza knew of those plans and had not at any time made an effort to put a stop to them.

Yucatan, the most prolific and profitable state in Mexico to the Carranza interests, is under an absolute siege and its inhabitants for the time being are slaves, *pur et simple*. The principal product of Yucatan is sisal hemp. Carranza some time ago formed a "co-operative company" to control this product. The "company" is made up of several of his lieutenants, and the people themselves are allotted a pittance so small that it is hardly possible for them to exist on it. Yet within ten days of his recognition, on October 9th, 1915, Carranza personally made a single contract with several New Orleans firms to supply them with \$10,000,000 worth of this product.

There are several thousand school children in the city of Yucatan. Nearly all of them are under the care and tutelage of the Catholic Church, as there has been during the revolution no public school system of any consequence in any of the territory which Carranza controls. The schools were closed by Carranza's orders. A commission of three of Yucatan's first citizens

were sent to this country to protest against the closing of these schools and to appeal to Mr. Bryan. The latter said the usual—"that nothing could be done"—and the commissioners who had the temerity to come to the United States and make protest to what they had reason to regard as a civilised and friendly government are now here under sentence of death by Carranza. Their property has all been confiscated, and they and all those that are dear to them naturally reason that they may be sent back home to their death. They logically argue that a government which would recognise a ruler of Carranza's type would assuredly aid and abet him to murder those that stand in his path and dare to protect and further the interests of a few thousand school children.

And what cares Carranza! With much of German money in his coffers, with German propaganda at his back—the same German propaganda that has made the United States the laughing stock of the *Corps Diplomatique* all over the world since the *Lusitania* incident—and de facto recognition in his hands, he doubtless reasons from his own fell viewpoint that he can well afford to laugh in his sleeve at the United States Government and hold in hostage the image of the Saviour as long as it pleases him. There was nothing to be feared, his friends have told him, from a government that had been watching and waiting with him until he could perfect his German loans and was willingly a party in his colossal perfidy upon Church and State alike.

Curiously enough, while these scenes of heinous horror were being enacted in Mexico, secular

papers throughout Continental Europe—*Le Matin*, *Figaro*, the *London Times*, the *London Spectator* and countless periodicals—were describing the unusual pictures of the war to be seen all over France. Here a French *curé* and an English chaplain might be seen kneeling in prayer together amid the crumbling ruins of some old, time-worn cathedral, desecrated first by the ravages of the French people themselves, and a little later rent asunder by shot and shell, and the fire and flames of the most terrible war in history. And in the trenches thousands of the French priests that had been outraged and exiled by their fellow countrymen are battling bravely for the very land that had disowned and dishonoured them. Strange scenes, verily, and the question naturally arises—Is the punishment that has befallen France to be meted out to Mexico? And what part are the gentlemen of the Latin-American Congress on Christian Work, who rejoice so gleefully over the downfall of the “traditional Church,” to play in the future history of the land where men are “thinking for themselves as they never thought before” and are being led to their doom by the agnostic Carranza?

## CHAPTER VII

### THE FAILURE OF MEXICO

Commercialism is the canker worm that has eaten away the heart of many a nation. A wave of radical industrialism swept over France; she forgot her God and the absolute necessity for sound government, and in a twinkling became a nation of shopkeepers and commercialists. The tidal waves of blood and pain and human woe that followed are the very quintessence of horror. Through the great domes of Notre Dame, Rheims, the Madelaine, swirling shells of hate and death are hissing where but a little while ago the songs of herald angels were ringing out in dulcet acclaim. Spain, wild with dreams of world empire, watched the faces of her subjects turn as yellow as the gold they sought in the new world while her nationality rotted like a plucked nectarine beneath a tropical sun. Germany, mad with hard-earned supremacy in the trades, having conquered the air, the earth and the waters under the earth, as her wise men thought, sent her armies forth like Alexander of old to win more worlds. And her avarice and greed for more domain have turned the faces of her multitudinous people far away from the sun and sent her civilisation back a century. The pride of the Hapsburgs and the arrogance of the Hohenzollerns have wafted away



to nothingness, and left the Teuton without a friend in the world except the purchased Turks.

The United States of America? We are the richest people upon God's footstool! We have made small progress in the sciences; we know naught of art and care less; we have no army, no navy, are defenceless as the Babes in the Woods; statesmanship is an almost unknown quantity among us; our patriotism begins in our pocket-books and ends in the scented note of diplomacy; we make peace with one hand and powder with the other.

And, incidentally, commercialism and the United States made Mexico what it is to-day. It can and will, perhaps, with some show of justice, be asserted that the United States was in no wise responsible for the soul-racking conditions in Mexico until Huerta assumed the reins of government. But from that very hour of his inception in office to the present moment the Government of the United States assumed a certain measure of responsibility, and, from the time that he was deposed until now, it is trivial and idle argument to even so much as attempt to pretend to shelve the moral responsibility, at least, of this Government.

It is not the purpose of the author of this narrative, from now on, to delve further back in the history of Mexico than Diaz. There is much life and light in the chronicles of that land. Some of its rulers and chief executives have much to be said of them that is praiseworthy. Mendoza, a matchless character, with all the attributes of finest valour and true greatness, we have already

discussed. Some historians insist Juarez was a fair and equitable ruler. We dispute it not. Maximilian had his good traits, and some of the admirable characteristics of Iturbide are not to be refuted. No man can die so bravely, with an inspired prayer on his lips for his country and his fellow Mexicans, who did not have within him that which was well worth while. And there is much pathos and finest bravery in the struggle of the Mexican people for independence. The fact should never be lost sight of that this very struggle was begun by Hidalgo, the village priest of Dolores, more than a century ago. He, as all historians agree, was first among the leaders to begin the struggle for independence and lift the yoke of the tyrannical despotism of Spain which with the passing centuries had become more and more iniquitous. So it is well, perhaps, for the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist brethren of the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America to keep in mind that "Mexico had its birth in the Catholic Church and was baptised in the blood of Catholic heroes," as one Wooten, a distinguished non-Catholic writer, expresses it. Hidalgo was shot at Chihuahua for his temerity, and Morelos and Matoras, two of his followers who took up his task, met the same fate, as have countless other priests since.

The real history of modern Mexico begins undoubtedly with the inception of Diaz. It is difficult to treat with appropriate seriousness the creation of the United States of Mexico, which was meant to be a sort of *bas relief* or *replica* of Washington's wonder scheme of government, for

there was never material to draw on for the creation of such a government. Mexico was as much at sea for statesmen in that day as the United States of America is in this momentous time. What men are there in the "Colossus of the North," as the Mexicans are pleased to term us, who would measure up as statesmen in the abstract? Choate, Coudert, Lodge—a pause—who among others? When Daniels died the South lost its only great statesman. Mexico's dream of a United States died far more sadly and suddenly than it had come to life—and across the drifting years we come to Diaz.

It is curiously noteworthy that the only two occasions when Mexico had anything approaching a stable government was when the scions of one or the other of those two renowned Mexican families were in power. The brief Iturbide regime left no permanent good or evil effect on the Aztecs and their compeers. The Diaz regime is a more difficult era and one to be approached with timidity. The Diaz family are almost as old in tradition as Mexico itself. Bernal Diaz was a lieutenant of Cortez and a warrior who counted for much. In a crude fashion he pretended to be literary, and Prescott in his "Conquest of Mexico" discusses him most entertainingly. The name has ever been, and is to-day, one to conjure by. And, among the exiles in this country who do not insist that intervention is the only panacea for their woes, there are yet a few who think that the rise of Felix Diaz to power, with such men as Limantour, Lascurain, De la Barra, Iturbide and MacManus about him, might bring some order

out of the present chaos. But it is exceedingly doubtful if the Mexicans mentioned could be induced to flock together. Yet, undoubtedly, if the good offices of this Government had been properly employed, and some of the suggestions in Iturbide's letter to Lansing been followed, some steps toward the solution of the Mexican problem might have been accomplished. Certainly it would not have been made worse than it is to-day and certainly the mistakes of this Government against Mexico would not stand out always as one of the most regrettable incidents in its history.

Many explanations have been offered for the absolute failure of the Mexican people to advance and progress as did the people to the north of them. The original Spanish colonists were easily the equal if not superior to the adventurers who landed at Jamestown. To close students of sociological problems in Mexico, however, the steady deterioration of one and the rapid advancement of the other people offer no serious problem for solution. No scheme of colonisation has ever succeeded without women, and the Spanish colonists did not bring their women with them. Neither did the women follow later. The English made no such error. In Virginia and New England there was a full quota of women of the same blood as the men who came over to carve out their fortunes in the new world. In the hectic, fetid, cabaret-infested hotels of American cities, among the half-dressed women and the sartorially eloquent mollicoddles and nincompoops called men, there are to be seen even now occasional types

of the sturdy men and women that made Virginia and Massachusetts the states they are to-day—but they are *rara avis*.

The something lacking in Diaz—and that there was a most distinctly essential something missing cannot be gainsaid—may be due to the lack of a clear strain of ancestors, for Porfirio Diaz just missed being one of the greatest rulers the world has ever known. Some of his admirers continue to declare and insist that he was a great man in every sense the term implies and that even the temporary order he brought out of the Mexican chaos is indisputable evidence of that fact. Whether that statement should be accepted or not, so far as the government is concerned, the whole work of Diaz in Mexico may be summed up in one terse phrase—he gained much for the land and left little but a fairly ordered treasury.

Diaz was the son of an innkeeper and was born in Oaxaca, September 15th, 1830. His grandmother was a Mixteca Indian, of a tribe which in the early days of its history was renowned for its primitiveness, the savagery of its men and the rich, full beauty and child-bearing characteristics of its women. Diaz was one of a family of six children, his father dying when the boy was but three years old and leaving his mother with no means of any consequence and no easy task to bring up his children. That she succeeded, however, is shown by the fact that Diaz, who was at first intended for the priesthood, but rebelled, was able with his mother's assistance and that of

Benito Juarez to study law and take a conspicuous part in the National affairs of his country from early youth. What he accomplished after he came to the presidency of his country in 1876 is a tale too lengthy to be recounted here.

## CHAPTER VIII

### PROGRESS UNDER DIAZ

In republican Mexico there have been four strong men of striking personality—Diaz, Juarez, Santa Anna and Comonfort. Of this quartet Diaz is easily the premier in thought, ideals, purpose and accomplishment. When he, sweeping all before with his insurgent army, took possession of the Capital and proclaimed himself, the whole country was overrun with bandits. It was not the bandits of the Carranzista type, and it did not take this iron man any great length of time to restore order and create what was, after a fashion, a government partly and a control wholly of the people. For the first few years of his rule his dominant personality towered so forcibly above the men around him that he had but to order and be obeyed. He was practically King of Mexico from 1876 to 1880 and from 1884 to 1910—a period of 30 years. In that time he transformed Mexico from a land of disorder and demoralisation into a veritable Garden of Eden by comparison. He invited capital; mines were opened, railroads built, industries established. Public and private schools progressed, seats of learning were founded, and the Capital and other great cities of this wonderland began to take on some of their pristine glory. He put down the

turbulent and unruly with majestic strokes and his administration of the rural police forces has given him clearly the title of "the greatest policeman the world ever produced." He found an empty treasury and left its coffers full to overflowing—evidence enough, surely, of his personal honesty and integrity and his desires to do as best he could by the country that he loved and that on the whole admired and feared if it did not love him.

A fair estimate of the man is not simple, for there was so much that was good and so much that was bad in him. He knew the elections under him and for him were a cheat and a fraud—as cheatful and fraudulent as Carranza's avowals for decency are at the present time. He knew—he must have known—that, had his administration made such a splendid showing even after but ten years of his successful rule, he would have been returned to the presidency with fair elections. But like many other rulers, he was a moral coward, inasmuch as he feared even the possible loss of power. Hence the laurels of love that might have been his from the best of his people were lost. And despite his great accomplishments for Mexico, there is no reverence for his memory—the reverence in which are held the memories of Washington and Jefferson.

Of his sense of fair and equitable government the least said the better. No man ever had finer opportunity to make a great, forceful, lasting, invulnerable government. He had the means, he had the people, lovable and easily amenable to reason, and just across his borders the finest example of government based on the



very premier principle of high honour and integrity in the world. But he could not see, or he did not see, until his power began to wane and his throne began to slip from under him. There are few exiles in history more pathetic. The picture of this old man, broken in spirit, clearly foreseeing what was going to happen to the country of his own fashioning and knowing that it was largely his fault—too late coming into the realisation that he was leaving it like a rudderless ship on an angry sea, but yet fully possessed of that realisation at the end—that is a spectacle which will remain in the eyes of the world's history as long as time endures. Napoleon at St. Helena is the only other such tragic illustration of misshapen destiny in the world's annals of famous men.

The Mexico that this masterful ruler left to his people was like unto nothing so much as some Junoesque woman with face and form of radiant, colourful beauty, gowned in velvet and ermines, under a resplendently beplumed Gainsborough hat, with the heels of her Louis Quinze shoes run down and a soiled petticoat at their tops.

There was no fabric of government to build upon, the gossamer threads of law and order that had held the country together were like a spider's web, woven around the power of a singular, in many respects simple, and, toward the last of his reign, careworn old man. There was nothing to build upon and but little to hope for.

Knowing that a country is judged largely by its Capital and profiting by the mistakes made in the "Colossus to the North," Diaz early began

his work of beautification and construction in the city that is the heart and municipal soul of every land. Washington had had the same idea before him. It was with the same conception that the Sage of Monticello arranged and L'Enfant designed the ground plans for perhaps the most beautiful city in the world. But the Americans that followed knew as little of city building as they did of nation making. So they made of the beautiful Virginian hills a graveyard for the unappreciative dead and built their city on the sand dunes and Potomac flats. And as it stands to-day the Capital City of Washington is not one that makes the thoughtful American suffuse with pride. A capital without a cathedral, without an opera house, without even a great hostelry, is not calculated to excite much genuine admiration. The visitor ploughs through the carrot tops and cabbage leaves of the market place, to the National Academy of Art and is somewhat surprised to find it devoid of Corots, Messoniers, Raphaels, Michael Angelos and other of the old masters. Some \$20,000,000 of the people's money have been spent to "redeem" the sand dunes or flats, as the Washington cave-dwellers term them, but the miasma which is surcharged with malaria in summer and has the chill of death in winter is still there to menace the health of the inhabitants. There are Americans who are profane enough to say that there is nothing at Washington but negroes and trees—and that it is very easy to get a surfeit of both. Certainly it is full of municipal errors—and memories, and very little else but officialdom.

Diaz made no such errors. His engineers

pointed out to him the many things that were lacking in the Capital of the "Colossus to the North," and he set to work to profit by them. Before Washington had a mile of adequate sewerage or a drop of healthful water to drink, Diaz had made of the City of Mexico a dream capital that municipal experts the world over were lauding to the skies—a capital whose opulence and scenic beauty, it was asserted, could not be surpassed in all Europe.

He had the framework of his picture, to be sure. The Spaniards had left him much that was architecturally beautiful, and he had a natural amphitheatre which nature has never surpassed. And he built with master hands. The Paseo de la Reforma is conceded to be the most beautiful avenue in the world. The Frenchman who loves his Paris and is born to the thought that the Champs Elysées is the greatest thoroughfare in the world doffs his hat and holds his breath as he glances down this great lane of mystical beauty. The two white-capped volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl, and the spectacular Castle of Chapultepec can easily be seen from many parts of the Paseo and add largely to the perspective. The art of the Aztecs is ensconced on all sides, and architects, sculptors and the more materialistically minded engineers have held closely to the picture, which is very much more than can be said of Presidents' Avenue in Washington, where a Venetian château may be seen trying to elbow a Dutch bungalow out of the landscape, any fair day in June.

What Diaz did for the City of Mexico he did

largely for the land as a whole. And his wonderful handiwork was the magic that charmed every capitalist that visited Mexico. Nearly three billion dollars of English, French, American and German capital is said to have been attracted to Mexico during his regime, and some of the cleverest capitalists in the world "plunged" the revenues derived from other lands into this commercial El Dorado. When some question came up, as it occasionally did, as to the future of the country, it was usually dismissed with the one thought—not even necessary of argument—"Oh, well, the United States has a lot of money here and a lot of citizens to protect. There is no danger. Remember the French Invasion."

Those words became a sort of stock argument. The capitalists could not see the writing on the wall. There were no clairvoyants or mind-readers in Mexico to lift the veil on the day and time and place when "sniping" American citizens and soldiers from the hills and housetops would be a favourite Mexican sport and pastime, fraught with no risk to the marksmen and no danger of retaliation. Neither could it be foreseen that the whole land would be swept by armies of banditti from Chihuahua to Chiapas and from coast to coast, without a staying hand from any of the countries whose citizens were being pillaged and subjected to infamies that not even the barbarous Spaniards in the early days of the history of the land had dared to perpetrate.

## CHAPTER IX

### SUCCESSFUL TYRANNY

The commencement of the present century found the power of this greatest captain of the world's policemen beginning to wane. The ermine and velvet of his ill-conceived empire was beginning to fray at the edges. The soiled lingerie showed plainly above the shoetops and the power of his rule had begun to run down at the heels. Frequently during his long reign there had been dissension and he probably just escaped dethronement because of the untimely death of Juarez, who had briefly interrupted his career as President.

No country can expect to have an equitable government that does not have a free press. It is the only medium of expression the people have, and often maintains a proper respect for law and order and governmental control when the very courts themselves may fail. There is, of course, a vast difference between freedom of speech and uncontrolled license. Fine evidence of the one extreme has been significantly illustrated in the United States during the present European conflict, when papers writ in foreign tongues have without hesitation expressed treasonable sentiments—as radically treasonable as those of Benedict Arnold—without reproof, let alone punishment.

In no other land could Church and State be so maligned without summary interference, and in the minds of many thinking men and women but a little more latitude is needed to bring about a very keen and clean awakening.

Diaz was beset with no like danger until the closing days of his power. Very soon after his ascension to his imperial, single-track throne, he summoned before him the prominent journalists throughout the land. Then he personally asked the little gathering of Mexican editorialists and *feuilletonists* what they thought of him and his administration of government, justice, concessions, *et cetera*. To a man and a woman—Mexico has produced a number of clever women writers and several are said to have been present at this interview which occurred shortly after Diaz first assumed the reins of government—they waved him high plaudits and conscientious support. It was never necessary for him to so much as beckon his finger at the Mexican newspapers ever afterwards until just before the close of his meteoric career, when he himself again invited criticism.

The details of that memorable interview were related authentically by an aged Mexican who was present. Toward the end of the interview Diaz very diplomatically turned the conversation to the new methods of capital punishment by electricity in comparison to the old styles of execution by guillotine, hanging and torture at the stake. The references were not made personal at all, but the newspaper men and women, having a wholesome regard for all three forms of execution, found it worth while to look upon everything that

the master did as well nigh perfection. There was no censorship—the censorship that is employed by Carranza and his coterie through whose terms of vacillating rule everything but the real truth is permitted to be published.

The one charge that can never be brought against Diaz is that he was underhanded. In the judgment of at least one commentator, that is the reason the Mexican people tolerated him so long. When he wanted a vote for himself he did not stuff the ballot box or buy up some miserable sneak—*à la Americaine*, to the North of him. *Au contraire*, he sent a squad of soldiers to the voting place, and to the martial strains of the band the populace was told to enthusiastically record their votes and allegiance or else go around the corner to the caboose—where there was no music and a very much restricted diet.

There was no Congress. The deliberations of that body offer much vehicular material for the comic opera librettist. The Constitution was a misnomer if not entirely forgotten, the courts a burlesque because the administration of justice was entirely in accord with the Diaz sense of right and wrong. Curiously enough, that same sense of right and wrong was finely imbued with a patent and paramount equity. The foreign residents but rarely had to complain of injustice in the courts.

The whole of Mexico was splendidly policed. No foreigner ever visited Mexico City during the Diaz days who did not come away with the most favourable impression of the grace, bearing, politeness and efficiency of its police. When Diaz be-

gan his work of redemption there was not a safe spot for man or woman in all Mexico. The whole country was soon beautifully cleaned up. But now, as all the world knows—or will know shortly—there is no place so favourable to protected vice and infamy as the City of Mexico, where even a gentle Sister of Mercy is not safe from the horrors of the Carranzista and Obregon hordes.

An intimate study of Diaz, told and retold by many of his friends, associates and enemies, reveals some sterling points of character. Could he have lived and maintained the vitality and virility that he possessed at the beginning of this century, he would have held Mexico in the palm of his hand and the Carranzistas and Obregonistas to-day would be dish-washers among his camp followers. Commentators and historians may clamour and vilify as they like, but the fact remains that he knew Mexico and knew Mexicans and he was the one man who thoroughly understood their insincerities and their countless frailties and foibles.

Mexico may not need another Diaz. Whether it does or not it will never have another one man of such colossal personal power. His weakness was the weakness of many other dominant and dictatorial rulers. He was unlettered and untutored in the very profession he started out to master—the Law. In his busy and preoccupied life he had but little time to study and solve the intrinsic and integral National problems that daily confronted him. It required his eternal vigilance to keep down the very mobs that have control of Mexico to-day and to prevent them from master-



ing him. And again he mistook power for government and the outward and visible signs of material prosperity for progress.

He would watch the gay throngs of beautiful and magnificently gowned women with their escorts, driving in the Paseo and over the splendid roads like the Appian Way of the Capital's suburbs, masked in flower and flora, and his eyes would grow misty over the gala, vari-coloured scenes, his interviewers say.

"Ah, we shall soon be among the greatest of people," he would say with quiet dignity.

No capital in the world could surpass the picture, especially on Sunday afternoon, when the whole city was usually *en fête*. But he could never see beneath the surface of the dark waters. The fault at the bottom of his one-man rule, the lack of a government based on the sound principles of an iron-clad constitution, was entirely beyond him, and that one error of vision made his almost superhuman efforts in behalf of his land like a tropical flower with poison at its roots, to be slowly eaten away and die in dry rot.

For the future of Mexico is indeed dark unless there is soon raised a hand to check its infamous government. Diaz's career is a lesson in one-man rule that will be of value to the world for centuries to come. There was so much of good in him that historians of note will always vie in their estimates. Yet a man cannot be personally honest who steals the ballots of the people. He cannot be just in one thing and unjust in another. There was so much that was worth while in his character, it will be claimed, that it

perhaps more than counterbalanced the evils in his strong personality.

In Limantour, Diaz had a Minister of Finance who would have graced the portfolio of any cabinet. Vastly his superior intellectually, Limantour managed to put Mexican finances on a stable and firm foundation and placed the credit of Mexico where it had never been before or since. This remarkable accomplishment will be discussed later on in these pages.

Despite all that Diaz had acquired for Mexico, the introduction of enormous amounts of foreign capital and great improvements in every direction, a spirit of unrest was evidently sweeping the country which finally cemented in the formation of the Liberal party. The general principles of this party were reforms in the currency, a readjustment of the land laws and a general opposition to the autocratic rule of Diaz. At first the advent of this party did not seem to trouble the dictator. But it grew in strength rapidly, and for several years after 1906 it was troublesome. It became necessary for Diaz to put down two minor rebellions—one in the State of Coahuila, the other in Vera Cruz. A number of newspapers had kicked out of the traces, and their editors and owners were also summarily disciplined. Diaz did not seem to give the movement any great amount of importance or credence, however, for in March, 1908, he issued the memorable interview of James Creelman with its ring of sadness, which soon sang around the world dolefully and was but shortly afterward followed by the great Dictator's political death knell. Many

Mexicans have questioned the authenticity of the interview, and it was not generally credited. That it was denied by Diaz or that its authenticity can be questioned, however, is absurd to those who knew Creelman and knew him to be incapable of falsehood, as his long years of successful journalism attested.

"No matter what my friends and supporters say," declared Diaz, "I retire when my present term of office ends, and I shall not serve again. I shall be eighty years old then. I have waited patiently for the day when the people of the Mexican Republic would be prepared to choose and change their government at every election without dangers of armed revolution, and without injury to the National credit or interference with National progress. I welcome an opposition party in the Mexican Republic. If it appears, I shall regard it as a blessing, not an evil, and if it can develop power, not to exploit but to govern, I will stand by it, support it and forget myself in the successful inauguration of complete democratic government in this country."

That Diaz was unable and unlearned in that most difficult of all the sciences of accomplishment—government—is perhaps sadly admitted by the significant words in his statement "not to exploit but to govern." No country had ever been exploited to larger purpose than he had exploited Mexico, but of government he knew naught—except the Diaz form of government, which was force—and sometimes the grosser form of brute force.

The Creelman interview had hardly gone the

rounds of the Mexican press, when another movement in opposition to the Dictator appeared on the surface. This time the new party of agitators and reformers decided to unfurl their banners to the political breezes under the guise of Democracy.

From the day of the inception of the new party, with a lengthy propaganda of reforms—laws for the benefit of the working people; laws for the encouragement of the working people; laws for better administration of justice; laws for freedom of the press; more laws to enforce the reform laws of the Church and a long category of the reforms—up to the present moment, Mexico and her National affairs have been in troubled waters, culminating in this country's unwarranted interference with Huerta and the recognition of Carranza, which will never be condoned by fair-minded observers of this or any other generation.

Diaz must have seen the impending storm, for he used every means in his power to hold the reins of government. It was too late, though; he had sounded his own political death knell, and, after thirty-four years of service to his country, he was asked to step down from his throne and give place to Francisco I. Madero, a visionary, a dreamer, a spiritualist, and a man about as ill-fitted to rule the turbulent, troubled Mexican people as could be found within or without the land.

The rapid downfall of Diaz, the election of Madero and his assassination, the exile and death of Huerta, the recognition of Carranza and the final drop of the Mexican people into a maelstrom of anarchy and infamy are incidents that followed

in such quick succession that they bewilder the observer. These chapters of Mexican history should be of more than passing interest to thoughtful citizens of the United States, because of the nearness of Mexico to this country, the Monroe Doctrine, and many interests which the two have in close sympathy if they are not identical.

Madero was one of a numerous old and highly respected family in Mexico, a family of enormous wealth. He is said, at the time of his assassination and before everything had begun to go to smash under the Carranza banditry, to have been worth fully \$5,000,000 in his own right, his father having left an enormous estate of landed properties, including several gold and silver mines worth in the neighbourhood of \$25,000,000.

Diaz and Madero furnish the best comparison of strong and weak rulers in absolute juxtaposition the world has ever known. Under Diaz, until his strength and wonderful vitality began to grow less, Mexico was a sun-kissed land where riches might be had almost for the asking and where there were more music, merriment and happiness than anywhere else in the whole wide world. Some National faults, no enduring government and a bad perspective, to be sure! Nevertheless, for the moment there were light and laughter, prosperity and peace, except for the political agitator.

In a moment—in such a brief span of time that it seems incredible—the whole land is bathed in blood, thousands of families are starving to death and the innocent and well-meaning cause of it all

lies dead by the hands of an assassin. The world may patter about him as long as it will, but in the end it will be conceded that Diaz knew his people—knew how to rule them with a rod of iron, and the moment he slackened his reins—Madero and chaos!

## CHAPTER X

### THE RISE AND FALL OF MADERO

Little was known of the young dreamer until the year 1908. Madero had lived on his father's estate, and, like other rich Mexican and American families, his family had grown enormously wealthy from the toil of others. Suddenly out of the darkness he emerged with a book, entitled "The Presidential Succession of 1910." This book was very effective. The Creelman interview had been read in the city streets and country lanes of all Mexico. It had gone on the adobe huts of the Indians in the far fastnesses of the Sierra Madre and had been labouriously deciphered by those of them who could read. It had been read on the hot plains, and the thought that Diaz was weak and old and would soon retire begot the added thought that he would have to have a successor.

Then came the book "The Presidential Succession of 1910" by the young dreamer. It dealt with all the platitudes and "advanced thoughts" of the political Scribes and Pharisees since time was. It preached the virtues of Democracy and it actually brought a Democratic Party, so-called, into existence. It advocated a fair ballot, and incidentally it furnished an enormous advertise-

ment for its writer, who was plunged into the limelight over night, as it were.

Following the American idea and custom, Madero hired a private car and made many speeches from the rear platform to the multitudes that assembled about him. Among other things, he advocated the candidacy of General Reyes for the vice-presidency, and incidentally he voiced his own sentiments with no bid for personal favour, which is the wise way if you are a political savant.

His great big head on his little sparse body—he was only five feet four inches in height and weighed less than 130 pounds—made a curious impression on the common people, but at all times a most favourable one. Madero's book and his oratory had no great weight at first on Diaz. He could not, his friends declared, believe that Mexico, the land he had tried to do so much for and upon whose face his handiwork could be seen on all sides, would shelve him for an unknown youth whose claim to fame lay in a political booklet and a few pyrotechnical bursts of oratory from the tail-end of a Pullman.

But he was growing in favour, this dreamer and spiritualist. The followers of the Dictator rushed to him with stories of Madero's increasing strength. There could be no doubt of it. With subtle salience he was making sad inroads upon the Dictator's popularity, which was small, and his enforced following, which was large, and there could be but small doubt of the outcome.

Diaz looked about him.

Mexico was no longer a land of waste places and barren isolated nothingness. He had har-



nessed the streams, built cities and towns, invited and employed colossal fortunes of capital; great railroads were running across the broad plains and up to the very heart of the mountains. Where once were an idle, shiftless people with the crudest habitations, were now thriving, industrious, toiling workmen, for there was work for all who were capable and wanted it. And for the peon and Indian, so difficult to civilise, both Diaz and the Church were struggling to better them. The music of the loom, the hum of the new-fangled mining machinery and the whistle of the locomotive gladdened his ears and made him look about him with thoughts of a life work well done even if he had not studied and did not know government as Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Calhoun, Jackson, Monroe, Randolph, Adams and the other great statesmen to the North of him had been taught.

He had accomplished much, he felt and knew, and, as he told Creelman, he was perfectly willing to step down and mark time during his few remaining years if another party of efficiency was born to the Nation. But to see himself effaced and traduced by a Lilliputian theorist and spiritualist was asking too much. If the people of the land that he had changed from a characterless, friendless, defenceless country, menaced on all sides by Nomadic bands of vilest banditti, to a Nation with a place in the sun, whose fame was girdling the globe,—if these people were false to him, he would teach them. The Indian in him arose. He undoubtedly did nothing to prevent his lieutenants from putting down what he in all fairness regarded

as another rebellion, and one that he saw was going to destroy his last hours of peace.

Madero, growing more bold as his popularity increased, continued to increase the agitation. The Democrats, some of the old factions of the Liberal party, held countless meetings where Diaz and his reprehensible methods were openly denounced. Not content with these outbreaks, he wrote Diaz several letters in which he protested against the attitude of the troops and the terms of imprisonment to which some of the Democrats and his immediate associates had been sentenced.

Finally Diaz sentenced Madero and one Roque Estrada to the penitentiary for an indefinite period for "insulting the Nation." Again an illustration of Diaz's increasing weakness and years. He was warned by his associates time and time again not to release Madero. He might be a spiritualist and a dreamer, Diaz was told, but he was a dangerous revolutionist with strong anarchistic tendencies, and if he was released he would certainly cause serious trouble. No, said Diaz, he had been taught his lesson and on the small sum of \$10,000 bail Madero was released. He was no sooner out of jail than he began to make all sorts of trouble for Diaz, just as the latter's friends had predicted. He was released on October 10th. On October 15th another of his incendiary writings, entitled a "Call to Arms," was being circulated. The ink was hardly dry on this when the plan of San Luis Potosi was being circulated. The latter paper had a great variety of dream-like reforms and had pretty much the same effect upon the ignorant Mexican populace that

the Republican party's promise of "thirty acres and a mule" had upon the negroes of the North and South after the War of the Rebellion in this country.

Diaz had been his own undoing. Had he kept Madero in jail, the country would have undoubtedly quieted down. Not resting on his laurels for a moment, Madero hastened over into Texas, where he assembled large quantities of munitions of warfare and swiftly organised a well-equipped army of revolutionists. While Diaz and Carral were being inaugurated in December, Madero at his home in Coahuila had himself proclaimed Provisional President. Madero recruited his forces from the jails and penitentiaries, just as Carranza has done, and did much fighting, most of which was along the long-tried American border.

Diaz began to show uneasiness. He made several important changes in his cabinet. Francisco de la Barra was recalled from Washington, where he had been serving as the Mexican Minister, and was appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs. The people were offered reforms of the land laws, the division of the land, reforms of the judiciary and everything that the rebels had promised. It was too late for Diaz to make them heed his promises. Diaz finally, after many exciting incidents, resigned. The day before his resignation he lay ill in bed all day, suffering with an ulcerated tooth, while the mob without his residence yelled for his blood. The day following his resignation he was escorted to Vera Cruz by General Huerta, put on an English ship and under the British flag sailed to England—the same England which will

shortly be demanding large sums from Carranza and the bands of bandits about him for destruction of the property of its citizens. With the exception of the American industries, no interests have suffered so much as those of Great Britain, the impression prevailing among the Mexicans that England is very friendly to the United States.

The parting between Huerta and Diaz was most affecting. Huerta's loyalty to his Chief, at the constant risk of his life and the soldiers under him, is the best evidence with which to answer his traducers in the United States who have gone so far as to call him a coward—as infamous an insult to a soldier as could have been applied to that Trojan who repeatedly proved himself the bravest of Mexicans.

Honours won and accompanied by base ingratitude are usually fraught with much danger to the victor and are in the end of small value. No one knew better the debt of gratitude that Mexico owed Diaz than Francisco I. Madero. The numerous Madero progeny had been born, bred and grown up under Diaz's regime. When the Dictator began the work of Mexico's redemption there was no section in all Mexico where life and limb were more unsafe than Coahuila. And it was one of the first of the provinces that Diaz cleaned up and made orderly.

The day that Madero entered the Capital, June 7th, 1911, a severe earthquake shook the city from end to end and left miles of debris in its train. The incident was regarded as singularly ominous, especially for the reason that much

damage was done to the homes of many of Madero's friends and followers.

There was no doubt about the fairness of the election that followed. Madero was a press agent for himself that had never been equalled before in Mexico. A good press agent and a good ruler are vastly different propositions, however. He had no sooner assumed the duties of his office than his weaknesses and the chicaneries of his theories began to assert themselves. Despite his lack of knowledge of the true essentials of sound government, the fact will never be disputed that Diaz, his predecessor, was one of the greatest executives the world has ever produced. Madero had no such ability. Congress would not support him; his idealistic trumperies were openly ridiculed, and the first months of his accession to power were passed in idle debate with his cabinet. There was no legislation worthy of taking note, and Madero and those about him were in open dissension from the very beginning of his rise to power. He suspected Huerta of disloyalty, and there were frequent breaches between them. Finally Huerta, who had much of the Diaz spirit within him and was smarting under the ignominious treatment his old Chief had been subjected to, decided to take over the government to himself. It was not a difficult task, for the army and the rank and file of Mexicans were loyal to him to a man. So after various differences and much dissension, General Blanquet and Huerta came into an agreement and Madero was placed under arrest.

There is absolutely no proof from any source

that at any time Huerta had any active share in the assassination of Madero. It appeared to be perfectly plain, on the other hand, that Huerta was desirous of giving Madero every chance to play out his own part, knowing full well that it would end in ignominy and disgrace. Fate is a fickle jade, but it is hardly likely that she would crown the caress of a dissenter of the Madero type with laurels of any description. Huerta, as he has told more than one American friend, finally felt that Mexico under the fickle dreamer, Madero, was going to the "demnition bow-wows" and he did not want to see all the good work of his old Chief and friend Diaz go by the board at the hands of one childish dreamer.

The soldiers who were guarding Madero said he tried to escape. Under those circumstances and under the laws of Mexico the soldiers only did their duty. The part the United States played in the arrest, exile and imprisonment, and the hastening of the death of Huerta, all of which is a matter of record, is far more censurable than any part that Huerta played in the assassination of Madero, so far as the proof applies. Weak men have been the ruination of Mexico, and Madero was simply a weak dreamer.

## CHAPTER XI

### MADERO AND HUERTA

The fact that Henry Lane Wilson, the American Minister to Mexico, who was on the ground and in close touch with the situation, has repeatedly denied that Huerta had any complicity in the assassination of Madero should have put an estoppel on the circulation of the canard in the United States. It did not suffice, however, and that Huerta was immediately responsible for the assassination rapidly gained credence in this country and was so persistently reiterated that it was for a time credited in England and other foreign countries. An exhaustive investigation of the crime which shocked the whole civilised world in no immediate relationship makes Huerta responsible. It appears to be the old, old story of a censorious world jumping at conclusions. The results as developed by the American Minister, Mr. Wilson, and the Committee of Investigation of the Mexican Congress, adduced the following apparently incontrovertible facts:

Madero and Vice-president Suarez had been imprisoned in the National Palace. On the night of February 22nd, 1913, only a few days after Madero had been deposed, an order was issued to remove Madero and Suarez from the National Palace to the penitentiary, to be imprisoned until

the Senate had made a disposition of the case against them. On the way to the prison, when nearing the gates, a struggle between the guard and the prisoners and some camp followers took place; a volley of shots were fired, great confusion ensued, and when the smoke from the old-fashioned pistols cleared away Madero and Suarez lay dead on the ground. The absolute truth of the affair will never be known. Madero had been frightfully nervous ever since his arrest, and as he must have known that he had small chance of ever recovering his liberty, because of the intense enmity of both houses of Congress as well as that of Generals Huerta and Blanquet themselves, and it is more than likely that he tried to escape. And again, Madero was cordially detested by all branches of the Mexican army service, while Huerta, whose bravery and courage as a soldier cannot be questioned, was much beloved.

No effort is being made to indicate that Huerta would not have been glad to see Madero, who had been his Nemesis from the first, out of the way, but none of the facts justify any accusation of direct complicity.

Huerta was an Indian of purest Aztec strain, with all the thirst for knowledge that dominates that race. His love for his land was his very soul and his pride of race and country is best illustrated in his intense loyalty and affection for Diaz, whom he served with faithfulness as for a King. His hatred and contempt for Madero and Carranza, both weaklings of the same type, were deep and intense, and he made no effort to conceal those animosities. Carranza he disliked simply



because he was a coxcomb whom no one took seriously until President Wilson recognised him. Madero was a different type. Huerta keenly saw in him the same type of agitator that has caused so much trouble in the United States, and his undoing of Diaz he never for a moment forgave.

But that he was directly responsible for the murder of Madero is only a little short of preposterous. There was no motive for such a dastardly crime, for Madero was more dangerous to Huerta dead than he was alive, both morally and politically. Huerta was entirely empowered to keep him imprisoned indefinitely. Madero could never have gained the remnants of his lost prestige, for, like Carranza, he had deceived and traduced most infamously the Mexican people from the moment of his inaugural to the very day of his death.

In a general estimate of the four leaders in the recent internecine strife in Mexico, the eminent historian Bancroft says in his "History of Mexico":

"At the July election of 1910, he [Madero] announced himself a candidate for the Presidency, charging Diaz with autocracy, military despotism, initiation of the National Debt, sequestration of natural resources, fraudulent elections and other like irregularities. Some of the charges were true, others false, the true ones being as a rule falsely coloured. But whether true or false, whether he ruled by line or plummet or by the inexorable necessities of the case was not with him the question. Diaz never attempted to dis-

guise his acts, which, in the minds of all but the more mechanical, the result justifies. Madero himself indulged in all these or worse irregularities the moment he assumed office. Huerta was worse than Madero, and Carranza and Villa worst of all."

This is a very just estimate of three of those Mexicans, assuming the word "worst" to be the extreme of nearly everything that is foul and evil. It is not a fair estimate of Huerta, however, and future historians may regard it as unjust to Villa and Madero to compare them with Carranza. Madero had at least dreams of doing what is just and right, and had not Villa been treated with the rankest injustice by the Government of the United States he might have been changed from a hardened scapegoat and bandit into a good citizen and become a splendid acquisition to his country. Two months of the kindness and tutorship of Thomas Mott Osborne would have made of him a valuable citizen. But it is doubtful if Osborne with all his knowledge as a criminologist could have changed the spots on Carranza's leopard skin of perfidy and cruelty.

Victoriano Huerta does not belong in the category at all. Vengeful Indian though he was, there was much in his life to admire, and as a soldier of undaunted courage he left a scroll upon the history of his country worthy of record. Certainly his is the only life among the human beasts of prey, that have been the ringleaders in the devastation of Mexico during three years past, worth turning back the pages for.

For Huerta had done much that was worth while in his life of struggle. With a military bent from his boyhood, he was graduated from the Military College at Chapultepec when he was only twenty-one. With his military studies he also acquired a fine knowledge of mathematics and astronomy. As soon as he graduated, Diaz, who had begun to reorganise the army, commissioned him to a second lieutenancy. He was rapidly advanced to a capitancy, and at an opportune time he presented to President Diaz the plan for the organisation of the General Staff of the Army. His plan was promptly accepted, and he still holds the distinction of being the founder of the General Staff of the Mexican Army. It was due to Huerta's direct influence that the Mexican Army maintained its splendid discipline under Diaz, and later when Huerta himself was commander-in-chief of the forces. Great stress has been laid upon the fact that General Huerta drank. That he did is a fact beyond question. So did General Grant, and there are some citizens of the United States who will recall a renowned President who wanted to know the "brand," giving a very pertinent reason therefor.

A distinguished American, who is perhaps as guarded and well versed in Mexican affairs as any man living, wrote recently to the author anent a very severe criticism of Huerta:

"My Mexican advisors have read it [some other Mexican matter and the summary of Huerta's character] and the only comment they made was that it was too hard on Huerta. Not that Huerta was an ideal administrator, or an ideal man. They are very outspoken in saying that he

was neither, but they hold that he did not deserve to be treated so harshly by Americans, while others whose characters were much worse have been acclaimed as heroes. Huerta bravely proclaimed that he was a Dictator, and those who followed him, claiming to be liberators, in fact have become dictators themselves, and have surpassed Huerta in acts of violence. It must be remembered that the old man never had a chance to restore order. The United States was against him from the beginning and his task, therefore, was a very hard one. None of the Mexicans I have talked with were Huertistas. All of them agreed that he had done some very reprehensible things; but they are a unit in thinking that he had nothing to do with the assassination of Madero, personally, and that he did not even consent to it. They recognise the fact that he was a strong man if not an ideal one."

It is doubtful if a fairer estimate of Huerta could have been penned than that embodied in those brief sentences.

With the aid of this Government at the beginning of the uprising in Mexico, after the assassination of Madero, it would have been a comparatively simple matter for Huerta to have accomplished much for his pain-racked land. He had had a fine schooling under Diaz, and he knew the Mexican people as well as Diaz himself. But the attitude of the Administration at Washington and the errors of its emissaries have wrought the saddest havoc in Mexico's history.

Many Mexicans, especially among the exiles in this country, are men of high standing, infinite ver-

ity and sterling honour. Their views and reviews during the past three years of sorrow and horror are at great variance, however, and it has been an exceedingly difficult task to pick up the strands of recent Mexican history, lost in the confusion, and place them in one cohesive and comprehensive assemblage of facts. The whole situation from the day that Diaz was forced to relinquish his iron hold upon the country until the present has been so infinitely tinged with varieties of terror that it would confuse and confound the most practised and proficient historian extant—and the author lays claim to no such marked distinction. Whenever there has been a remote possibility for the conclusion of hostilities and a chance for something like order and temporary government, the Administration at Washington has promptly stepped in and seen to it that the whole country went from the devil back into the deep blue sea. Notably is this true at the time of the Carranza recognition. The exiles in this country and abroad, interested American, English, French residents and the Mexicans at home, were logically and philosophically waiting for the revolutionists to wear themselves out, and, not knowing Germany's attitude, were hoping for the best and looking forward to a cessation of hostilities. The recognition of that bargain-counter despot and brute dispelled all their hopes and illusions. The week following the recognition of the *de facto* government the writer talked to scores of Mexicans in New York: authors, lawyers, ministers of the gospel, former senators, cabinet officers and a one-time President of that country, and they

agreed to a man that all hope for Mexico's independence was lost and that all that was left was intervention.

"Rest assured that it will not be simply intervention and war with Mexico," said one Mexican at one time high in the councils of his people, "for we shall have the assistance of Japan and Germany."

It was but a few months later when Germany showed how she stood in her relationship with this country, when the German consul at Parral is accused of having incited and led the attack against the United States troops at that place.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE MEXICAN EXILES

The greatest difficulty that confronted the author of this work in the proper presentation of the facts in this chronicle was the difficulty of obtaining the actual recital of some high-minded participant and man of authority. Without the record of incidents from a high official of unquestionable character, it was fully appreciated that this work could not be regarded as authoritative. The Mexican information for nearly two years has been utterly untrustworthy, having come entirely through Carranza's hands or his agents. A more difficult task than to find that personage cannot be well conceived. There are 60,000 Mexican exiles in this country. Many of them are penniless, and thousands of them are being cared for by the Catholics in the United States—the same Catholic Church which, one of Mr. Wilson's emissaries has said, coupled with prostitution, has caused all the trouble in Mexico.

None of the Mexican exiles wanted to talk. Many of them had regarded the United States as a great "Big Brother" land, as some of them expressed it in their musical *patois*. The Carranza recognition had left them aghast in the horror. Carranza's infamous character, his practice of giving balls as soon as he rode into a town, which

balls were followed by most unspeakable orgies, and the *ensemble* of all of his traits of weakness and egotism, had become bywords throughout the entire land from the highest snow-capped peak of the Sierra Madre to the distant sands of the lowest beach. And they dared not talk.

If the President of the United States would recognise a man like Carranza, they said, what would he dare not do? Some of the exiles in this country were already under sentence of death by Carranza, others of them had relatives or friends or property interests that they might hope to recover, and they could not reveal the story they knew only too well. One woman—a beautiful American woman of culture and refinement—told the story of Mexico under Carranza and the other creatures about him as only a well-trained, well-versed woman of station can tell it. Her husband had been shot to death before her very eyes, with the United States flag waving from the cupola of his housetop. This woman was perfectly willing to stand sponsor for a true version of the horrible situation, to become a second Jeanne d'Arc, if necessary, for the land of her adoption—for she was an American born and bred—but the men about her would not let her assume such responsibility, as many of them feared extradition not only for themselves, but for her. Finally, however, a Mexican, a distinguished Mexican already referred to in these pages and an active participant and officer under the Mexican Government, consented to tell the story.

Eduardo N. Iturbide's recital of facts is of double value because of his reputation for veracity



and his great friendship for Americans whom he had opportunity to vouch for and protect on more than one occasion. It is presented in the following chapters.

## CHAPTER XIII

### ITURBIDE'S STORY OF THE HUERTA REGIME

"I have never been in politics, but was drawn into them because of my friendship for Doctor Miguel Silva. In the summer of 1911, when Doctor Silva became a candidate for Governor of Michoacan, I announced myself as his supporter and began working for him, for I have loved him and admired him as an exceptionally good man. We had not progressed far into the campaign before Doctor Silva proposed that I associate my name with his on the ticket, as Senatorial candidate. He assured me that by this move the three thousand men working on my estates would cast their votes solid for both of us. I did not care about entering politics myself, but believing that I could by this move obtain a solid vote of all my men for the Doctor, I consented.

"We were both elected and I went to the Federal Senate. At the time of the Madero regime I was not in the Capital, but was down on my estates in Michoacan and I not only knew nothing about it, but had nothing to do with it. A fortnight after the regime had been established I returned to the city.

"I remained a Senator until October, 1913, when the Congress was dissolved by General Huerta and new elections ordered. In these elections

instead of being put up as Senatorial candidate I was ticketed as an alternate or substitute, my principal being General Pedro Troncoso. General Huerta sent his Secretary, Jesus Rabago, to tell me he was putting Troncoso in as my principal so as to curb me, as I was altogether too spirited. I refused to accept it saying that I was rightfully a Senator and would take no part in the false elections.

"I then continued working without paying any attention to politics, until one night in January, 1914, about 2 a.m., when an aide of General Huerta came to my house and awoke me, saying that General Huerta wished to see me in a hurry. I dressed quickly, fearing that Huerta was about to have me shot. I was taken to Huerta's private residence and he told me that he knew I was courageous and energetic, for he knew I had repeatedly defended my ranches against the attacks of large bands of bandits. For this reason he was going to name me Brigadier General and Governor of the Federal District. I assured him I could not accept the honours he wished to bestow upon me, for I had five estates to attend to and they required all my attention. He replied that the first thing was the interests of the country and I had to serve it before my private interests. I energetically refused, saying that aside from my own business I had been entrusted with that of other people as well. During the closing moments of the conference he repeated to me the well known Mexican proverb: 'He who is not with me is against me.'

"I was not molested again until in March, 1914,

when one of my friends, Mr. Rincon Gallardo, told me that General Huerta was again thinking of naming me as Governor of the District. I was very much disturbed over the news and a few days later Mr. Gallardo came to me, saying that General Huerta wished to see me that afternoon. This was at 10 o'clock in the morning and at 2 p.m I was on the train en route to Morelia, hurrying to one of my estates where I intended to hide until some one else was appointed.

"General Huerta, learning that I had gone to my estates, telegraphed the Governor of Michoacan, General Garza Gonzalez, to send me right back to the Capital. Gonzalez telephoned me asking if I would return voluntarily or would it be necessary for him to send a military escort after me. I told him I would return and did so.

"General Huerta then repeated his proposition of January, but put it in the form of an order, saying that he was going to levy me into the service. I begged him to leave out the military rank and merely appoint me as Governor. He refused, telling me that if in twenty-four hours I was not dressed in the uniform of a Brigadier General, he would have me arrested and would send me to Santiago (the military prison). I told him that I could not get my uniform on such short notice. He told me I had better get it as he had instructed, and fortunately I found a friend who lent me a uniform. I then told General Huerta that if he made me Governor I would insist on conducting the office in a straightforward and honourable manner. He answered that was exactly what he wanted.

"I assumed the office, and the first trouble I had was with some of Huerta's relatives and intimates, who seemed to wish to rob the State of everything it possessed. I assumed office on March 28th, taking it over from Governor Ramon Corona. I at once discovered that four of the largest gambling houses in the city had been paying graft at the rate of \$5,000 a month for certain privileges, which I immediately stopped. A few days after I had assumed office, two men very near to General Huerta came to my office. One of them threw a roll of papers on my desk, saying: 'You have to send those contracts to be fixed up immediately.' I answered him, saying, 'The first thing to be done here is that you observe the proper respect toward me, for if you do not do so, I will send you to Santiago.' (The one who had spoken was a Colonel.) He then came down off his high horse and told me that General Huerta had asked me, through him, to do this for him. I then told him that while I was in office all matters had to take their due legal course. He replied by asking me to consider the matter and in the meantime he would leave the papers with me.

"The following day a young lawyer named Mendez Riva came to see me and said that the Colonel was sorry he had acted as he had the day before; that he wished me to help him in his business and would state frankly that he was to receive \$300,000 in pesos for the contracts, of which sum he was willing to give me one half. I rose to my feet and told Riva I was not a thief, and pointing to the door asked him to leave my pres-

ence immediately. The next day I went to see General Huerta and related the incident to him and he replied by telling me to send such callers to hell. The contracts consisted of the documents necessary to establish 300 pulquerias [places where pulque is sold] in a prohibited portion of the city.

"The gambling houses in the city paid into the Treasury the sum of \$40,000 in pesos a month. A short time after I assumed office a high employee of the Hacienda [Treasury] department came to see me, saying that he thought as long as I was Governor of the District it would be better if I would sign the contract. I told him I would look into the matter. I had my secret police make an investigation and ascertained that while only \$40,000 in pesos were being paid into the Treasury the gambling houses were actually paying \$70,000 a month, so I called the high employee and told him I would look after the contracts myself.

"My biggest trouble came when the Americans occupied Vera Cruz, for the day before my excellent friend, Mr. Thomas Hohler, of the British Legation, came to see me and told me it was very urgent for him to see the President at once, as he had received a cable from his Ambassador in Washington, advising him to offer the mediation of England, for there was still time to save the situation. I translated the cable and went with Mr. Hohler to look for General Huerta, whom Hohler had been looking for all the afternoon. I found General Huerta in the Café Colon, closeted with seven friends in a private room. I told him

I wished to speak with him privately and he asked his friends to retire. I then told him Hohler had an important telegram to confer with him about. Huerta told me that all the foreigners were scared to death and they were all cowards and that he would not receive Hohler. I told him it was a very serious matter not to be taken into consideration and after a talk of about half an hour I convinced him he should see Hohler. He then wanted me to bring him in and I told him that was not a proper place to receive the representative of a foreign Power, so he went to his home and we saw him there.

"Huerta sent word to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and when he arrived at the house I started to leave, but Huerta asked me to remain, so I heard the entire discussion. After hearing the conversation I was convinced that Huerta wished to provoke the United States and of course I became angry with him, but being convinced it was of no use I kept my mouth shut.

"The following day the Americans landed and the Government newspapers began publishing a great many lies about the 'atrocities being committed by the gringos,' and the mobs began to form, making manifestations against the Americans. That night I was up all night stopping manifestations in different parts of the city, because the mobs wished to wreck and burn American properties. In the morning I instructed my secret police to ascertain who was inspiring the move against the Americans. In the latter part of the afternoon I was told that José Maria Lozano, Minister of Communications, had made a

speech from the balcony of his offices, calling upon the people as patriotic Mexicans to punish the resident Americans because of the act of their countrymen. While he was speaking, one of his clerks was throwing down to the crowd, which gathered them up, printed circulars giving them the location of all American property and urging them to burn them and to kill the owners. Lozano was a particular friend of General Huerta.

"I decided not to allow them to carry out this plan to do damage, because I realised that it was not the fault of the residents and that we had no right to harm them. So I ordered the Chief of Police, General Guasque, to stop all manifestations after 6 o'clock, so that we would have no trouble with the mob afterwards, because after dark it was likely to be terrible. I had worked very hard indeed to stop this trouble the day before. When I gave General Guasque this order, he replied that he could not obey me, as the President had given different orders. I told him that I was his immediate superior and that he was bound to obey my orders and had nothing to do with the President. So I compelled him to obey my order. He stopped the manifestations before 6 o'clock, but then went to the President and told him of the orders I had given. I, too, went to see the President and as I was entering I met General Guasque coming out. He said to me in a significant manner: 'You go in and you will see.' I went in and found General Huerta with Secretary Lozano. I told the President I did not intend to permit the mob to do the things advised by Lozano in his speech; and that the newspapers



were publishing lies and inciting the mob to violence—to rob and kill American residents and sack American property—and stated that if he wanted the mob to do this, he should deliver the government of the Federal District to a friend of Lozano, as I would not continue as Governor, if such were his wishes. It would suit a friend of Lozano, I added, to burn and murder, while I felt bound to protect life and property in the city. Of course, they all thought it was very dangerous for me to defy General Huerta in this way, and I myself realised the danger, but it was my duty to follow the dictates of my conscience and I did not hesitate. At first General Huerta did not reply, because he was greatly disappointed and annoyed, as no one talked to him in this way; but he thought it over and then he replied that I could do whatever I considered it prudent to do, and that he would support me.

“I then told him that I was going to stop the manifestations immediately because if I did not the mob would get beyond my control, and that I must also prevent the ‘IMPARCIAL’ from publishing so many lies, which, instead of helping our cause, would ruin it. Then he consented and gave me his support.

“I then went out at 7 o’clock that night to control the mob. Things were in an awful state. They had started breaking shop windows and had made a great hole by means of a beam in the house of an American resident, and were planning to burn the house and to kill the Americans who were inside. I was alone in my motor car and when I arrived there I saw that it was going to be a very

difficult matter to stop the crowd from carrying out their plans; but it was my duty and my desire to try, and I got out of my car and placed myself across the opening they had made and said: 'I will shoot the first man who advances.' They ceased for a moment, for they seemed to be dazed, but then a well-known actor named Beristain, who was a great friend of General Huerta's family, and who had made a speech to the crowd asking them to burn and sack the place and kill the American owners, climbed up on to a coachman's seat and started in to make a speech, saying that it was a humiliating thing that one man could stop those assembled who had the right to punish those people who were trying to rob their country. I knew I was lost if I could not stop them right there, so I caught him by the collar and dragged him from his place on the coachman's box and smashed his head against the pavement. Then Colonel Alvaradejo, Sub-Secretary of Commerce, who was with Beristain, came to his aid, and I caught him and threw him into my motor car and put Beristain in with him and took them both to the police station and threw Beristain into jail. Members of President Huerta's family did their best to get him out, but I told them that I would not free him even if the President himself requested it. I spent that night in the protection of American property, and about 5 o'clock in the morning some of the mob started in to sack the Sonora News Company and I arrested them and a few Deputies. One of them told me I had no right to arrest him as he was a Representative. I told him we would all clear out the following day

if he was a Representative, that one thing I was sure of and that was that he was a thief, as he had stolen a number of articles from that place. I put all of them in jail and after considerable trouble I succeeded in stopping the sacking and I had something like a hundred people in prison.

"I went to the 'IMPARCIAL' whose director was Diaz Miron, a man who was well known in Mexico because he had murdered four or five persons, and everybody said that he was a man to fear. General Blanquet, who knew I was going to stop the 'IMPARCIAL' that night, told me to take 50 soldiers with me from Supremos Poderes to help me, but I did not accept his suggestion, because I was not afraid of Diaz Miron, who I knew perfectly well to be a bully. I went alone and told him to cease his plan of publishing the article that Lozano had given him. He told me that I had no right to stop it and that if I intended to carry out my object it would be done over his dead body. Then I explained to him that I had come there with an object and that I would regret having to kill him, but that if it were necessary to do so in order to gain that object, I most certainly would kill him. He did not publish the article, and I stayed until it was taken out and destroyed.

"The following day they caught two representatives of the Associated Press, Whiffen and Sulton. They telephoned me from the Brazilian Legation asking my aid in saving them. We were just in time, because they had been taken to the prison to be shot as spies, having been found with codes which stated sentences in code such as:

'Huerta was assassinated,' 'Blanquet was assassinated,' 'the town has been taken by Zapatistas,' 'by Maderistas,' etc., etc. I got them out and sent them to the Brazilian Legation and they were sent from there to Vera Cruz.

"My position brought me many difficulties; for instance, General Huerta ordered all implements and cattle from all the farms in the Republic and they were taken by the prefects of those sections because the country wanted all these things for a war against the United States. A panic resulted because every one realised that it meant the loss of all their property. And I could see that, even if the country could not dispose of all this property, much of it would be lost or would remain in the possession of the inferior authorities in those sections.

"The order was also given to gather in all of the printing apparatus in the town because of the many handbills that were issued against the Government every day. Of course all the printers became frightened because to collect printing apparatus means to destroy them and every one would be ruined.

"I then went to see the President and had a long discussion with him and finally he decided to cancel that order.

"There was a great deal of trouble caused me on account of food staples and prices, and it was very hard to prevent merchants from taking advantage of the circumstances to raise prices. The butchers went on a strike and I had to stop them by convincing them that they should under the cir-

cumstances try to help and not make matters worse. There were many incidents of that character.

"I had another big problem in the gambling houses, because they used to pay to the old Government or to the clerks of the Government, I could not find out just which ones, a big sum each month to allow them certain privileges; for they had certain hours for gambling and the clerks of the Government allowed them to gamble extra hours, with a simple card from one of them, and they paid them in sums up to \$5,000 in pesos per month. That was one reason why I had difficulty with various high army officers who were connected with the gaming-houses. I refused to shake hands with one of them because I told him he was not an honest man. His companions wanted to frighten me to put him back in his place and, although I knew they were dangerous men and had the name for being such, I told them I was very sorry but that I would stand on my decision."

## CHAPTER XIV

### HOW ITURBIDE SAVED THE CITY OF MEXICO

"When General Huerta delivered the Government to Mr. Carbajal, a very good friend of mine, and an honest and capable man, I tell you frankly that I did my best to get out of my position, because I knew that the only reward I would get would be trouble and worry. But I could not do this because Mr. Carbajal called on me before being made President and requested me to aid him, and he led me to believe that it would be very bad for me to leave the Government at the very moment that General Huerta left, because every one would say that I was a real politician and that I was attached to General Huerta; that the situation was very bad and very difficult and that all the citizens in Mexico City had great confidence in me and would be distressed if I should leave my post. So I agreed to continue and to help him, but only under the condition that I should be told everything that went on and be thoroughly posted. 'I am a man and not afraid of anything, and if there is danger I want to know of it.' He assured me there would be no secrets from me and I stayed.

"One day one of my friends, a foreign Minister, showed me a cable he had received from Washington, in which I noted the information that the

delegates that Carbajal had sent to Carranza at Saltillo had failed in their mission and that Carranza wanted us to surrender unconditionally. This cable was shown to me in confidence and of course I could not say a word about it even to the President, who had at that time no knowledge of the matter. Two or three days afterwards they received a telegram from General Villar, one of the Delegates, and then they found out what had occurred. President Carbajal at once called a Cabinet meeting, and when they were about concluding the meeting I arrived at the National Palace, and demanded of Mr. Lujan, who was Minister of the Interior, what the trouble was. He answered me that it was not a public matter and I told him that I had a right to know everything because Mr. Carbajal had promised me and because I was risking my life as well as the rest of them. When he told me he could not tell me anything about the matter I informed him then that I would resign my office at once. I wrote out my resignation and sent it to him. I then went to my office and began to get things into shape to deliver my charge. About half-an-hour after that President Carbajal ordered me to the National Palace and I went to see him and we had a talk in the presence of everybody, all the officers of his staff. He told me that he would not allow me to resign as I was the only man who could save the situation at that moment. I told him that I could not be a subordinate to a chief who did not keep me frankly posted on all that was going on. The President begged me not to abandon him. That he was in a very dreadful situation. He

told me that I would only be subordinate to him and that he would tell me everything that happened. I accepted this. The President then asked me if I wanted to know the real situation and I told him that I already knew it before him and explained to him the entire matter, without mentioning the source of my information. From that moment the President ordered me to attend all the Cabinet meetings, as a member and with a voting capacity. I have made this explanation to let you know how things went at those meetings afterwards.

"The following day, it was something like the 10th of August, General Ocaranza, who had gone to Mitpalto, a place very near Xochimilco, to stop the Zapatistas who were sacking those small villages on the outskirts of Mexico City, lost in the defence of those places something like 1,000 men of the 2,500 that accompanied him.

"We were in bad shape for we had no soldiers in the City, the only thing we had was recruits, which had been drafted in the last few days and they did not like the Government and had no interest in the cause. It was a great mistake of General Huerta to abuse the drafting of soldiers. At the beginning of this practice by him the lower classes, the poor type of Indians, were the subject of the drafting. They were mere automatons, doing as they were bid to the letter but utterly lacking in initiative on their own part. Eventually this class of recruit became exhausted and General Huerta then sent forth into all sections of the city and took each and every one he could get and drafted them into his army. In this



abuse of a bad practise he gathered in the educated and the uneducated, school teachers, mechanics, chauffeurs, etc., and when they were confined in their barracks the men who had been drafted in this manner rebelled against the treatment they received and soon started making speeches to the others so that in a short time instead of organisation in his army General Huerta had insurrection bursting into flame in every quarter.

"I was Governor and those small villages came within my district, so I knew before any one else what was happening, because I had very good police and spies there. I went immediately to see General Velasco, the Minister of War, to tell him what the situation was. He was in despair because he did not have a single veteran soldier to send to aid Ocaranza, and he realised fully that his recruits were not friends but enemies. When I saw him in that condition I told him I had my faithful and good gendarmes or police agents who had helped me every time I had called upon them, against the Zapatistas; they were fine shots, as General Quiroz, their chief, had instructed them perfectly and, being fond of shooting, I had done my best to teach them in order to make them sharpshooters.

"We had often attacked the Zapatistas in those villages and always defeated them with few casualties ourselves. That was due to the fact that the Zapatistas knew nothing about fighting. Their method is the guerilla warfare, they ride in the rocks on the mountains and wait till the Federals get near then they would shoot and kill the Federals and run away. They allow the advancing

troops of Federals to almost pass and then they attack the Staff and officers in order to kill the officers. Then they run away and it is impossible to catch them. It is like chasing a rabbit over the mountains.

"But I was acquainted with their methods and I always followed out a plan in attacking them which was successful. I would form the advance of some of my men and protect the rear with another file of men, placing myself or the officers in charge between these two files front and rear and then I protected the left with the balance of my men. In this way they could not carry out their plan of fighting with my men and officers. I told General Velasco that with my police agents I would defend the town and aid General Ocaranza. I had only 1,000 police agents to dispose of as the others had to remain in the town to keep order. I went to see them and addressed them, telling them that we were not politicians, they and myself, but that those bandits were going to sack our houses and insult our families, that I thought we should not suffer that and I was sure they would be patriotic and courageous enough to help me in that moment, that they were going to show that they were the best soldiers in Mexico; that I had promised this to General Velasco and I must keep my promise. The poor soldiers called out 'Viva General Yturbe' and things of that sort and all of them followed me very contentedly.

"We left Mexico City that night about 10 o'clock and arrived at Xochimilco at 1 o'clock in the morning and they fought the Zapatistas from 3 to 10 o'clock. We had no cannon or artillery

but only four machine guns, but our men were very courageous and good shots and I had good officers from the military school that General Quiroz had picked up here and there, using the best.

"At 10 o'clock in the morning we had defeated them. We had taken their position and had saved General Ocaranza with the rest of his troops, who came back to Xochimilco about 5 o'clock in the afternoon; and I delivered to him the command of the forces and he remained there with something like 1,500 men. He had 400 in Xochimilco. I went back to Mexico City, and had to pass through Tlalpam and when we passed by at something like 11 o'clock at night the Zapatistas were attacking the town also and we had to alight from the cars in order to help the soldiers defend the town. We defeated them in half-an-hour and the place was cleaned out of Zapatistas and then we went to Mexico City.

"The following day Mr. Carbajal telephoned me to go to his private house for a conference and he then told me that General Obregon, who was in Teoloyucan in command of the Carranzista forces of something like 20,000 men, had demanded that the town be unconditionally surrendered and showed me a telegram he had received from the First Chief Carranza in which he told him that he and his accomplices, civil and military, were all condemned to death. He asked me to attend a Cabinet meeting at 11 o'clock and we were discussing with the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Justice about the way we were to leave the city and go to Vera Cruz. Mr. Lujan proposed to abandon the city, although it would

fall into the hands of the Zapatistas, for it would have to happen any way. They thought of delivering the city to the City Council, but almost all the members were in Vera Cruz.

"Notwithstanding this, I told Lujan that there were a few members left, among whom was my father, who was a strong man and I was sure that he would not avoid responsibility, but would stand by it. That he, Lujan, was also a member of the City Council and he could stay. But they decided the only thing to do was to name a new Governor to receive the situation and deliver the city to Carranza. That was a private meeting and I had not a word to say.

"I had reflected much over my own position and had consulted with my father. After these cogitations I understood that I was in such a situation that the only way for me to keep my name clean, as I had kept it, was to sacrifice my life, if it was necessary to save the town, because I would be a coward if I abandoned the city, for I knew that all the residents had confidence in me and trusted me. Then I decided to give my life for the city but I was entitled to choose the manner in which I was to die, and to die like a man and not like a dog. I was sure that whether by the Federal troops, who were bursting with insurrection in Mexico City, or by the Zapatistas or the mob or the Carranzistas, the city was sure to be sacked. I would do my best to stop the sacking, but of course I would not be able to stop it and would at the last have to be murdered and hundreds and thousands of others would die with me. But if instead of that I should go to Carranza and Ob-

regon and explain to them the situation, they would shoot me because I was condemned to death and I was a Federal, but I would save the town because I would explain to them how matters were and although they would be very stubborn they would have to hear my strong reasons and save the city. Then, although I might perish, I would at least keep my name clean.

"I made my will and requested one of my friends (foreign) in Mexico City to take charge of my family and help them to save their possessions because then I was rich and I knew they had more than enough money to live on. I consulted my father and he answered that I was his only son and that he would die of anguish if I should be shot, but that if ever I would flee he would die of shame.

"In those circumstances I went to the meeting. When Mr. Carbajal explained the situation to the Cabinet, I made the suggestion that Mr. Carbajal—who while he was a very honest and just man was not strong enough to save the situation—should deliver the Government to General Velasco, who was a good soldier and able to handle the situation. But General Velasco refused absolutely to accept any responsibility. He told them if Mr. Carbajal left the city he, too, would leave it, with all his faithful soldiers.

"Then the discussion began and they considered delivering the city to a new Governor, but that was difficult because the Zapatistas were sacking the town and no one would accept the post. I told them I had decided to remain to save the city, even though I perished: that I was going that

same day to Teoloyucan to meet Obregon and go over the matter with him. General Velasco warned me that I would be shot, that Obregon had shot all the delegates that had been sent to him. That there would be no mercy shown me and that my sacrifice would be in vain. Then every one was quiet for a while. Mr. Carbajal demanded of me: 'What do you say, Mr. Governor?' and I told him that I would go, notwithstanding the warning of General Velasco.

"Mr. Carbajal insisted on taking me with him to safety at Vera Cruz, but I told him that my decision was taken, that I could not abandon the city, that I would defend it until the last moment with my police agents when the time came.

"I then decided to go immediately to Teoloyucan and of course the only chance I had of saving my life was to take with me the foreign Ministers. I invited them to accompany me to Teoloyucan, in order to ask Carranza for protection for their nationals and after a little hesitation, they decided to go with me the following day. We went with Mr. Robles Dominguez, who was the Carranza agent in Mexico City and a fine well-educated fellow who did his best to help us. They accepted my proposal and went with me, Sir Lionel Carden, the British Minister, the Guatemalan Minister, the French Minister, Mr. Ayguesparse, the Brazilian Minister and Mr. Cummings, formerly British Consul in Torreón.

"We arrived at Teoloyucan on the 12th of August about 10 o'clock in the morning, and we were received at the outposts of the Carranzistas by General Pablo Gonzalez and General Obregon

and the aides of both. We were taken to a house some three miles distant from our meeting place and were invited to enter the house, where there were many other Chiefs. Among them were Generals Cos and Hill.

"Some reporters for the newspapers in Mexico City had gone with us, although I told them it would be very dangerous for them to go. As we were nearing Teoloyucan the reporters were arrested and I was arrested with them, because they took me to be a newspaper man, but they were told that I was the Governor of the Federal District and they were then more astonished, because they knew it was death for me to go there.

"I tried to talk with General Obregon at once and asked him to go over the conditions existing in Mexico City with me. Of course he began by telling me he could not understand why I had come when I must realise that all of us were condemned to death and that no Federal officer or subordinate had come out alive from a Constitutionalist camp; that he knew that First Chief Carranza had wired us stating that we would be judged by the law of Juarez and condemned to death. I replied that I had something to discuss with him of much more importance than my life; that I did not care to talk of that, and that I delivered that life to him for his disposition but that we should not waste any more time talking about it. We must talk of Mexico City, which was in an awful condition. We were surrounded by the Zapatistas who attacked us every day. The Federal recruits in the garrisons were bursting with insurrection and if the few faithful soldiers

remaining should evacuate the city and go to Puebla these insurgents would surely burst forth and sack the city. There were also the mob and his own men to sack and destroy. I said to him: 'Neither you nor I have any right to destroy National property, the buildings which have cost a great deal of money and many sacrifices on the part of our people; so that it is your duty to save them, as it is mine also.'

"General Obregon called General Pablo Gonzalez to come and talk with me about the same matter and I explained to him also and we all three discussed the subject for something like three hours. I had brought a plan of the Federal District to show them where the Zapatistas were and to make them realise that the only possible plan for a peaceful entry into Mexico City was the one I presented to them and which they eventually adopted. That was to relieve or replace with cavalry troops the Federal soldiers who were defending the city on the south from the attacks of the Zapatistas, but, so as to prevent their having any encounter with the Federal troops, I proposed to them that the Federals should evacuate the city one half hour before the entrance of the Carranzistas. The old Federal army would evacuate the city and go to Puebla until there was a Government in Mexico to obey. That was the decision of General Velasco and he had ordered me to tell this to General Obregon or Carranza. I proposed to them that my police agents should keep order in Mexico City and should remain in their service, that I would be with them keeping order until the Carranzistas



arrived. After they took hold of the government the older soldiers could enter peacefully into Mexico City.

"I had with me a list of all the National buildings which they would have to protect and not allow their men nor the mob to harm. General Obregon and General Gonzalez were convinced, as I could easily see, and I thought they sympathised with me immediately; but General Obregon, who conducted himself like the Chief, told me that the First Chief would arrive two or three hours later and that he would decide regarding my proposition and also my life.

"Then we went to lunch in the same house where General Pablo Gonzalez lived and at that place General Cos was the first to tell me that they were going to shoot me the following day. I was annoyed all the time by the subordinates and I got very tired of it and told them all that I had known of it before I arrived and asked them not to talk any more about it but to do whatever they had decided to do. One of them, General Cosio Robelo, told me that if the First Chief should defend me they would shoot him also.

"The First Chief arrived at 12 o'clock that night. There was a continued shooting on the part of the men as a celebration, for they kept shooting into the air, and of course the poor foreign Ministers, who were not accustomed to this savage demonstration, were very nervous as they had a right to be. We were told the following day that six or eight men had been shot during the commotion.

"The only hope I had then of saving my own

life was that the foreign Ministers might talk with General Carranza so I was much disheartened when at one o'clock in the morning we were informed that he would not receive them that night and even more that he did not want to receive certain of the representatives of foreign countries, such as the Guatemalan Minister and Sir Lionel Carden.

"At 10 o'clock that night I had been asked if I wished to write to my family and I wanted to send a telegram myself to my wife saying that I was all right, but General Obregon said that the stenographer would do it. The man came and I had to dictate to him a telegram to my wife that we were all right and we were contented at the camp, but I could not say anything else as it would pass through their hands.

"I passed a bad night. In the morning General Obregon came to see me and told me he had persuaded the First Chief Carranza to receive me. At something like ten o'clock I was taken by General Obregon to see First Chief Carranza and he received me with General Pablo Gonzalez and General Obregon.

"The first thing he told me was just what General Obregon had said, that I was condemned to death and that it was imprudent of me to go there. I told him that my life was a matter of no importance, but that we must treat of the matter of saving Mexico City. He told me that he would have to sack the city because all the northern towns and the other cities in the Republic had suffered very much from the revolution and that

Mexico City alone had not suffered and that city was the corner of the revolution.

"I replied to him that I thought he might perfectly well punish his enemies and sack my house and shoot me and do the same thing with the properties and lands of his enemies, but that he had no right to sack and destroy National buildings and National interests in Mexico City, which had cost our country millions of dollars, and that it would be also an injustice to cause the people who had been good to him and sympathised with his ideas to suffer and even those who were not mixed up in politics in any way.

"He was very stubborn and hard to convince and it was a difficult task for me to try, but at last I succeeded and he agreed with me and offered to take the town and follow out the plan I had given. General Obregon, however, interposed a condition that he should not accept this if the Federals should go to Puebla, taking with them all the munitions of war which were stored in Mexico City, because I had told him that it was the duty of the army to obey the established government which should come to Mexico City, and that they could not mix up in politics, so that as soon as he reached Mexico City and started a Constitutionalist Government they would have to obey him and that then he or his government would have the right to punish those who were guilty and dismiss those who were of no use in the army and reward those who were deserving.

"He told me to go to Mexico City to fix up the matter with General Velasco and persuade him to leave the munitions of war in the City and to go

to Puebla ready to respond to the commands of the government which should result from the revolution.

"I gave him my word of honour that I would return to his camp that same night. I then went to Mexico City arriving there at 12 o'clock. I went to see President Carbajal, who was averse to talking on the subject with General Velasco, because he was afraid he would be angry. Then he commissioned me to go and see him and I did so. I had a long discussion with General Velasco who did not want to leave the military stores and the cannon in Mexico City, but at last I convinced him with the help of General Gustavo Salas, who was the Sub-Secretary of War, and we decided to go together to Teoloyucan, General Salas and myself, to make the last arrangements on the matter. At this moment President Carbajal's private secretary arrived at the Ministry of War and he had a message to General Velasco telling him that the President would leave that same night for Vera Cruz and then General Velasco became very angry and told him that he would not have accepted the post of Minister of War in President Carbajal's Cabinet if he had known that he would leave the final arrangements until the last moment of his departure, that he had expected him to stay in Mexico City as long as it might be necessary, but he said that he would not accept any responsibility and that if the President intended to leave that same night, he would not allow him to do so, except on the condition that he would issue a decree and authorise him to disband the army, giving him money enough to do this.

"It is my opinion that General Velasco was very unwise in doing this, because he should have realised that to do so would be to make a great many unhappy men, because all those officers who had worked all their lives to serve the army and to make themselves a career would be dismissed and thrown into the street.

"President Carbajal was afraid and of course he accepted what General Velasco proposed, because it was the only way he would be able to leave that night and he did not hesitate an instant in deciding this difficult question. That is the reason why, instead of accepting the reasonable proposition to which I had secured General Carranza's consent, they disbanded the army, bringing misfortune and distress to all those unfortunate officers.

"I then went back to Teoloyucan with General Salas. I left him with the advance post of the Federals and went alone to the rebels' camp. Of course I escaped several shots from the advance post of the Carranzistas because it was late at night, but I arrived safely and met them one or two hours afterwards. I came back with General Obregon to meet General Salas between the two advance outposts. We talked over technical matters and fixed up every detail regarding the evacuation of the city. We then decided to sign a contract the following day, I as head of the Government which Carbajal was going to deliver to me that same night and General Salas as representative of the Federal army.

"Then we went back to Mexico City, arriving at two o'clock in the morning, and I barely had

to see Mr. Carbajal off. He had published a manifesto to the City that I had received the Government, that he had to leave, abandoning the City, leaving its Government to me. The following day I went to Teoloyucan at 11 o'clock with General Salas and signed the agreement under which I was to deliver the city and the conditions based on guarantees to the lives and property of residents, guarantees to all the policemen and all the Federals who remained in the City and the promise to keep order and protect the interests of everybody.

'My friends advised me to secure the guarantee for my own life, but I did not like to talk about so personal a matter in such a document. I have the original and will have it in my possession in a few days.

'Two days afterwards General Obregon advised me that he would enter the following day and it was time, because many of his men had armed in motor cars and were doing many things I did not like, but I was not able to stop.

'I met General Obregon in the National Palace where I went expressly to meet him and to deliver him the Government, telling him that I hoped he would help him to success and to bring peace to our poor country. He replied that the First Chief had recommended him to tell me that he thanked me for my efforts to help him and that in spite of all I had helped their Cause and had been very active in arranging the final delivery of the City.

'I asked him if he would assist me to save two or three friends in Vera Cruz who were guilty

of no wrong. He told me he could not do anything of that sort, so I took leave of him and went to my house to work, because I had neglected my own affairs during the time I had been in office.

"All the time Carranza was in Mexico City I worked undisturbed, that is, for five months, and the day that he abandoned the city all the foreign Ministers demanded that I should go to see them at the residence of the Brazilian Minister. I went and they were all there assembled together, the ministers and representatives of the different countries. Mr. Silliman was with them. The Brazilian Minister asked me to do my best to help in the situation because the City had been abandoned and there was no one to put a stop to the sacking, that the Zapatistas were in the outskirts of the town and of course we were all afraid of them.

"I told them that I was now a private citizen and could not help them as I had no authority to stop the sacking, or any thing of that sort. But after discussing the matter for a time I decided to do my best, for it seemed that my life must be given eventually to my country.

"I went out to meet General Pacheco, who was a Zapatista leader and who was now in Tizapam, something like fifteen miles from Mexico City. Mr. Hohler, the British Minister, accompanied me, for he is a very courageous man, and we encountered many hardships before we reached our destination, for the Zapatistas were almost all of them drunk and excitable.

"At last we saw General Pacheco and suggested to him, without injuring his feelings, that he send

the old Federal officer who came with him, Colonel Saldaña, to take charge of the town and keep order there until his forces could enter, because that was the only way to stop his troops from entering that night. At last we convinced him and General Lavarro sent Colonel Saldaña with us in a motor car after giving him full instructions on the subject.

"We arrived in Mexico City at 2 o'clock and the only accident we had was that when we were going around Tacubaya to ask the advance troops to allow us to go through to see General Pacheco there was a discussion between a Lieutenant and a Colonel and the latter shot the former.

"When we arrived at Mexico City they had begun the sacking of the city and I went out personally to attempt to stop this work. They were robbing a jewelry store in the street Cinco de Mayo. I addressed the mob asking them to be quiet and not continue in their work and they shot at me more than fifty times. I had a very narrow escape. They did not want to listen to me. I went to the police station and asked the gendarmes to help me. They responded immediately but they had no arms whatever because Carranza had taken all the arms there were in the City. I went back to the Brazilian Minister to ask all the foreign residents to loan us arms. They loaned us 800 pieces and with these we armed the police and patrolled the city all night, stopping the robbing at once and keeping everything quiet.

"At about 9 o'clock at night General Pacheco arrived in Mexico City and he brought an appointment for me to be the Governor of the City until



the forces could occupy it. I did not, of course, accept this, but I did offer to do my best to assist them unofficially, not being able to accept any official charge.

"After getting the city quiet and delivering the command of the gendarmes to Colonel Saldaña who was an officer of General Pacheco whom he had sent with me to the city, I went home to get something to eat and I was just beginning to eat it when the Minister of El Salvador called on me to tell me that a Colonel of Zapatistas whose name was Robles had arrived in the City with 200 men and that he had gone to see the Brazilian Minister and British Minister, telling them that they had no right to name me the Governor of the City and that he knew they had named me and he was going to shoot me at once. Of course the British and Brazilian Ministers told him that he was crazy to believe such nonsense, that Zapata himself had sent me the appointment and that they had only called on me at the moment when the city was abandoned and there was no one in authority to stop the sacking and their purpose was not to name the Governor, or anything like it, but merely to ask me as a private citizen to do my best to keep the City quiet and safe.

"Colonel Saldaña, who also knew of this General Robles, sent me 300 policemen to keep my house safe, but of course I would never have attempted to fight in the city against any forces. What I wanted was to keep order and not to break it. So I went alone to see General Robles and to clear the matter up with him.

"First of all he received me very roughly but

after half an hour's discussion I convinced him and he told me that he did not dare to shoot me as he wanted because he could not deny that I was a brave man and that the proof of it was that I had gone to meet him alone, without fearing the consequence.

"I went back to my home and took up my own business matters without mixing in anything for two or three days, until Dr. Silva came to tell me that he could do nothing to help me. He had been a good friend of mine and was under heavy obligations to me, because while he was absent in the United States General Huerta wanted to persecute his wife and I defended her, took her to my own home for protection and allowed no one to molest her. When Dr. Silva came back to Mexico during the Carranza administration he told me that he was under great obligation to me even though he had nothing with which to pay me. I am sorry to say that at the last moment he did not remember this and his only advice was for me to hide, for the approach of Villa was so quick that no one had time to beg for mercy from him and by the time others knew of the case the victim was three feet under the sod.

"So then I hid and I was hiding for twenty days in the houses of friends until the United States and all the representatives of foreign countries, especially England and Spain, made representations before Gutierrez to save my life, for the Zapatistas did not conceal their intention of shooting me and Mr. Silliman and Mr. Canada who talked with them, assured me that if ever I fell

into their hands there would be no mercy for me. Their principal reason was that I had fought against them with the police agents and that I was guilty of treason and a good many other things which are wholly nonsense."

## CHAPTER XV

### CARRANZA AND GERMANY

There is a superb and gallant dignity in certain phases of warfare that cannot be denied. It was magnificently illustrated in our own War of the Revolution, when a new people, unlettered in the fine arts of warfare, braved a great power and were victorious. Again to-day it is being exemplified in the Nation then defeated and now so humanely victorious. Germany is beaten; her very all is lost and a hundred years will elapse, perhaps a longer period, before she regains her departed glories. It is seriously doubtful if the world will ever forget her undersea warfare, her poisonous gases and her Zeppelins with their rains of bombs upon the heads of sleeping women and children. The Teuton—often the innocent, home-loving, kindly Teuton who had nothing whatsoever to do with the inciting of the present European turmoil—will be held in contempt for ages to come, simply because the war waged by the Fatherland from its inception was monstrously inhuman. On the other hand, the defensive tactics of Great Britain will forever stand out with the splendour of her achievement and often against great odds and the preparedness of her adversary. Germany has lost all of her colonies, her commerce has been swept from the seas and she will

probably never, under the most favourable conditions, recover, because nearly every great power will discriminate against her. The only important factor she has left on the face of the earth or in the waters on the earth, lies corked up inside Kiel Canal. For if the German ships attempt to escape they will be wiped off the waters, and if they are allowed to remain bottled up, they will in the end become the property of the adversary.

If her allies withdrew, England could completely annihilate her enemy in six months. Wars are not won with poisonous gases, undersea sneaks and thieves and air bombs. Food and gold are the essentials and England has them both. So why uselessly destroy human life? Her wise men argue there is a dignity in such warfare and the ages will recount it with salvos of plaudits. The warfare that seeks to involve innocent peoples and nations—the warfare that Germany has maintained, not only in Europe but here in the United States, is sure in the end to rebound with eternal and everlasting effect.

Not content with criminal conduct and dishonest propaganda of every ignominious and debasing character carried on here, in this country, nearly all of which has been most cleverly unearthed by the admirable Secret Service of this government, which is one department that is effective, Germany must finally turn her guns of desire upon troubled, debased and degraded Mexico. It would not suffice that that land was in the throes of National disorder which not only threatened her with dismemberment but absolute destruction, but Ger-

many with her greed and avarice must add to her difficulties and dangers.

The deliberations of the Federal Grand Jury in New York made it quite plain that Germany was one of the numerous aides and financial supporters of Villa. But the disclosures as to Germany's "friendship" for Carranza remain, are only now beginning to be made public, and yet there are a number of people in the United States to whom the facts are so completely obvious that they require no proof.

It was the amiable Captain Von Papen, it will be recalled, who, warmly backed and assisted by Boy-Ed, dwelt so affectionately on the characteristics of the "idiotic Americans," and Carranza seems to have mapped out a line of policy for us based largely on the assumption that the United States is a nation of childish puppets to be pulled by German strings on the one side and made fools of on the other by Carranza, Obregon and Co.

It is a matter of record that Carranza has not made a promise to the United States publicly that he has not wilfully and deliberately violated, but his statement on May 10, 1916, that his government "has no intrigue with Germany," is likely to be recalled with grave and terrible interest before the oil of peace and good will is poured on the Mexican strife.

Literally in this instance Carranza is telling the truth. He has no "intrigue." He has what is better known as a close contract and compact with Germans, German-Americans and pro-German Americans to enslave not only the peons themselves but the Yucatan families, as no peons or

farmers were ever before enslaved in Mexico even in the most barbaric of Spanish slave days.

In German East Africa—until the colony was recently wrested from her—Germany was employing such a system of slavery, the natives there being worked literally under shot-guns from sun-up to sun-down. Japan has Korea under the same, terrible subjection. Those are the only examples of slavery on earth similar to that in Yucatan.

Carranza, hard pressed for money early in the summer of 1915, turned to Yucatan. Alvarado, one of his most loyal lieutenants, had been made governor of the state. Yucatan produces nearly all the sisal hemp used in this country, and the American farmer has to have it for his harvester. Carranza raised the price from three pesos in gold to six pesos. This meant a loss of many millions to the American farmer. The International Harvester people saw all sorts of rocks ahead, for the reason that the American farmer is an extraordinarily intelligent chap and he smarts under extortion as no other type of American does. The International Harvester people were fully cognizant of that fact, and, to protect themselves, they took the matter to the then Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan told the corporation representatives that he was sorry but he could not do anything. There was a strong argument, but Mr. Bryan evidently had his instructions from a higher source and told his callers he could do nothing, absolutely nothing. He was told that there was no substitute for the sisal hemp. Mr. Bryan replied that he then would have to trust to the ingenuity of the American farmer.

The price remained the same, absolutely nothing was done, and Carranza and Alvarado, growing bold, organized what is now known to the helpless farmers as the Carranza Hennequin Monopoly. Incidentally Carranza gathered in about \$10,000,000 and the whole scheme, as is well known, is a German enterprise.

The German minister in the City of Mexico was the only foreign official whom Carranza has ever troubled himself to defend; nearly all the munitions of war which Carranza has purchased here in New York were bought from and through Germans as the invoices will show. Many of the schools and institutions in Mexico have been Germanised in the most flagrant fashion. Carranza, from the very day he was recognised as "First Chief," has strenuously instructed his lieutenants to look out for Germans and guard against reprisals. "Never mind the Americans and the Chinese, but look out for the Germans," he told one of his consuls who, thinking the writer was favourable to Germany, repeated the remark. The German newspapers have daily teemed with the growing friendship between the "First Chief" and the Fatherland. No! His country has "no intrigue" with Germany—they are simply pals in all that can possibly rebound with ill effect upon the United States.



## CHAPTER XVI

### CONDITIONS IN MEXICO A REVOLUTION?

There are few forms of literature more engaging to the pen or more interesting to the student of altruism on this mundane sphere than the narrative of a revolution. The facile, trenchant thought of the writer flows swiftly and with consummate and consuming interest, as he wades deftly through the emotions both human and divine. The red blood of reason, denied or gained, rushes like a torrent as if urged on by mountain storm or ocean blast. The barbarous, mad, riotous mobs, their wassail cries rising heavenward; the wails of grief and pain sinking in very anguish into the human breast; the clash of the soldiery, the din and roar of the battle cries—they all mean something—life, liberty and the pursuit of human happiness in the real revolution—the French Revolution or our own.

But this futile thing in Mexico they call revolution—this wild scamper across field and stream—is no more like the real battle for principle than Carranza is like a soldier. Since the departure of Diaz the peon has gone down from darkness into the very gloom of night. At least, in the old days, he could only, with the help of the Church in times of need, earn a scant living. The pay on the great haciendas was small and there was but little chance

of advancement. Then came the noise, the "big noise," of the two-penny, would-be revolutionists, the same type of agitators and "revolutionists" that were dynamiting cathedrals and the houses of the rich and storming churches here in the United States two winters ago. The peon knew nothing about the hypocrisies of Madero and his clan, and cared less. Here was a horse to ride and the promise of three times as much pay as he obtained for doing real work. Then there was the bivouac at night on the bounty of some nearby farm with but small risks of life and limb to get it.

There were more casualties in the offensive of the French to take one small strip of territory the other day at Verdun than there have been deaths from actual warfare during the entire "revolution" for the past three years. It has, as it stated in the prologue of this narrative, been no imitation warfare, inasmuch as the deaths from disease and actual starvation and hardship have been terrific. It was all very jolly at first—this Mexican *matinée*—except with Villa. But it was a dire battle for bread and mere existence with him and the forces under him always, and it is doubtful if any soldier, or bandit, as you may be pleased to call him, in any time or era ever made such a remarkable showing under such adverse circumstances. Had the United States not turned her guns on him just at the critical time there is no telling what he might not have accomplished.

Hence this is the narrative of a revolution with revolution lamentably omitted; the tale of a war for the people's rights and high principles in which there was no right or reason for the peo-

ple in the strife, or at any time, on the horizon. The soldier with the flag in his hand and a prayer for freedom for his people on his lips has been as conspicuously missing from the whole unfortunate affair as have been honour and integrity. No thought of truth and honour has entered in Mexico since the passing of Diaz, except during the brief period when Huerta was crudely struggling to bring order in the blackened, blood-stained land. Madero began his administration with falsehood and it ended with treachery and savagery and assassination. He promised to restore the lands to the people—to give them liberty and freedom and government. He no sooner assumed the reins of government than he began flagrantly to repudiate all of these promises. Villa would have done much for his people with the moral support of this government, but he did not hold it at any time except for so brief a period that it availed him nothing. Carranza—that arch hypocrite—is worthy of a chapter all to himself in this narrative, and a place of distinction in the calendar of cardinal crimes.

But to dignify the hordes of bandits and brigands who have swarmed all over Mexico, terrorised the inhabitants and robbed and pillaged and burned and sacked churches and defiled the persons of tender women, as revolutionists, fighting the principles involved in a great cause—it cannot be done. Search the records as you will at the present time and you will not be able to find a Mexican of any standing identified with the brigands who have the country partly under their control. There were a few Mexicans of prominence

and standing who at first thought something might be made of Carranza. Knowing the utter worthlessness of the man they have dropped out of his ranks, until to-day, he is surrounded by the most remarkable gang of adventurers and looters—German, American and Mexican—that, as our old friend Mr. Barnum used to say, were ever collectively and comprehensively gathered under one tent.

It is not revolution in Mexico—has not been since Huerta's brief regime. It is banditry and brigandage of the worst possible type, for the brigand of old revered and respected the Church. He would doff his hat and cross himself as he passed on some errand of pillage or perhaps murder. And at the worst stage of his elementary career of crime he would never arrive at that stage of direct infamy when he would violate the person of a Sister of Mercy.

There is an army officer in New York to-day who knows of an entire nunnery that was turned over to the Carranzistas for the foulest purposes of infamy. A general high in command and an intimate of Carranza gave the order. The condition of the nuns in the institution after the hordes of brutes had perpetrated their foul purposes is but left to the imagination. Whenever the facts are required this officer of the United States Army, at the risk of his commission, is perfectly willing to come to the fore and tell the story.

What guillotine or electric chair could satisfy the ends of justice under such conditions?

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

President Taft may not have been either a very popular or very powerful Executive, but during his tenure of office he unquestionably accomplished much that was beneficial to this country. His removal of an enormous amount of gold, in the dead of night, from the San Francisco mint to Denver, where it was very much more secure, when the Japanese fleet was about to pay us a "friendly visit"; his agitation of the administration of criminal jurisprudence and the prison question, prompting such splendid endeavour and success as that of Thomas Mott Osborne, and more important than all, his prompt decisive and immediately resultant action in Mexico, are several of his most noteworthy achievements. Especially is this true of his Mexican policy. He was fully cognizant of the "type" that Madero represented.

Like many other thinking Americans, President Taft knew full well what, perforce of necessity, had to follow, with Mexico at the mercy of an inexperienced dreamer and scholastic fanatic. The anticipated was not long in happening, as already related. Madero was no sooner seated than his rule was threatened and troubles began. Brigandage broke out in one of its worst forms—except

that there were no nunneries turned over to the army and no Sisters of Mercy violated or attacked—for the sole and logical reason that Mr. Taft took hold of the situation promptly. The brigands had hardly begun their infamies, when on March 2, 1912, the President promptly ordered a hundred thousand guardsmen to hold themselves in readiness, and told the Americans in Mexico to leave.

If Huerta had been permitted to remain and carry out the plans that he had partly perfected when the United States Government, through its new Chief Executive, interfered, there would in all probability have been no Mexican problem to-day. Certainly there would have been no such maelstrom of anarchy and brutality, and the people of the United States would not have been beset on all sides by a series of inexplicable and unpardonable errors that will not down and, in their far-reaching effects, are foreboding with serious gravity.

Carranza, then governor of Coahuila, appeared on the scene heading a band of warriors known as the Constitutionalists. The order of their approach was based on the assumption that they were to restore property, return the lands to the peons to whom it was supposed they belonged, establish religious liberty, to love and be loved by their neighbours, and, generally speaking, make a Garden of Eden out of Mexico with no Eve and no tempting apple. How well they succeeded subsequent events have clearly proven.

The occupation of Vera Cruz followed a long series of protests from American and foreign in-

terests in and out of Mexico. Obregon and Villa, then hand and glove, had defeated Huerta's troops mainly because this Government had put an embargo on arms for the army which represented the government of Mexico, President Wilson avowing that the Mexicans, barring Huerta, the nominal head of their government, should settle their troubles among themselves. This early favouritism to Carranza started the fire of Mexican hatred for this country which has been growing stronger and stronger, until to-day it has reached a zenith of animosity not easily exaggerated.

It was just previous to this that several American sailors were arrested at Vera Cruz and Admiral Mayo insisted that Huerta salute the American flag. Upon his failure to do this the Congress of the United States promptly passed a resolution authorising the President to insist that the flag be saluted and the rights and the dignity of the United States be maintained. The flag was never saluted; Huerta was dismembered—his downfall being accomplished by the United States—he was forced into exile, finally imprisoned and his death hastened.

At this early day Germany was beginning to show rather flagrantly her intriguing hand in the Mexican muddle. While the Congress of the United States was "debating" the resolution authorising the President to insist upon a salute to the American flag (Shades of George Washington and General Jackson!), the *Ypiranga*, a German vessel flying the German flag, arrived in the harbor of Vera Cruz, loaded with two hundred and fifty machine guns and two million rounds of am-

munition. This Government ordered that the ship should not land her cargo. The occupation of Vera Cruz at the cost of the lives of nineteen marines was effected and Huerta's doom sealed. Had he been permitted to remain in power it is safe to assume that he would have soon put down the Carranza insurrection, as Diaz had put down scores of similar rebellions before him.

The German ship was finally permitted to land the munitions of war for Huerta—but too late to save him and his government. And when he shortly afterward sailed for Europe, he was forced to leave his country at the mercy of the Carranza, Villa and Zapata bandits. But the United States had already begun to look to Carranza, and, with the admonition that he "held himself aloof" and assumed a "proper attitude," withdrew its forces from Vera Cruz.

Then began the Mexican circus, with this Government playing the part of the clown, after a fashion not soon to be forgotten. Germany in a box seat, close to the ringside watched the show with interest. It was necessary to keep the glass to her eyes. Villa first had the favour of the American multitude. Frequent was the applause for him in the big tent, and small wonder! In an uptown building on Broadway, New York, is a suite of offices where publicity is meted out at the cost of so much per square yard. From this institution were issued thousands of matrices each week, picturing Villa as the man on horseback in Mexico, the second Stonewall Jackson, the Napoleon of the day, et cetera, et cetera. These matrices were distributed free at the rate of six



thousand weekly to newspapers throughout the country. A "propaganda" department was also maintained in a downtown building, where Villa publicity was disseminated at wholesale. It was a feast and harvest for the Park Row penny-a-liner, positionless for the moment. The simple writing of a great "Villa" story brought one hundred dollars. If it was printed it meant another hundred dollars and perhaps more. Mysterious German gentlemen furthered the cause, as was afterwards brought out in the proceedings of the Federal Grand Jury. Villa sentiment changed swiftly and was exceedingly expensive. It began to look as if Germany would have to support him entirely, and the German agents reported that he was dangerous and would be difficult to handle, even if his recognition was finally forced upon this country.

Then, as swiftly as it had begun, the Villa propaganda ceased. Villa was strong-minded and dangerous, and he had shown a decided inclination to be honest—characteristics that did not appeal to the German propagandists.

So quickly the German affections and gold were shifted to Carranza—how quickly is best shown by the newspaper files of this whole country. Carranza then came to the foreground with a celerity that was startling. A weekly periodical published a long series of articles, widely quoted, written by a woman. One of the "peace advocates" came to town from Mexico with a long series of stories about the "greatness" of the "First Chief" that made their impression. The great dailies that are guarded and careful are looking back with deep-

est regret on the pleasant things they have said about Carranza who is the most dangerous enemy this country has had, because he is the weak tool of the most domineering government under the sun.

The A B C Conference at Niagara was next in order and the Latin-American countries of South America permitted themselves to be cajoled into the recognition of Carranza—an action which they have already begun to rue, since Germany has so openly commenced to show her hand in Mexico, and which recognition the aforesaid Latin-American countries will some day regret as they have never regretted anything before or since in their history. But the governments of France and Great Britain are not so easily deceived. The acquiescence of the South American countries may have been due simply to error and thoughtlessness, but it is not easy to construe it into other than a friendly move in behalf of the direst enemy that France and Great Britain ever had or ever will have—Germany.

Early last fall when the Carranza error of recognition was exciting the whole country—because in New York, Chicago and nearly every great city in the country the knowledge was common property that he was closely affiliated with Germany—the writer, after discussing the legality of the recognition with several distinguished international lawyers, all of whom condemned it, addressed a series of questions to Senator Stone of Missouri, the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee in the Senate, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, also a member of that committee, and Senator Fall of

New Mexico. Senator Stone, for reasons best known to himself, did not reply. Senator Lodge, who is the one of the few old-line statesmen left in that body, has taken the deepest and most patriotic interest in Mexico, and whose fairness to the President is characteristically indicated in his letter, replied as follows:

H. C. LODGE, CHAIRMAN  
S. S. CLARK, CLERK

*United States Senate,*  
COMMITTEE ON PRIVATE LAND CLAIMS.

January 3, 1916.

My dear Sir:

I have received your letter of January 1st and I shall be very glad if I can be of assistance to you. You can recognize a government de jure or you can recognize it as a de facto government,—that is, the only government in fact existing, reserving the question of legal right. There is not, to my mind, any great practical difference, but there is that distinction.

I think the Mexican situation is likely to be discussed in the Senate and probably at a very early day.

The President has the power, under the Constitution, to recognize any government or any country. I once discussed this subject of recognition rather elaborately, citing authorities, and I send you a copy of my speech. It has been disputed but I have not any question myself of the President's sole right to grant recognition and I think the best of opinion is with me in this view. It is not necessary for Congress to ratify the recognition of Carranza. The Senate, of course, can refuse, if it chooses, to confirm an Ambassador or Minister to a country recognized by the President, the sending of the Minister being the method of putting the recognition into operation, but this does not alter the fact that the country has been recognized by the United States by the power authorized constitutionally to make the recognition.

H. C. LODGE, Chairman.  
S. T. CLARK, Clerk.

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*United States Senate,*  
COMMITTEE ON PRIVATE LAND CLAIMS.

Your next question opens a large field. I think the Administration has put us in a very dangerous position by overthrowing the Huerta government and I think we shall find that all the important nations of Europe, when their hands are free, will have good grounds for making heavy claims against us. The future looks very serious in that respect, although I cannot make out that the Administration regards it so at all. There was a perfectly good international ground for refusing to recognize Huerta, and that was that he could not fully perform the duties which international law imposes on a government, or maintain international relations, because a large part of Mexico was not under his control. The President, however, never put the refusal to recognition on that ground. He put it explicitly on the ground that Huerta's methods of reaching supreme power were immoral. This, of course, made his action a direct intervention because it amounted to saying to the people of Mexico that we did not approve the man who was at the head of the only existing de facto government. When one nation says to another, "We decline to recognize the head of your government because we do not like the methods by which he attained power", it pro tanto intervenes, and that is what we did.

I also send you a speech which I made last winter about Mexico, which perhaps in a brief form will give you some additional information on these points.

Randolph Wellford Smith, Esq.,

New York, N.Y.

Very truly yours,



The dire import of the expressions in the letter is very much enhanced when the date is taken into consideration. Senator Lodge, of course, at that time had no first-hand knowledge of Carranza, who had not then begun to show his character, nor to in any way indicate his German affiliation. Senator Lodge based his responses on the

fact that Carranza had some attributes to justify the recognition.

Senator Fall, than whom there is no one who better understands the Mexican character, had this to say:

GILBERT A. FALL

*United States Senate,*

WASHINGTON, D. C. January 26, 1916.

Mr. Randolph Wellford Smith,

New York City, N.Y.

My dear Sir:

I am sending you separately two or three speeches made by myself upon the Mexican question, including one made in the Senate on Jan. 14th, which is more recent.

I am also enclosing you copy of resolution unanimously adopted by the Senate on Jan. 6th. This resolution I think is worthy of your consideration.

You will secure from the speeches, particularly that of April 20, 1914, and Jan. 14, 1916, some idea of my estimate of Carranza's character.

I doubt whether there is any chance of intervention in the immediate future, unless the same may be brought about just prior to the holding of the Democratic Convention for the nomination of a President.

As to a de facto government and the recognition thereof, it has been well said that "no fixed principle can be established upon this subject, because much depends upon existing circumstances".

If you can obtain a copy of Moore's International Law Digest, which you will find in any of your libraries, and will

## *United States Senate,*

WASHINGTON D C

R.W.S.--2.

turn to page 41, vol. 1, you will find a general discussion upon the subject.

As to a concrete instance, or rather a precedent established by this government, I may call your attention to the following facts;

On Nov. 28, 1876, Porfirio Diaz issued a proclamation announcing himself Provisional President of Mexico under the plan of Tuxtepec.

Mr. Fish on Jan. 19, 1877, suggested that if the news of the defeat by Diaz of the forces of rival claimants was confirmed, that General Diaz would have no important adversary in arms and might be regarded as the actual ruler. It was afterwards decided, however, that although the United States was "accustomed to accept and recognize the results of a popular choice in Mexico, and not to scrutinize closely the regularity or irregularity of the methods," that in this particular instance our government would wait until <sup>assured</sup> that the election of Diaz was approved by the Mexican people, and that his administration was possessed of stability to endure, and of disposition to comply with the rules of international comity, and the obligation of treaties before recognizing him.

The Diaz government was recognized by Germany, Salvador, Guatemala, Spain and Italy in 1877, these being all the powers

*United States Senate,*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

R. W. S.--3.

then represented in Mexico, except the United States.

President Hayes referred to the Mexican conditions in his message of Dec. 3, 1877, <sup>saying</sup> ~~stating~~ that it had been the practice heretofore "to recognize and enter into official relations with the de facto government as soon as it should appear to have the approval of the Mexican people, and should manifest a disposition to adhere to the obligations of treaties and international friendship".

He further said that such recognition had been deferred because of occurrences (disturbances) on the Rio Grande border. Official recognition was given in May, 1878.

In the matter of Mr. Carranza's recognition, it has been claimed that such recognition was brought about by the action of the Latin-American countries. This I can say to you is not correct. The Latin-American countries yielded to this country, only the representative of Argentina being in favor of such recognition. Of course, I was not present at the conferences, but my information upon this point comes from more than one source, which I regard as absolutely reliable.

Within a day or two of the recognition of Carranza, the report of the Red Cross Special Agents in Mexico on file in the State Department, will show that the President or the Government was advised not to recognize Carranza under any circumstances, such reports disclosing facts which to a reasonable man would appear

*United States Senate,*

E. W. S.--4.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

as a convincing argument against recognition.

I am informed from what I consider to be absolutely reliable sources, that the reports of the Brazilian Minister who acted for us in Mexico for many months, and particularly during the occupation of the city by Carranza, succeeding the Niagara conference, <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ so convincing as to Carranza's entire unfitness, that no unprejudiced person unless convinced by subsequent actions or events, could have considered his recognition as the head of a de facto government.

I do not know what the report of Mr. Paul Fuller was upon this subject when acting as the personal representative of the President, but I have been assured that it was against Carranza's recognition.

<sup>have</sup> I think much better assurance as to the report of Duval West whom I know to be a thoroughly honest, conscientious man.

It is a mystery to everyone knowing anything of Mexican affairs, as to what sudden influence caused the President to recognize Carranza. I can say to you that such recognition was against the best advice which the President could have had. I can say to you further, without fear of being proven a false prophet, that Carranza will never establish a government in Mexico such as has been demanded by President Wilson, and will never be able to sustain himself even as a dictator.

I am waiting patiently for an answer to my resolution, and with the assurance that I will never see, at least so



*United States Senate,*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

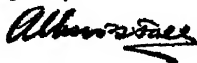
R.W.S.--S.

long as this administration remains in power, all the documents relating to the case and asked for by the Senate.

I have been confined to my room with grippe, and am only out for the first time in more than a week and, hence, the delay in answering your letter.

I am,

Very sincerely yours,



Encl.

2/4.

Verily, verily, the recognition is the mystery of mysteries!

## CHAPTER XVIII

### CARRANZA AND GERMAN INTRIGUE

The spectator in the gallery always sees the best of the show if he is in a well constructed theatre. He is often not aware of it, perhaps, and he doubtless looks down on the bald pates and on the décolleté gowns of the women in the orchestra stalls with exceeding great envy. Nevertheless it is the truth. There is no one before him and he doesn't care who is behind him. He doesn't have to look at them—and the music wafts up more sweetly across the auditorium distances; the *ensembles* are finer—he gets a better and clearer idea of the *mise en scène*. Then, again, he does not have to look closely into the masked and painted faces in the orchestra stalls—masked sometimes with paint, sometimes with greed and opulence and over-indulgence.

The identical contradistinctive views are true of Mexico. The spectator at the distance has far the best of the Mexican scene. He sees some people—a nation of people if you like—at war over something, it matters not what. This is the United States; there is money to be made here, a fine life to be led, and he has no time to be wasting thought over a lot of “greasers.” Awful mess down there, to be sure, and in a vague sort of fash-

ion he is sorry. Ought to send the New York police force to clean it up.

But the man in the Mexican orchestra stall is not so fortunate. The paint on the face of the nation is patent to him, the enemies of the friendless people are eating away the very heart of the country. The sun rises on horror and goes down on death; men are shot down for not recognizing Carranza money; a priest is murdered here because he has dared to protest against the evil crime upon some woman, and there because he will not swear allegiance to the Master. The merchant must keep his store open every day until one o'clock all over the land and sell at the price dictated by Carranza. The street cars haul live people by day and those dead of typhus by night, and there are hundreds and hundreds of deaths a day. A starving man or woman drops dead in the street, and so common is the sight that the passing throng does not pause. And on the surface is lying and deceit and treachery, and underneath murder and pillage and rape incomparable.

Apropos of the incidents leading up to the Punitive Expedition into Mexico which we are approaching, the New York *World*, under the signature of one of its ablest staff correspondents, Robert H. Murray, dated May 9, published this dispatch:

To the *World* to-day General Carranza, "First Chief" of the Constitutionalist Government of Mexico, gave a "Message to the American People"—his first authoritative, official announcement

of conditions in the republic of which he is the head, his views as to "the real solution of the grave problem" involving the United States and Mexico, the aims of his Government and his work as its military commander and leader.

Among his most important statements were:

Take the United States troops out of Mexico, where they are doing no good, and have them patrol your side of the border, while we protect lives on our side.

We have quelled all armed opposition except in sporadic instances.

Our people may not understand why another nation's troops should occupy their territory, and under the conditions on which they were permitted to enter, they should retire now.

Villa is in flight, his forces dispersed and incapable of further concerted, serious action.

Our opponents, beaten, are "toiling traitorously to bring about intervention" by the United States, while there is less excuse for intervention than there ever was.

These bandits are abetted by American and other foreign sympathizers on United States territory.

It would be tragically regrettable if our enemies and the enemies of the Democratic Party and of President Wilson succeeded in bringing about war between the United States and Mexico.

The slaying of foreigners in Mexico can be laid to Villa and his bandits.

Our people are not starving, though poor, and there is plenty of work for all.

Peace will come soon with the aid of the United States.

My Government has had no intrigues with Germany or any other foreign nation and ex-Sec-

retary Knox's statement that I pledged allegiance to Huerta is far from the truth.

On May 11th the New York *Herald* published a lengthy article from Vera Cruz, a part of which is as follows:

Vera Cruz, Mex., May 1, 1916.—Many more strange German faces have been seen in the streets here in the last few days. The Germans come from the South and from Mexico City. I have absolute knowledge that some of them are reserve officers who have been on very close terms of late with the Mexican Constitutionalist authorities. They are taking a deep and active interest in the relations between Mexico and the United States. Reports from Mexico City say that many Germans have arrived there lately and that hotels and lodging houses are filled with them.

The Germans seem to be the only foreigners immune from the aggression of Mexican officials. Men of all other nationalities constantly are called upon to pay fines for alleged offences, and demands for money are made upon them constantly. Spanish, French, English and American business men are mulcted by the authorities at every opportunity and upon every sort of pretence, but the Germans are unmolested. I know of one case in which an American business house was called upon to pay a so-called charity tax of 10,000 pesos, but the German bookkeeper used his influence with the government officials and the tax was remitted.

It is an open secret that many of the German reservists have received commissions in the Constitutionalist army recently and are serving in the northern forces.

And this!

The *Herald* has come into possession of a military order, typewritten in German and addressed to a member in America of the German military organization, dated at New York, April 24, 1916, and directing that the recipient go to Juarez, Mexico, "on the day of publication of the recall of the (German) Imperial Ambassador in Washington."

"You are, without any other consideration," a translation of the order reads, "to report at once to your superior, who will provide transportation and route for Juarez, Mexico. Within four days after you obtain this map of route you will report in Juarez to the officer whose name and address will be given to you on the day you leave."

"Your noncompliance with this order will place you in the position of being considered a deserter."

The person who supplied this German military order to the *Herald* had torn off at its top the name of the soldier to whom it was addressed, but left enough to identify him as "unteroffizier" (sergeant) "d. R. 16, Inf. Brig." The letter appears to have been dictated by an official whose last name began with C to a subordinate having G for his family name initial. Following this "C. G." is the number, apparently a file number, "362,807."

From the foot of the page the name of the signer was torn leaving only the "By order of the Grand General Staff of the Army," which the signature followed. Enough is left of the word "Major," which followed the signature to establish the rank of the officer issuing the order.

FACSIMILE OF  
LETTER ORDERING  
GERMANS TO REPORT  
AT JUAREZ IN CASE OF WAR.

York, den 29. April 1916.

seroffizier d.H. 18. Inf.-Btlg.

078 363007

BERETTSCHAFTS - BEFEHL.

Am Tage der Publikation der Abberufung des Kaiserl. Botschafters in Washington haben Sie sich unverzüglich und ohne weiteren Befehl abzuwarten, bei Ihrem Gruppenführer zu melden, wo Ihnen Transportation und Reisereute nach JUAREZ, Mexico zugesandt werden wird.

Innerhalb vier Tagen nach Empfang der Route haben Sie sich in JUAREZ bei dem Offizier, dessen Namen und Adresse Sie am Tage der Abreise erhalten werden, zu melden, andernfalls Sie als Fahnenflüchtig betrachtet werden werden.

Auf Befehl des  
GRÖSSEN GENERALSTABS DER ARMEE

Major

Is further comment necessary so far as Carranza's complicity is concerned? There is no "intrigue" to be sure. It is simply a close compact that Carranza has with Germany and the open secret of his continued insolence to this United States is plain, patent and paramount. Millions of German money have been poured into Mexico; the men are to follow. This insolent Indian "First Chief" has been laughing up his sleeve for months past. Not the slightest serious effort has ever been made to capture Villa, and there are scores of Mexicans in this country that are willing to stake their lives that Carranza, Obregon, Villa,

and Co. are a close corporation, and, furthermore, that though Villa really perpetrated the Columbus raid, Carranza egged him on. If not, why is it Villa has not been captured by the Carranza army? Obregon has a thousand scouts to one man in Villa's band and they know every haunt and every trail in the Sierra Madre mountains as well as Villa himself. He who runs may read the solution to the Villa problem. Carranza has been told by imperialistic German agents to keep his hands off their erstwhile friend and the order has been obeyed to the letter.

Villa is in graver danger than he ever has been before since the Mexican revolution began. The Texas Rangers are on the border. Texas homes have been devastated, Texas women and children slain, and the Rangers know how to get water where water is not, and many of them know the Sierras. What they don't know they can soon learn and Villa is in greater danger at the beginning of the summer of 1916 than he ever has been in his happy, swashbuckling, bandit life.



## CHAPTER XIX

### THE SUFFERING OF THE NUNS AND THE PRIESTS UNDER CARRANZA

Before attempting to relate the most revolting and repulsive parts of this work, it might be well to offer a word in extenuation of the attitude of the American people. This volume will be read in England, in Spain, in France and in other countries because it is a record of incontrovertible facts, and practically the first thought that will arise in the minds of these peoples of foreign lands will naturally be one in relation to the civilisation of the United States.

All over Continental Europe, in New Zealand, Africa, Egypt and other countries there is a popular impression that the United States is a civilised land. Even in England the "buffaloes on Broadway" and the "Indian in Congress" ideas have died away, and the American people have acquired a somewhat enviable reputation for decency, good government and the principles that go to make up an enlightened nation.

The "incidents" in Mexico and the recent happenings, including the Columbus, Glenn Springs, Parral massacres and "surprises," do not bear out this thought. Omitting all references to the ravages upon nuns and assassination of priests and other fiendish outrages of that class, it is not easy

to make a foreign people, imbued with the fine distinctions of law and order and government, understand how a self-respecting people and a self-respecting nation could sit down quietly and permit such attacks upon its integrity and good standing among the nations. First and most important of the several reasons of strict accountability is that the American people no longer have any voice in the affairs of their government. Their protests beat against deaf ears at Washington and their representatives in Congress are enforcedly silent in the affairs of the country. The Congress in the main does what it is told to do. Open debate in the lower House of Representatives was long since stopped. And that there were some merits to the estoppel and limitation of argument is a fact that cannot be contradicted. The calibre of the men that the people of the United States have been sending to Congress for the last twenty years does not lend to decisive or useful debate, and in the Reed regime of the House of Representatives it was determined to curb the unruly and too talkative. The "gag" rule has gradually tightened until to-day the Congressman has but little else to do than write letters to his constituents and make herculean efforts to get his name in the newspapers and on the back of a "pork" bill.

Under the present universal "silence law" of Congress almost any injustice can be committed against the American people without even protest and no one is any the wiser. Like the war correspondent, the correspondent at Washington has had his usefulness very seriously curtailed. The scissors of the censor apply in every walk of war,

government and journalism, as they never did before and never will again, in all probability, because there is growing sentiment throughout the country "to know" what is going on at Washington.

An error too grave almost to discuss with tolerance came within an ace of being committed during the present session when the Philippines measure just missed enactment. To have thrown the Philippines back on their own resources under the provisions of the bill in question would have been a legislative mistake second only to this Government's attitude towards Mexico. Not so long ago, when the Washington scribe paid little or no attention to the policy of instructions of the "home office," every crossroads hamlet would have been informed of the iniquity of the Philippines measure and the danger of its passage would never have been encountered.

So the kindly reader of this work in other lands will be good enough not to censure the American people for the Mexican situation. For the past four or five Presidential terms the Congress of the United States and the successive chief executives have acquired unto themselves the policy and slogan of a certain famous American who had proclaimed from the housetops that the public might be ——! The American people, as a rule, know nothing about the Mexican situation. They are in as dense ignorance of the true state of affairs—the terrible conditions in that devastated country—as the peoples across the seas in the most distant lands. Senator Fall introduced a resolution early in the most serious period

of the Mexican trouble, asking the State Department for information on the subject. Everything that the American people were indifferent to was included in the response, and the tale of horror which is reported to be in the archives of the State Department was guardedly withheld.

In the old days a storm of protest would have made the welkin ring from Maine to the Gulf, and that portfolio would have been delighted to give the public the fullest details, just as Congress has forced it to do on innumerable other precisely similar political occasions. And Senator Fall, having interests in Mexico and not wishing, perhaps, to court censure, refrained with rare delicacy from forcing the issue. And the American people, like their friends in Asia Minor and Afghanistan, groped blindly on.

Carranza asked permission to move troops. Although his every act had refuted his promises to this country, it was granted. Obregon, who had insulted every American in Mexico City except his paid hirelings, asked that the guard be removed from the border at certain points. The unsuspecting powers that were in authority also granted this remarkable request.

The Columbus massacre, Glenn Springs, Parral and other "incidents," followed in such quick succession that they hardly created a ripple on the surface of public attention until a score of Chinamen were murdered for simply furnishing food to American soldiers.

The old adage that a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind applied so distinctly in the case of the Chinamen that many Americans, recognising

the similarity between the relative positions of the Chinamen and the citizens of the United States, did pause to think for a moment—the Mongolian and his American brother, who has so religiously refused him admittance to these shores in recent years, being representatives of the only two peoples on earth who can demand no protection on the high seas, at home or abroad.

Some of these facts brought to the attention of the American people might, by intelligent and comprehensive discussion in Congress, have had salient effect. There may be some compensation in the thought that out of the somnolence of ignorance some day may come a much-needed wisdom. It is very doubtful, however, if at any time there has been the excuse of ignorance at Washington. Priest and prelate, emissary and ambassador, have journeyed to the capital and carried with them proofs beyond doubt, scores upon scores of affidavits and documentary evidence on the Mexican situation that could not be questioned or refuted by unprejudiced and impartial officials.

There is, for example, in the State Department, proof positive of the murder and assassination of more than two hundred Americans, many of whom have been killed after Carranza's recognition. The actual number of Americans murdered and unavenged during the Carranzista regime will double that, but the proof is not easily obtainable.

The number of priests that Carranza and Obregon have executed will never be known; the number that have disappeared is also almost incalculable. Some idea of the conditions may be

obtained from the following affidavit of a Mother Superior:

The sad and lamentable situation of our Mexican Republic compels me to state under oath the conditions which exist in Mexico as a result of the diabolical persecution of the Catholic Church. Our temples are closed, our churches profaned. On our altars the Holy Sacrifice is no longer offered. Our confessionals have been burned in the public squares and there is hardly one who dares to approach the Sacrament of Penance, even in the most remote corner of a house. Homes are desolate, mothers cry over the death of their sons, fathers are torn from their families for service with the troops while their children weep at bidding their parent a last farewell. Our priests are persecuted. They wander about without anything to eat. The blood of our brothers runs in the streets. Nuns are taken to barracks and robbed of their virtue. It appears as if hell were unbarred and devils had taken possession of men. In some churches Carranzistas have impersonated priests, saying Mass, and have occupied the confessionals, hearing confessions and disclosing what has been told them. Immorality has spread to such a degree that not only have virgins been violated, but even nuns have been taken away by force and are being subjected to the most horrible suffering. In a great number of cases young women after having been compelled to lead this life (of shame) were thrown out into the street, some being killed like animals.

In Mexico City I have seen with the utmost regret many religious who had been the victims of the unbridled passions of the soldiers.

On the road to Mexico City I met seven re-

ligious that asked to be directed to a hospital. They all denied they were religious, but the fact that they were was very evident from their manner of speaking. They related to me how they succeeded in escaping from the mountains where the revolutionists had held them prisoners. I tried to console them, but it was useless. They said that they were already condemned and abandoned by God.

Religious women of various orders have donned secular dress to hide the fact that they are nuns lest the revolutionists should carry them away. Clergymen in Torreon and Zacatecas were offered for ransom, and after obtaining \$100,000, were compelled to pave the streets. Others were forced to enlist in the army while some were shot. Finally the survivors were exiled without being allowed to take away any clothing or money. The clergy in Queretaro were imprisoned, and after heavy fines were imposed upon them they were exiled. Many Fathers have been in the penitentiary in Mexico City, while others are at present used as servants. In some towns they have been locked up with bad women and threatened with death if they resisted.

The revolutionists have closed the churches and prohibited the administration of the Sacraments. Any priest daring to hear confessions or offer the Holy Sacrifice is shot.

The revolutionists have entered some of the churches on horseback. Images were demolished and relics were trampled on the floor, the Sacred Hosts have been scattered over the floor, and in some instances fed to the horses.

In various churches the Carranzistas have impersonated priests, saying Mass, and have occupied the confessionals, hearing confessions and

disclosing what was told. All of this I have seen with my own eyes. The most beautiful church in the Republic, that of San Antonio at Aguascalientes, has been converted into the Legislative Hall. The Church of San José in Queretaro is now the public library. The wonderful convent of the Discalced Carmelites, also in Queretaro, has been seized and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine have lost a handsome Lyceum, the approximate value of which was over \$500,000. The colleges of the Lazarist Fathers, Jesuit Fathers and many others have been destroyed. The property of the Church has been appropriated and many of the ecclesiastical archives have been burned.

Two Fathers were under sentence of death only because they directed Catholic Labor Societies. Many have been shot and those having any property have been exiled and their property seized. In Guadalajara the clergy in its entirety was exiled, having been compelled to leave in box and cattle cars, their departure being accompanied by mockery, hooting and burlesque music.

Our religious were cruelly persecuted in ——— and had to be divided and placed in private homes to avoid being taken to the barracks.

I returned to ——— with my nuns, and on the road I met several spies. In a house we rented we had only three rooms for twenty-four religious and novices, and each day I had to go out to find bread for them. They were deprived of the privilege of hearing Mass and receiving Communion. God only knows what I suffered to keep them from danger and obtain food for them. For twenty-two days I was scarcely able to sleep, fearing that at any moment the house would be attacked and the nuns carried away. Not infre-



quently I was forced to change my residence as often as three times a day. Otherwise our hiding place would be discovered and the spies would denounce us.

Another sworn statement, for the publication of which full permission was given by the person making it, testifies to the same effect. The part of the statement which concerns the outrages is as follows:

I have it on the authority of Dr. ——— (no permission to publish this name, as the doctor is still in Mexico), physician in the street called ——— in ———, Mexico, that in his own private house there were seventeen Sisters who had been outraged by revolutionists, and were in a pregnant condition. I also know that other Sisters in the same condition were in the ——— Asylum of Mexico City.

(Signed) N. CORONA.

State of Texas,                    }  
County of Galveston }

Sworn to and subscribed before me on this 24th day of October, 1914.

(Signed) H. REBAUD,

*Notary Public for Galveston County, Texas.*  
[SEAL]

On the same day the following sworn statement was given out:

I know that one month ago, to my certain knowledge, Sisters outraged by revolutionists and in a pregnant condition were in the ——— Asylum of Mexico City. This house is in charge of Miss ——— (Street ———), ———. The

stories of the outrages on Sisters are so commonly spoken of in Mexico City as to vanquish all thought of their not having occurred. Naturally, the names of the Sisters, and the houses they are in, were kept as secret as possible, in view of the future of the poor, unfortunate victims themselves.

.....,  
*Superior of ——— Church.*

State of Texas, }  
 County of Galveston }

The refinement of cruelty could scarcely surpass what the following, from a signed statement of a Vicar-General, narrates:

A priest of the same diocese (——) was locked in a room with a woman of evil repute. Then they (the revolutionists) calumniated him, and gave him a mock trial before a "Council of War" and sentenced him to be burned to death. They did not carry this sentence out, but the priest became mad. He lost his reason for three days. Then they brought him to —— and let him go free.

The following affidavit of a Protestant editor was sent to Secretary of State Bryan in full time for an investigation of Carranza, Obregon, *et al.*:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 8, 1914.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,  
 THE HON. W. J. BRYAN,  
 SECRETARY OF STATE.

SIR:—On July 22 last I had the honour of addressing your Excellency on the subject of the

persecution of the Catholics in Mexico, as practised by the revolutionary parties now in power in that country. The Third Assistant Secretary of State, under date of July 24, acknowledges the receipt of my letter.

Since then I have made the acquaintance of the Rev. R. H. Tierney, editor of the Catholic paper *America*, published in New York City, who writes me that he visited you concerning this subject, and that your Excellency wished to hear me on the same matter. I have thought it well, therefore, to note down for your convenience the principal points, and I wish to say that I have written down nothing of which I am not fully aware, and can vouch for personally. I have lived in Mexico twenty-three years, am a German by birth, by religion a Lutheran, and am sixty years of age.

I know of Catholic clergymen who, under pain of death, were forced to sweep the streets of a city, and do menial work for common, illiterate soldiers.

Of a bishop, seventy years old, deported to the penal colony on the Pacific Coast.

Of several priests in the Monterey penitentiary as late as August 30 last.

Of a parish priest, eighty years old, so tortured that he lost his reason.

Of many deported to Texas, both Mexicans and foreigners.

Of priests and Sisters tortured by hanging and strangling.

Of a priest in hiding who was enticed out to confess a person and instead was thrown into a dungeon.

Of forty Sisters of Charity who have been violated, of which number four are known to me, and one of these has become demented.

I have been instrumental in saving six Sisters and seven girl pupils from the same fate.

Of an Englishman who tried to save the personal effects of these thirteen women being fined \$2,000 for the attempt.

Of all the confessionals of the Monterey district churches being piled in a public square and burned.

Of valuable paintings stolen from churches and supposedly brought to the United States by filibusters.

Of Constitutionalist soldiers, led by a man who is now Governor of a State in Mexico, defiling the altar in a way that decency forbids describing.

Of defiling another church and the chalice.  
(What follows cannot be printed.)

Of decrees published by those now Governors of States, prohibiting the practice of religion, and closing the churches, convents and schools.

I am respectfully, your humble servant,  
(Signed) MARTIN STECKER.

117 B Street, S. E.  
District of Columbia:

Martin Stecker, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing is a true copy of a letter sent by him to the Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, and that the same is in all substantial particulars a true statement of facts.

MARTIN STECKER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of October, 1914.

CHARLES M. BIRCKHEAD,  
Notary Public, D. C.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE PERSECUTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MEXICO

The unspeakable horror of these outrages can best be understood when the character of the Mexican nun is made plain. Many of the nuns now in the United States are from families of culture and refinement and the majority are from the middle-class walks in life. Mexico, famous for the beauty of its women, has always been a land of St. Cecilians. It would be difficult to surpass the wondrous delicate beauty of the nuns of that country. Hundreds of them have been packed in box cars, sent to the border, and deported to this country. The writer has seen a number of them on their way back to Spain and in the hospitals and their places of refuge. The tale of shame and horror, so terribly told in their agonised faces, would turn a heart of adamant, the soul of an anchorite to pity.

Never before has Mexico been in such a state of hideous horror as it is to-day under Carranza, but for several years there has been disorder and danger to the beautiful girl. Since the passing of Diaz, unless the family happened to be of means and could ensure the daughter's education here or in France, Spain or England, she frequently went into a convent for protection. A

remarkable type and class of Mexican nuns was often the result, and because of the necessities of the peon, their lives were lives of rare usefulness. When the horrors that these nuns have undergone—for which this Government is largely responsible, as since the recognition of Carranza license has run riot—the whole world will stand appalled.

The truth can never be told. It must remain hidden for the sake of common decency. Early in the proceedings—again before Carranza was recognised—the priests and dignitaries of the Catholic Church were told that they had best keep quiet and “yield to existing circumstances.”

In view of the fact that an excerpt from the report on The Congress on Christian Work in Latin Countries already graces these pages, it might be well to include in part the response of the Rev. Dr. Francis C. Kelley, the Vice-President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, to the admonition to yield:

How can the Catholics of Mexico yield? They are not asking for rights which they refuse to grant to their neighbours. Are they wrong in their uncompromising attitude? They have already yielded in every non-essential. They do not ask the return of their old confiscated property. They do not ask a reunion of Church and State. They do not ask for special privileges. They simply ask for the essentials—recognition of their Church's right to exist, to preach, to teach, to administer the Sacraments, and to hold such property as is necessary for the endowment of her charities and her educational establishments.

With her it is a fight for life, for liberty to perform her duties. She cannot accept laws aimed at these rights, at the sanctity of her priesthood and at her freedom to do acts of charity. Immortal souls are at stake. There is and there can be no further compromise under such conditions.

On the other hand, there is no reason why the Church should be asked to compromise. What she demands is only what our President himself, with his high ideals, would say that a pure democracy gives her a natural right to demand. She has the right to exist. She has the right to minister, and the right to have and to hold what individual free men have consecrated to her service.

For fifty years, upheld by sword and gun, the minority of Mexico has denied the majority its freedom of worship; has interfered with the religious liberty of individuals; has coined their meekness into gold. They have been doing this in the name of "democracy"; so for fifty years there has been no peace in Mexico. Education has been neglected. Agrarian and economic sicknesses have cried out in vain for treatment. Treasuries of successive governments have been looted. Theft has been bold and open; and now come murder, more robbery, lust and sacrilege. Why? Because fundamentally the whole fabric of Mexican democracy is wrong. It was built on tyranny of the worst kind—tyranny over men's consciences. The foundation-stone is oppression of the people in the enjoyment of natural rights. You cannot tinker with such a structure. You cannot improve it so that it will last, unless that false base is pulled out and replaced by justice full and free, by acknowledging the right of the

individual to worship God as his conscience tells him to worship Him.

That is the crux of the Mexican difficulty. Here is the thing that needs to be changed. If the United States is to help Mexico to peace and prosperity the only means the United States has is to point out the fundamental defect; and to insist, now that we have intervened in Mexican affairs, that the cause for future intervention, because of the certainty of future strife in Mexico, must be permanently removed. When the Catholics of the United States ask our Government to refuse recognition to any Mexican government which denies these basic repairs to the Mexican governmental structure, the Catholics of the United States are, at the same time, putting into the President's hands the power to insist upon something which will make his name a future benediction in Mexico; and which will make the American name honoured and loved instead of hated and despised, as it is now. Every one in Mexico thinks that we have stirred up religious strife. The Constitutionals have killed because they believed the shedding of the blood of priests and nuns would be approved in the United States. They do not stop to consider that Americans cannot approve for Mexico what they hate in their own country.

But is the Church responsible, at least partially, by holding possessions which stirred up the cupidity of men? Even if it were true, that would be no extenuation of robbery. That the victim is rich does not excuse the thief; for the crime does not lie with the robbed, but with the robber. Circumstances may influence the degree of guilt, but not the fact of the crime. Did the Church receive her goods unlawfully? No one claims that she



did. The full indictment is that she possessed them. Is that sufficient reason for spoliation? If it is, why do we not enter into a career of spoliation ourselves? Why not rob, as I already pointed out, the endowments of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, Creighton, St. Louis, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, and the other universities of this country which are endowed? Their combined endowments must certainly represent more than all the wealth that was ever held for the combined religious, charitable and educational works of the Church of Mexico. Why not rob Mr. Rockefeller, who individually has more money than a biased writer on Mexico, Professor Noll, charges that the whole Catholic Church possessed? But let that point go. It is fifty years since the Church in Mexico has had property. For the last fifty years she practically has had none. The Laws of Reform robbed her. She cannot hold property except in the name of individuals, who may turn around and take it from her. When the Constitutionalists charged, as an excuse for their crimes, that the Church had given \$20,000,000 to Huerta, they charged that the Church had given far more money than the combined efforts of all her bishops could have raised in ten years. What wealth she had, at any time, came through the self-sacrifice and labour of thousands of her religious men and women, who took for their part poverty, in order that religion might have the means to teach and minister. Recall to mind the stories told of the fabulous wealth of the Church in the Philippine Islands; yet when the friar lands were purchased by the United States, they were found to be worth only \$7,000,000. That \$7,000,000 represented the savings of ten thousand missionaries, who had nothing for themselves but their food

and clothes, and who died penniless through a period of three hundred years. Recently France confiscated the "millions" of the Church. When the spoil was counted up, the Government had only \$2,000,000.

Yes, it may be urged, but the Church has spent much money to decorate her shrines. She has silver and gold and precious stones. That is very true, but we cannot use such wealth. The silver and gold and the precious stones are the three offerings of the people, who look upon them as the possessions of their own particular towns or villages, and jealously guard them. For example, in Oaxaca there is a shrine rich in pearls. Every pearl came from a pearl fisherman; and these very fishermen themselves to-day have hidden them away, in fear of the spoliation of their own gifts. What help is it to the Church of Mexico, in a financial way, that the shrines have been enriched by the people? Why charge the Church with having abundant wealth when she has no more power to touch it than the State has—even less? Some time ago an American millionaire said to me: "Why does not the Church in Milan sell the silver, gold and precious stones around the tomb of St. Charles and use the money for missionary and educational purposes?" I recalled to his remembrance the uniformed government officers standing all around the wonderful cathedral—government guards over wealth that is looked upon as the property of the nation, not of the Church. Thoughtless people affect to be scandalised at the riches of the Church, but in reality the Church owns none of these things. A few years ago it was suggested that the Pope present a work of art from the Vatican galleries to an Emperor. In the Italian Chamber of Deputies

the Prime Minister, Crispi, arose and stated that the Pope could do no such thing; that the Church was only the guardian of these works of art; that they really belonged to the nation, and that the nation would take them when she desired a new guardian.

For fifty years the Church in Mexico has been poor, living on the offerings of her people, just as the different Protestant churches in America live on the offerings they receive. Now she is told by the Constitutionlists that she cannot longer accept even these little offerings. They proclaim that she must no longer teach or preach, dry the tear of sorrow, bind up the wounds of suffering, protect her orphans, or smooth the pillow of the sick. The men who say this ask our nation to uphold them in their tyranny, ask us to put the stamp of our approval on what we know to be a crime against democracy—and John Lind helps them.

We can have permanent peace in Mexico, but we cannot have it on the basis outlined by Mr. Lind. We can have it only on the basis that every thoughtful American knows is the one and only and just basis. The religious issue must be taken out of politics; and then politics will be allowed to work for the industrial upbuilding of the country. I don't care who governs Mexico; the Catholics of the United States don't care; but what we do care about is how whoever governs will act in this matter of keeping fifteen million unarmed people from their religious and natural rights at the behest of a quarter of a million bandits, with guns supplied by English and American commercial interests, having no thought of any man's rights "so long as they can fill their dirty pockets."

The persecutors may buy the silence or encouragement of every paper in the United States as they have already bought plenty of them; they may pull the wool over the eyes of a dozen editors of religious weeklies, as they have already done with some; they may land on every wire that connects with a secret lodge, and drag thousands unknowingly into the evil; they may spend millions to "reach" the officials at Washington and keep them fed on lies; they may play on the political "loyalty" of every office-seeker or officeholder in the nation; they may slander through the pens of a thousand Linds and abuse through the mouths of a million Hales and Sillimans; but—they shall not with the silence of sixteen million Catholic Americans fasten anew on a devoted people the shackles of religious persecution.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE PRIEST

The priest! Why this terrible, sudden and all-consuming animosity to the priest throughout all North America? Animosity to the Catholic Church has existed for many centuries. In many instances it has been fruitful and the hue and cry of the mob far-reaching. On occasion after occasion in France, Spain and Italy, the enemies of the traditional Church have nearly succeeded in effecting its overthrow, and bloodshed, revolution and untold misery have always followed. The old, popular, time-worn argument that the Church and State must be divorced has been the cheap slogan of the cheaper politician since time was. It has furnished the socialist, the anarchist and the weaker denominational sects with song, story and incentive during nearly every era and epoch in the world's history.

Where government has failed, the burden of the responsibility has been placed upon the Church, and often upon the Catholic Church. It is the simplest shift of responsibility. If government is sufficiently strong to maintain peace and prosperity how can the Church affect it, is the question rarely asked and never judicially an-

swered in the negative. Government must always have excuse for failure and the Catholic Church, which has continued to advance, to progress and grow stronger and more world-wide in its influence for nearly 2,000 years, has served that purpose admirably.

When Benedict Arnold was asked for a "reason" for his treachery to this country, his reply was "too much popery." For his infamy of purpose and perfidy of accomplishment, the press agents of Carranza, and he himself, have given to the world the same excuse for failure to govern—such a trivial, transparent excuse.

Mexico is the best example and lesson to the world of the illogicalness of the argument that history presents. Under the ecclesiastical rule of Mendoza, "New Spain," afterwards Mexico, thrived and prospered and his lasting influence in no small measure endured during the entire viceregal period.

A cry for freedom rang round the earth and it was the priest who first went forth to preach it and die for it. If there had been government, good government, such government as Washington not long afterward created and attained in this country, there would have been no occasion for the priest to trail his robes through the political mires about the Mexican polling places. But in default of leaders like Washington and Mendoza, the priest had to take up the cudgels; the responsibility, for the simple sake of humanity, was forced upon him. The errors he made were the errors of mankind in general—errors of state-

craft of which he knew little, not errors against humanity.

Mexico under Diaz had liberty. The anti-religionist laws of Juarez were almost entirely disregarded. But with Madero the downfall, the utter disintegration began. Carranza, a weakling, with no common belief in anything but the inherent and hereditary worship of gold handed down to him by his Indian-Spanish forefathers, had become thoroughly saturated with the Maderista theories. The Church, peculiarly and particularly the traditional Church, was a curse to the land; the priest a grotesque, Mephistophelian menace, he has declared in so many words on more than one occasion. Apropos the murder—it was nothing less—of one Catholic priest, he issued the following public edict which was permitted to go past the censor and through the Associated Press to the world:

“He was executed for having been concerned in the attack by rebels on Minatitlan, and for receiving in his house eighty reactionaries and conferring with them for a long time. This is a severe lesson, but meritorious and necessary, in order that ministers of the Catholic Church should learn not to meddle in matters foreign to their mission—much less to disturb public order with their hypocritical and obstructionist labours.”

Scores of priests have been executed under Carranza's personal order—hundreds have been imprisoned and thousands have disappeared and been forced into exile. The few that remain in

Mexico—except in the States controlled by Zapata, who has never disturbed them, savage though he be—are doing their godly work by stealth and in constant fear of death and imprisonment, with a courage of which Carranza, who so carefully avoids battlefields and danger and is too proud to fight, has no comprehension. The illiterates about him have told him that the Catholic Church in the United States and England is the church of the common people and that he need have no fear of resentment on the part of either nation, no matter what steps he might take against defenceless nuns and priests. These informants have been guarded in their references and have not mentioned the names of such celebrities of world renown as Cardinal Manning, Newman, Ward, Faber and a countless host of other men of letters and distinction who have not only embraced the Catholic faith but deserted the Anglican ranks to do so. And Carranza, being a man of exceeding great limitation, has believed them. The apparent indifference of fellow Catholics in the United States and Great Britain has borne out this belief.

Carranza does not know that the most strenuous efforts have been made by Catholics in the United States to protect their fellow churchmen in Mexico, before and after his recognition, but that their efforts were futile in this country and that, for the time being, the hands of Great Britain are tied. He probably does not know that scores of affidavits have been presented to the Secretary of State—both Secretaries of State, Bryan and Lansing—and to the President of the United



States, setting forth countless outrages upon priests and nuns, and that they have been treated with absolute indifference by the Administration at Washington for some incomprehensible reason. He does know, however, that he promised to restore religious liberty in Mexico, as one of the inducements to secure his recognition from this Government and that in lieu of that promise he has caused the execution of scores of priests and personally directed the infamies upon countless women. Again, he does not know that these facts are in the possession of many thinking men and women in this country who only bide their time to make them public and place the legal responsibility where it belongs.

There is in the safe keeping of two distinguished priests of the Catholic Church in this country an affidavit—the original and a copy—which is in all probability the most remarkable instrument that was ever drawn or prepared in a civilised country—and permitted to pass unnoticed and unrebuked by the heads of government. This affidavit cites how nuns were parcelled out—“one nun to four soldiers.” The instrument minces no terms—it cites with minute detail just how the system—“one nun to four soldiers”—is to be and was applied.

In a long experience with the verbiage and verbosity of legal documents in this country, the author can recall no instrument of like description which has ever come under his observation. It is a most graphically explicit and vividly plain paper of expression. The words are placed in the sentences like stones in a mosaic—as carefully

as the master mason sees to it that the massive stones are placed in nave or crypt of a cathedral—"one nun to four soldiers"—one tender gentle Sister of Mercy to every roystering, bestial quartet of Carranzista brigands—to ravish, ruin and destroy as the very agonies of death itself cannot destroy, and leave a helpless, useless mass of innocence defiled, with no earthly human hope until it goes to its God.

If any similar instrument was ever drawn in this or any other age and signed, attested and witnessed by men of like character, it is not in the archives of any public place. The authorities for this remarkable document are a minister of the gospel and two officers of the United States Army.

What will be the outcome when it is eventually made public remains to be seen. Men of distinction and international importance have pleaded with the priests to make the document public. It has been pointed out that no matter what may be the political shortcomings and carelessness of the American people as to administrative acts and those that govern them, they will not permit the trespass upon a virtuous woman's person. Such act of infamy has been against all American thought and purpose even in its darkest days of graft and bad government.

The priests having in their possession this remarkable paper answer "No." Should they make the affidavit public, said one of them—a man of rare brilliance and attainment—it would be regarded as a political move and would in the end do no good, as Carranza has been recognised and with the passing moments his fortress seems to

made bold by the official endorsement of this Government, got control of the Mexican reins of rule. There would be loot and murder and rape *ad libitum*—and their anticipations were in no wise disappointed. The United States Government would do nothing—neither would State or municipality. So the work of keeping the thousands of exiles fell on the priests of the United States and they have borne it bravely—these same priests that the narrow bigots of some lands think so badly of and are anxious to see extinct. If Mexico is ever saved from the shame and horror that is eating away the very heart and soul of the whole land, it will be due to the untiring efforts of this self-same priest—not to the American politician.

The priest? look where you will he is to be found—in the leper colony, along murderer's row in the prison, near the scaffold, in the blackest slums of the greatest cities. The darker the crime, the deeper the vice—it is not too dark or too deep for him. He will strive as best he may to pull the criminal out of the mire, the victim from the steel claws of vice. There is no purple or fine linen about his efforts. He gets to the core, if possible, by the most direct route. Often he succeeds; sometimes he fails.

And just now in this pain-racked, war-ridden world, he is the one human being that we could do least without.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE MEXICAN MUDDLE

The incidents leading up to and the reasons for the recall of Henry Lane Wilson and the utter chaos which the Government of the United States proceeded to precipitate in Mexico are to-day as much a mystery as they ever were. There seems to be not the least doubt in the minds of the thousands of Mexicans and Americans who were forced out of Mexico, that Huerta, strong Indian that he was, would have restored order and brought about a return of the prosperity that had existed during the Diaz regime, if the United States had been restrained from interfering.

With the advent of John Lind, President Wilson's special envoy and confidential agent, on the scene, the internal strife in Mexico may be said to have begun in earnest, and upon the shoulders of the priest, poor fellow, was loaded the burden of the blame. "Prostitution and the Catholic Church are the chief causes of Mexican trouble" was one of Mr. Lind's early utterances.

Lind arrived on a battleship. He proceeded at once to Mexico City and the Mexican people, thinking he was coming on a friendly visit, permitted him to pass into the Capital without even so much as a protest. Through the Chargé-d'Af-

fares of the American Legation, O'Shaughnessey, the memorable note from President Wilson was presented, in which Huerta was told summarily to resign; to fix a date for the presidential elections and announce that he would not be a candidate for election.

The Mexican people—the most thoughtful and the best element among them—naturally assumed that this was the first step to war, and, after the years of the struggle for independence, their last hopes were to be dissipated and that the great nation (in their minds Mexico was all that was great), made and maintained by Diaz, was to be policed and put in a position of servility like that unto which Cuba had had to submit. The very intervention they then dreaded they are now hoping and praying for, with little belief that it will come before the whole land is devastated past recall.

Events happened in such quick succession after the Administration's demand for Huerta's head—which it eventually bagged—it was almost impossible to record them.

The writing of the response to the curt note of President Wilson, in which absolutely no term of courtesy or diplomatic veneer was employed, fell to the lot of Frederico Gamboa, who had served his country as Minister to Belgium and was at that time the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It was couched in terms of suave affability and in striking contrast to the aggressive Wilson note. At some length and with much grace it expressed the impossibility of acceding to the Washington demands, and suggested pertinently that Huerta be

recognised and his minister received at the Capital of the United States. The note also, with frank and unconcealed challenge, vouchsafed the idea that President Wilson did not express the sentiment or represent the attitude of his country.

The next move in the American political arena was hardly less sensational, and it served to alleviate the Mexican fears of intervention for the time being. President Wilson went before Congress and addressed that body on the Mexican question. It happened to be the first time in a century that the old-time custom had been revived, and the world at large harkened to what the then new and comparatively unknown President had to say. Like the proverbial mushroom, Mr. Wilson had come up over night in world affairs, having held no public position of trust except the gubernatorial chair of the State of New Jersey, and the Mexican situation was one that involved international questions of great technique and importance.

The address was one of the usual Wilson type, so strangely tinged with platitudes, however, that it fell flat on American ears and was treated with open contempt in some of the great English journals who plainly saw the menacing Mexican storm cloud on the horizon.

One phrase the Mexican exiles, and the few that dare call their souls their own at home, always hark back to, i. e., "We shall triumph as Mexico's friends sooner than we could triumph as her enemies."

Mexico is destroyed—literally, absolutely destroyed. Once—not five years ago—it was a land

fair beyond comparison. No country in the world was so rampant in riotous picturesqueness and prosperity. It was said, and truthfully said, that any man who would toil and live by his labour could grow wealthy and prosperous in Mexico in less than one-half the time it took in any other country under the sun. The facts bear out the abstract truth of this statement. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and people of all countries were received and welcomed within the Mexican gates, and it was their own fault if they did not succeed.

Now the cities are waste places, towns and hamlets have been laid low and the whole country is one vast desert of destruction except in a few protected places. The Nation's treasury is worse than empty. The City of Mexico alone has suffered millions in losses, and some parts of the city remind the beholder of nothing so much as a great graveyard. In four years in the capital alone there have been more than 100,000 deaths from typhus. Since Carranza ordered out the Red Cross and practically all relief work stopped, the deaths from this disease alone have averaged from six hundred to seven hundred cases a day, and a Red Cross agent is authority for the statement that one day in August, 1915, he counted one hundred and thirty-eight dead bodies being carried in street cars to the cemeteries at night, the same cars being used the next day for ordinary transit purposes.

Churches are destroyed, hospitals closed, and homes either devastated or occupied by the Car-

ranzista hordes. Many are utterly demolished, except a shell of four walls.

There are in the city of New York alone several thousand of the best class of Mexicans. Their homes have been taken, their property wrecked, and in numberless cases wantonly destroyed. The Carranza following, except among his paid hirelings, is so small that he has had to take property and divide it up among them or else entirely lose his adherents. Even the museums have been ransacked and looted of their valuables. If government and order with endless funds were restored to-morrow, the Capital could never be redeemed and made the picture city it was just a little while ago.

"We have no hope," said a Mexican exile, "but we want intervention so that the American people can see how President Wilson has kept his promise to be our friend."

Gamboa's reply made a deep and most favourable impression upon the Mexicans, because it was known that he was firmly loyal to Huerta and voiced his sentiments accurately and faithfully.

Following the President's speech before Congress, Americans were again warned to leave Mexico City, and Mr. Lind announced that "if Mexico 'acted' immediately ('acted' meaning deposing Huerta) President Wilson would express to American bankers assurances that the Government of the United States would look with favour upon an immediate loan to Mexico."

Many varied constructions were put upon this offer and an indignant rejoinder followed, declining and rejecting all its terms.



In expression and guarded implicity the two Gamboa responses will take rank among notable state papers.

After the exchange of notes and the memorable address of the President before the Congress—memorable principally because of its fine art in the opposites—quiet was restored along the Potomac.

The torch had been lighted all over Mexico, however. The Latin people had been born, brought up and bred inwardly and outwardly on the fear of intervention, and knew not what to do or which way to turn. The intermeddling socialist and professional agitator were types already introduced by Madero, and the utterances of Lind and the President himself had aroused the greatest alarm. There was nothing in the President's address that rang true to them, and, from his entrance on the scene until his exit, Lind was *persona non grata* to the Mexican people generally.

Mexico is not only Catholic but it is wholly Catholic. Lind, unfortunately, overlooked this fact, and his references to the Church, and those connected with it, caused offence and bitter feeling. The Mexican Catholics soon saw through the hole in the millstone and they began to flood this country with letters to fellow Catholics, pointing to the dangers of the situation. Largely, at first, these letters fell upon deaf ears. The Catholics in the United States could not comprehend or conjure up such a situation of affairs, such persecution and outrage, as is now a matter of hideous history.

Meanwhile Americans began to take cognisance of the warning from Washington to get out of

Mexico. This is a very simple dictum but one not easily or conveniently obeyed. A glance at the map will indicate that Mexico is very close to the United States. In the estimation of many of those who have travelled over its beautiful valleys, through its mountain passes and along its wonderful profile of silvery beaches, it is the most beautiful of the several beautiful gardens of gold and scenic loveliness on the North American continent. There are valleys as kaleidoscopic as the Piedmont and Shenandoah of Virginia, caverns as luminous as Luray, caves as entrancing as the Mammoth of Kentucky, and lakes and rivers of mirrored beauty as fascinating as any in the Adirondacks or the Catskills. But the idea of the average American citizen in regard to Mexico is the idea of the trooper up in the Sierra Madre who "saw more rivers and less water, saw further and saw less" in Mexico than anywhere on earth. There are waste places in the Alleghenies, in the Blue Ridge, the Colorado Canyon of the United States of which the same comment can be made very appropriately.

But the Americans in Mexico or rather those that were there—because there is a very comparatively small number there now—have a very different idea of the land. Some of these Americans went there in the early days to seek their fortune and they learned to love the country and the people. They were fascinated with the warm-hearted hospitality. They found the peon as faithful and industrious as the coloured servant in the well-regulated Southern household, responding to kindness as a violet to sun's warm

rays. They learned to love the City of Mexico, if their lot happened to be cast within its environs. Some of them were unpatriotic enough to prefer it to their own Capital, because it was more cosmopolitan, there were an opera house and a cathedral, and the women were more beautiful.

But now they were forcibly told to get out of Mexico and not to stand in the order of their going. The United States had no protection to offer them as long as they remained in the land of the Montezumas. It was one thing for the Wilson Administration to so order and another thing for the Americans to carry out this order. Many of them had not only cast their fortunes in Mexico, but they had cast their all. The consuls were obdurate, though—they must go—instructions from Washington. Transportation by the United States had been promised but it was not forthcoming.

While the President was at his summer home the exodus began and it has continued until the American population of Mexico has dwindled to less than one-fourth what it was in the balmy days of Diaz.

The hardships that many of these Americans had to endure is another very interesting tale that will never be told in detail. It was published broadcast that funds would be provided at the consulates. Nothing was done in this direction except in a comparatively few remote instances. Ships were sent to Europe and all sorts of liberal means provided for Americans abroad caught in the maelstrom of the European conflict; Americans in Mexico were left entirely helpless to find

their way out of that country as best they could.

Here it was that Huerta was able to show just in what esteem he held Americans. He provided means for an innumerable number of them to return home in state, and in every way treated them with the greatest consideration and kindness—and that despite the fact that he had been so misunderstood and shorn of power by their very Government.

Lind's very presence seemed to be the firebrand that started the flames which have never since been quenched. The Mexican Congress, a body at best not much more responsible for its acts than our own in matters of preparedness, had begun to show signs of distemper. The Socialist element throughout the land, coupled with a faction of Madero followers and anti-religionists, were actively at work creating dissension and rampant antagonism to Huerta.

Matters were brought to a climax on the night of October 10 by the speech of one Belisario Domínguez, who in wild and hysterical address denounced Huerta and charged him with the assassination of Madero. Huerta, true disciple of Díaz, saw the trend of affairs in a moment, caused the legislative hall to be surrounded by his troops and expelled all the members except those of the Catholic party who numbered about one hundred and ten delegates.

Huerta, wearied with the agitation of the Socialists and secret order adherents, who were banking on further action at Washington to enhance their power, decided he would take matters

in his own hands and at midnight both houses of Congress were adjourned *sine die*.

He then proceeded to take over to himself all the important portfolios of government and in no mistaken terms declared himself Dictator. Close observers of the situation say that he made this move just a few days too late. If it had been done the day that President Wilson sent his first note by Lind, Huerta would never have lost the reins of control so that they could not be again gathered up. Huerta is said to have made the statement that he had in mind that very action and he realised that he had acted tardily—too late to recoup his forces and cement the proper public sentiment in Mexico—but that he hated to take such mandatory steps because of his many friends among the American colony. He argued that not to show some respect for their Government in the United States would naturally induce his American friends to think that he had no respect for them. His kindness to helpless Americans and his frequent offers of assistance after he had been treated with the deepest contempt by this Government would seem to bear out this judgment.

With the passing of Huerta Mexico's doom was sealed, as all the world knows by this time. There has never been a ray of light ahead for the Mexican people or their country since his downfall, enforced by the Government of the United States.

Sir Lionel Carden, the newly appointed Minister from Great Britain, arrived at the Capital on the night that Huerta proclaimed himself Dic-

tator. The next morning he very pointedly presented himself at the Palace and presented his credentials. That he had been fully informed of the attitude of President Wilson in the premises goes without saying. Later on the British Minister issued a statement in which he said that Washington appeared to be dealing with the Mexican situation from a very superficial viewpoint. The significance of this openly expressed view has since frequently been commented upon, for no country excepting Mexico itself has suffered such losses as Great Britain. The enormous English properties have been held up and looted by the Carranzistas and Villistas after a fashion that would strike terror in the ordinary captain of industry. With the exception of the one case of Benton, who was murdered by Villa beyond doubt, the Mexican bandits and brigands have studiously refrained from injuring English citizens, knowing full well the danger of reprisals. No one knows better than the Mexicans that be it ever so long Great Britain never fails to avenge an indignity placed upon one of her citizens. And it also maintains the sovereignty of its numerous peoples by looking after not only their persons, but their property as well. It so happened that there were more than £50,000,000 sterling of British money invested in Mexico and the English Government was beginning to look at the situation with no little alarm. The *London Times* voiced the sentiment early in December of the same year with this significant paragraph:

There is no need, said President Wilson, to alter his policy of watchful waiting. It is just that

policy to which opinion in Mexico City ascribes the recent aggravation of the situation and the rapid spread of anarchy accompanied by every sort of horror. If, says the despatch from our correspondent in Mexico City, the present tactics continue, there are no words too strong to paint the disastrous results that will ensue!

Prophetic words! The horrors that have ensued cannot be written.

When the Germans entered Belgium they picked up the little children in their arms, tossed them in the air and caught them on the bayonets of their admirably made guns. So admirably was the "made in Germany" thought carried out that in not a single instance did the bayonet so much as bend or break with the heaviest Belgium child. The late Richard Harding Davis and other reliable writers have told very truthfully these and like incidents of military sportiveness. But the Mexican tale of horror cannot be penned. There are no words in any lexicon to describe the infamies perpetrated on nuns and girl babies.

Just as soon as the United States Government deprived Mexico of a government, or even the nominal head of a government, by its action toward Huerta, the reign of terror throughout all the land, and more especially in the Capital, began. It did not reach its zenith until Carranza was recognised and the Red Cross was ordered out of Mexico, but it has continued without cessation in a running stream of blood ever since the dethronement of Huerta by this Government.

England's hands were tied, however. The trouble in the Balkans was already brewing. It

had been smouldering for years, and the thinking men of Great Britain knew that it would only take a spark to set the world on fire. The signs of the times were perfectly patent. The little *matinées* at the Hague had deceived no well-informed man or woman in England. They all knew that while Mr. Andrew Carnegie and William of Berlin were exchanging their little peace confidences the Krupp munition works at Essen were working night and day with a force varying from 16,000 to 40,000 men, and that these works had been going under high pressure for a period of more than eleven years. No such era of frightfulness was, of course, anticipated. War there might be, but in the Twentieth Century it was never conceived that it would be the war of savages—that it would be carried on by the Kaiser and his protégé, Carranza.

So England had perforce of necessity for the moment maintained an embarrassing silence while at least one of her citizens was wilfully slaughtered and millions upon millions of English property destroyed.

The sequel shows only the usual British wisdom and foresight, because if the English Government had interfered in Mexico, she would have been sadly put to it for food and gold in the German fracas.

Plenty of time for a Mexican reckoning with the responsible parties yet, said her wise men. With Japan as an ally and a defenceless and imperilled America on all sides, she could command her own terms at the opportune moment. The



policy to which opinion in Mexico City ascribes the recent aggravation of the situation and the rapid spread of anarchy accompanied by every sort of horror. If, says the despatch from our correspondent in Mexico City, the present tactics continue, there are no words too strong to paint the disastrous results that will ensue!

Prophetic words! The horrors that have ensued cannot be written.

When the Germans entered Belgium they picked up the little children in their arms, tossed them in the air and caught them on the bayonets of their admirably made guns. So admirably was the "made in Germany" thought carried out that in not a single instance did the bayonet so much as bend or break with the heaviest Belgium child. The late Richard Harding Davis and other reliable writers have told very truthfully these and like incidents of military sportiveness. But the Mexican tale of horror cannot be penned. There are no words in any lexicon to describe the infamies perpetrated on nuns and girl babies.

Just as soon as the United States Government deprived Mexico of a government, or even the nominal head of a government, by its action toward Huerta, the reign of terror throughout all the land, and more especially in the Capital, began. It did not reach its zenith until Carranza was recognised and the Red Cross was ordered out of Mexico, but it has continued without cessation in a running stream of blood ever since the dethronement of Huerta by this Government.

England's hands were tied, however. The trouble in the Balkans was already brewing. It

had been smouldering for years, and the thinking men of Great Britain knew that it would only take a spark to set the world on fire. The signs of the times were perfectly patent. The little *matinées* at the Hague had deceived no well-informed man or woman in England. They all knew that while Mr. Andrew Carnegie and William of Berlin were exchanging their little peace confidences the Krupp munition works at Essen were working night and day with a force varying from 16,000 to 40,000 men, and that these works had been going under high pressure for a period of more than eleven years. No such era of frightfulness was, of course, anticipated. War there might be, but in the Twentieth Century it was never conceived that it would be the war of savages—that it would be carried on by the Kaiser and his protégé, Carranza.

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Monroe Doctrine as England understands it was not writ with the thought of enslaving English subjects under Carranza and his German confederates. If so it would have to be "unwrit."

## CHAPTER XXIII

### WATCHFUL WAITING

Constructive Democracy has undergone many radical changes in both principle and practice during the past several Presidential regimes. The rank and file of the infantile and impotent American public had become more or less callous and case-hardened to the idle waste and extravagances of the imperialistic Republican brotherhood, but it did with dull irony reserve unto itself the right to expect occasional flights of economy on the part of the Democratic spellbinders and law manipulators. The logic of these hopes and expectations is fast melting away, and the people of the United States have finally settled quietly down in their seats to watch the spectacle of extravagance in every department of Government with the most careless passing interest and no resentment. Fifty million-dollar Rivers and Harbors "pork bills" create hardly a ripple on the troubled waters of National life.

The first billion-dollar Congress nearly burst the blood vessels that feed the heart of the republic. The strain on the National pocketbook was supposed to be terrific. But at the rate of progress now being pursued, the present Congress with the white-winged angel of peace o'erhead and no insular or internal strife menacing—except

little sodden, sordid Mexico—will most brilliantly surpass those numerals. All the lenses in the National glass are changed. There are many new fashions in National affairs.

Not so many years ago Mr. Cleveland, then President, and Mr. Carlisle, then Secretary of the Treasury, used to go down the Potomac occasionally for a little fishing in the lighthouse tender, *Maple*. The boat was usually stocked with some bad beer and some worse American cheese, and perhaps something a little stronger. Whether the fish were biting or not, the *Maple* tended her lights. About three of these trips settled the two gentlemen. Mr. Carlisle told this author that fish of solid gold, with diamond eyes and tails of pearl would never tempt him on a pleasure trip on a Government craft again, and Mr. Cleveland actually lost weight because of the violent abuse heaped upon him. The wail that went up in the Republican press about the waste of the public moneys reached from the Rockies to the far recesses of the Florida Everglades. It rang forth as no tocsin's alarm ever rang out from distant tower on sensitive nerves. Mr. Cleveland sadly laid aside his fishing tackle, and Mr. Carlisle presented a handsome collection of four beer steins to the crew of the *Maple*, with a loving admonition to keep out of the public life in general and out of the Treasury Department, where the public funds were supposed to be kept, in particular.

Not long thereafter this metamorphosis, the transition from Jeffersonian simplicity to regal rule and opulence began. Mr. Roosevelt estab-

lished the habit of travelling around the world on the spic and span yacht *Mayflower* with a battleship as a convoy. It takes many thousands of the people's money to keep her in commission. Mr. Taft, a little later on, not to be outdone, occasionally insisted on two battleships, to add to the picture and to protection. Southern editors watched those departures with tear-stained faces, but of what avail would it have been to protest?

Mr. Cleveland, following closely on the heels of an executive who had been assassinated, had a body guard of ten secret service detectives. Mr. Roosevelt increased the number to seventy odd, Mr. Taft reduced the guard slightly, and now secret service men are thicker about the White House than whortleberries in the pasture lands about Colonel House's home town in Texas.

Verily the times have changed with kaleidoscopic celerity, but it has remained for Mr. Wilson to establish a precedent in diplomatic departures, unrivalled, thus far unrebuked, and most extraordinarily novel in diplomatic usages. The Venezuelan controversy, in which Mr. Cleveland so wittingly distinguished himself, adding up the most infinitesimal details, cost the United States a sum within \$50,000, according to the experts. In the minds of international lawyers familiar with the premises, the same executive could have settled the Mexican muddle for even less money.

What Mr. Cleveland would have done would have been very simple. He would have lent the strong arm of this Government to the recognition of Huerta, with the understanding that he

was to put the Mexican house in order in a given time. If Huerta failed, if he proved to be the brandy-soaked ruler pictured by the agnostic Carranzista press agents and atheistic followers of Madero, it was then time to withdraw that recognition and police Mexico as was Cuba.

Mr. Cleveland was himself an illustration of what Huerta might have become. It will be recalled that Mr. Cleveland was once Sheriff of Buffalo, a somewhat ignominious and anything but pleasant position, the crony of every young lawyer in the town and the servitor of every ward-heeling politician in every precinct in the city. Worse canards were published about Mr. Cleveland than were ever circulated about Huerta—except the assassination story, which was unverified. And yet Mr. Cleveland surrounded himself with the strongest cabinet since Lincoln's, and, in many ways, made an acceptable President in one of the most trying epochs in the country's history.

. . . . .

The United States Government had no more right or equity in declining to recognise Huerta and employing a moral prerogative in the matter of the Madero assassination than Diaz had to decline to recognize Roosevelt after the McKinley assassination.

It is only when a thing of this hideous nature is brought closely home that it falls with full weight. We are prone to look upon Russia as a land of assassins. Yet three Presidents of the United States have been assassinated in fifty years and we have no Nihilists to contend with. The Si-

berian prison system as it exists to-day is a pleasant pastime compared to that employed in nearly every American city of the North and many of the West, as every prison expert knows. At the present moment the massacre of American citizens along the Mexican border is easily comparable with the Kishinef outrages in the horror of detail.

Until recently there were no slums in the world—not Whitechapel in London, the Latin Quarter or “across the Seine” in Paris, or the East Side in New York—that began to compare in fetid vice with “the Bloodfield” of the Capital of the United States, where whites and blacks were intermingled in a shame so hideous that only Dante himself could paint it. We shudder over the Apaches of Paris and read with callousness the infamous crimes of gangsters. We shiver down our Puritanical spines over the nude women that dance on the streets of Port Said at high noontide—and wait for practically the same spectacle indoors at midnight in Atlantic City.

It is the whole social, political, hypocritical system of American egotism that is at fault. In America we velvet our vices and veneer our crimes. If we were asked to help convert to Christianity (save the mark!) some already Christian Armenians or Bulgarians, we would go down in our pocketbooks with all heartiness. Millions are poured into Belgium for relief, but not a penny for Mexico. We lay up for ourselves treasures, make munitions, and live in an idle, careless luxury that the Roman Kings might have envied, and watch the unparalleled human suffer-



ing in Mexico with dry eyes. *And some day we will pay.*

. . . . .

On the old homely basis that too many cooks spoil the broth, there is large excuse for President Wilson's perplexity in attacking the international Mexican tragedy—for it is nothing more or less than all of that. His advisers have been simply and countlessly multitudinous.

Shades of Holman, the erstwhile watchdog of the Treasury!

Could that distinguished gentleman of Indiana step down to this tempestuous sphere in the purple and fine linen of his political economy, it would be more than interesting to note his observation of the expenses attached to Mr. Wilson's Mexican advisers, the Vera Cruz matter and the Punitive Expedition. It is, of course, impossible to get anything like a definite estimate of the latter excursion, invasion, or intervention, as it might be variously and appropriately termed. It has already run so far up into the millions that the ordinary taxpayer would stand aghast if he knew even the approximate figure. The Vera Cruz incident meant an expense to the government of between \$12,000,000 and \$15,000,000, and the lives of several American marines.

In the matter of advisers the reckoning is not so easy. There was a host of them and at least two were expensive men—one Paul Fuller, deservedly so, and the other Colonel House, perhaps so. The value of the latter gentleman's services the President may appreciate very highly. In the common, kitchen garden estimation of the Amer-

ican people, thus far only one question has arisen relatively—Why Colonel House?

The Government of the United States as originally and comprehensively planned by Washington, Jefferson and others of ability, provided for a very extensive and comprehensive corps of ambassadors extraordinary, ministers plenipotentiary, consuls-general, consuls, et cetera, et cetera. In very unusual and important cases when the ambassadors or ministers or consuls, as the case might have been, were too preoccupied, ill, or too remote to attend to the public business, provision was made for a special envoy out of the public funds. In this connection all precedent and prerogative seem to be without the Wilson consideration. For example, Lind, Silliman, Carothers, Hale, West, House, and Paul Fuller form the host of his special Mexican envoys. Had the president harkened to Fuller's advice there would have been no Carranza recognition and, instead of the series of Mexican tragedies and horrors, much of the harmful intermeddling with Huerta and the consequences which followed might not have been recorded. And what Mr. Fuller told the President must sing in the latter's ears as the bullets are about to sing around the almost helpless American troops in the wild Boquillas country.

The abstract fact remains, however, that up to June 1, 1916, the tragic matter of Mexico, including special envoys, battleships in battle array, the occupation of foreign ports, the invasion of Vera Cruz, the intervention (?), or Punitive Expedition after one lost, strayed or stolen bandit, has cost the people of the United States some

\$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000, and all there is to show for it is the blackest mark in the history of this Government, and an injustice against a helpless people that can not easily be remedied or repaired.

. . . . .

President Wilson returned from his summer vacation at the appointed hour, received the reports of Lind on the Mexican session and early in December addressed Congress. There was the barest reference to Huerta—only an expression of satisfaction that he had been relegated to the background or “isolated,” as the President expressed it, and the announcement of the fact that it had not been necessary to alter the National policy of “watchful waiting.”

The sickening irony of that tantalizing phrase! How it wrung the hearts of the Mexican people in those dark days of Ethiopian blackness! Had the Chief Executive been a past master of sardonic word juggling, an expert in satire building, he could not have uttered a more expressive phrase. With men and women dying of disease, and deaths by hundreds, with riot and murder and rape in homes and hotels, aye, even in the public market places, to be told to “watch and wait”! The withdrawal of Ambassador Wilson and the appointment of the tactless Lind were sufficient to bring the Mexican people to a grave extent. The treatment of Huerta, and the reports and speeches of the President himself heightened their grave fears and it was indeed a period of “watchful waiting”—a watchful waiting with the premoni-

tion of the evil that was to come in the recognition of the ogre Carranza who had begun to loom up on the horizon of his native heath. At the Capital the population awakened in doubt and retired in an agony of suspense. Huerta's waning power was fast ebbing away. That was plainly to be seen. The determination of the Administration at Washington to force his downfall became yet more obvious. The revolt in the North, with Carranza and Villa, twin brothers in infamy, at its head, was assuming vast proportions. The agent Carothers, acting under instructions from Washington, was already jockeying with the two leaders and trying to decipher which of them was the stronger and would be the better and the quicker available for the summary undoing of Huerta.

The American, French and English colonies, and the best people—the people that made up the brilliant social and intellectual life of the city of Mexico—stood aghast at the picture. Ambassador Wilson had been a great favorite with Mexican society. Even at the Capital knew he had the interest of Mexico closely at heart—he would have been an ingrate indeed who did not, for the culture and refinement of the city, vie to do him honour. Lind was unpopular and Carothers a plain, blunt matter-of-fact business servant of the Government of the United States whom the Mexicans did not understand—and perhaps, as subsequent events proved, did not care to understand. Carothers more than proved himself an observant and useful official and, at the risk of his own undoing, insisted to the last that

of the two dyed-in-the-wool villains Villa was vastly preferable to Carranza. General Scott and every other official and army officer who has come in contact with the two men have held to the same opinion. Obregon objected to the presence of General Scott at the border conference because Villa was his favourite.

Meantime, while the Mexicans were waiting for the axe to fall, and Huerta was struggling bravely to stem the Washington tide that had set in against him, there was unusual activity at Washington and the unprecedented policy of "watchful waiting" was being seriously threatened.

Press and public have often lamented the fact that legislation was interfered with and the public business of the Government seriously handicapped because of a Democratic House or Senate and a Republican President or *vice versa*. That plaint will perhaps never be heard from the American people again after the unfortunate incidents that have to do with the whole Mexican business.

There might have been some makeshift legislation, if nothing better, over the Benton crime, but for the Democratic majority rule in both houses, with a Democratic President in the White House. Senators Lodge and Bacon strenuously endeavoured to have a resolution of regret, at least, passed in relation to the crime, knowing full well that, unless something definite was done, a hundred years from now England might drag this and similar cases out of pigeon-holes, with serious embarrassment to this country. William S. Benton, as has been noted, was an English subject.

He went to Villa to make protest about the destruction of some of his property. Villa, angry and not liking the manner of his visitor, called him privately into an ante-room and shot him to his death. Carranza rendered a report to Washington that Villa was innocent of the crime and refused to punish him. No one knew better than Carranza that Villa committed the crime in cold blood and the latter has since acknowledged it, in the presence of witnesses.

The Senate took no action in the matter, and the United States, which at the time was standing sponsor for both Villa and Carranza, has done nothing in the matter to this day—not a pleasant reflection to Americans who are possessed of a sense of equity and appreciate the ethics of international courtesy.

An incident was to happen a few days later that perforce of necessity required Congressional action. A whaleboat from the gunboat *Dolphin* went ashore at Tampico. The boat, manned by nine sailors, carried colors fore and aft. The men no sooner landed than a Federal officer, Colonel Hinora, an intimate friend of Huerta, arrested the whole crew. The men were marched through the streets and subjected to all sorts of indignities. Washington sent the usual notes of protest and demanded that the United States flag be saluted; but it so happens that the flag has not as yet been saluted.

Just before Huerta died he commented with some satisfaction over the fact that the United States through President Wilson had hounded him to his death, but that his army was too loyal to

him to permit the numerous insults heaped upon him to pass unnoticed.

President Wilson again took his troubles to Congress. The Tampico incident and some minor discourtesy to an orderly of the *Minnesota* were laid before that body with the request that immediate action be taken and that he be authorized to use the armed forces of the United States to compel a retraction and a salute to the flag.

A resolution was introduced in the House, emanating, it is assumed, from the President, directly aimed at Huerta. The Senate took the matter up the same evening and, for the first time since the Mexican trouble had come up, some very plain truths were thrust home to the President. He was very forcibly told that the Tampico affair was being used as a pretext, and the Senate declined to enter into a combination of many against one man, Victoriano Huerta, and employ the Army and Navy to discipline him.

A spirited debate ensued—the only one before or since over Mexico—and finally came a resolution, setting forth “that the President of the United States is justified in the employment of the armed forces of the United States to enforce his demand for unequivocal amends for certain affronts and indignities committed against the United States and the United States disclaims any hostility towards the Mexican people or any purpose to make war upon Mexico.”

On the very day both houses of Congress agreed on the resolution, the German ship *Ypiranga* arrived at Vera Cruz. It has already been related just how she failed to land munitions there

in time to save Huerta. In the occupation of Vera Cruz that followed, seventeen American marines were killed and sixty wounded. Forty Mexicans were executed for "sniping," which is not permissible in modern warfare on this continent.

Huerta tore down the American flag whenever it was possible, Americans were threatened all over Mexico, and General Funston with a force of 5,000 men took over the control of the City of Vera Cruz, the marines being ordered to return to their ships. No less than fifty-two warships of all grades and classes were assembled in Mexican waters.

Then followed, when Secretary of State Bryan transmitted to "First Chief" Carranza at Juarez a note of apology for the landing of marines and the consequent incidents, the most farcical communication in American history. The note declared that the action was made necessary by Huerta's failure to make amends, and suggested that Carranza "hold himself aloof" and that the Constitutionals assume the "proper attitude."

Then all the world but poor deluded Villa and his followers knew that the President of the United States had made up his mind irrevocably to recognise the brigand Carranza and the Constitutionalist hordes about him.

*Eh bien!* Now the world awaits the further results!



## CHAPTER XXIV

### MEXICO'S TANGLED FINANCES

Education in economics is not one of the essentials in the American ritual. Political economy is a part and parcel of study in some of the colleges and it is occasionally rather entertainingly discussed in clubs and public places. But it is nearly always the political economy that has to do with the individual and not the body politic. The whole outlay attached to President Washington's last inaugural amounted to the actual cost of two barrels of Santa Cruz rum, *par excellence*, and a series of barbecues, the expense of which was defrayed by private individuals and warm-hearted admirers. Yet a clever expert has reckoned that the conventions to nominate the candidates for President on the present momentous occasion entail the expenditure of a sum not less than \$50,000,000 and might perhaps run up to \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 more—all depending upon the occasions for expense that are offered and presented.

Whether or no these radical departures in American methods and modes of governmental procedure are forerunners of increasing greatness and advancement, might be made a very, very engaging and interesting theme for argument. The fact remains, however, that in the intrinsic study

and actual knowledge of the economic and sociological problems that have to do with his native land, the average American is as much at sea as a Fiji Islander. If it were not so, his eyes would be focused with no careless visualisation on Mexico.

Wanton waste and destruction, utter demoralisation and ruin cannot sap the very life-blood out of one section of a country without the other part of that land feeling it in the end and sharing the responsibilities attached. There are certain cardinal aspects and observations of history that do not vary or change, and the students of humanitarian problems will look back on the American people and marvel at their attitude toward Mexico. Millions upon millions of money in the past two years have been poured by those same people into distant foreign lands, but Mexico, bereft of everything, filled with disease and death and swarming with Carranzista, Zapatista and Villista brigands and bandits, has been left helpless, no effort to aid being made by this Government, and the individual being deprived of the opportunity to tender his alms to his fellow countrymen by that same Government.

No exaggeration can be alleged when the blunt, matter-of-fact statement is made that no such condition of affairs ever existed before in a land that pretended a civilisation. Future students and historians may search the archives and secret recesses of the Government chambers and they will find no like instance of responsibility ignored and neglect unpardonable.

In the early days of June, 1916, Americans and

the few Mexicans who have been able to get out of their native country alive, paint word pictures that need not be further dwelled upon for fear of the accusation of repetition. It will suffice to say that there have been more than 40,000 cases of death from typhus in the City of Mexico in the ten weeks preceding June 1, with no Red Cross aid and practically no relief except in a few rare instances.

But what applies in one direction applies in another, it is authoritatively stated. Carranza, Obregon and their troops from some unknown (?) source are plentifully supplied with money, food and ammunition, yet the population as a whole are literally starving to death in the City of Mexico and in nearly all the section controlled by Carranza.

Industrially, Mexico is in a state of coma. The great handiworks of Diaz are literally undone, and it will take half a century under the most auspicious circumstances to recoup the losses to the great commercial industries and put them in order.

"It is the luckiest thing in the world for the United States," said an English capitalist, "that England is in the throes of a war on the other side. No Englishman wants any war with the United States, but if it were not for the European conflict we would have the proper force to take care of our people and our properties long before this, Uncle Sam or no Uncle Sam."

The outlook in Mexico from a commercial viewpoint is even more serious for Great Britain than it is for the United States. England has

hundreds of millions of gold invested there, and her navy is supplied with oil almost entirely from the Mexican fields. Up to the time of the recognition of Carranza, fully 35,000 barrels of oil per day were shipped to England or points of designation controlled by English interests. In this connection it may be of vague interest to the aforesaid political economist of the United States to know that the total yield of the Mexican fields rarely amounted to less than half a million dollars a day.

England, it will be recalled, was among the first of the European nations to recognise Huerta. From February, 1913, to May of the next year, Lord Cowdray's Mexican investments increased at the rate of £40,000 a month. In the few months of Huerta's brief regime the capital of that enterprising English investor increased no less than £700,000. He is but one of an almost innumerable throng of Englishmen who have immense interests in that land, nearly all of whom went there with full respect for the Monroe Doctrine and confidence in the United States to maintain law and order and a show, at least, of government in the territory supposed to be included in the confines of that doctrine. To say that this same army of intelligent Englishmen is smarting under present conditions is putting it mildly. Some of the great mines and haciendas are maintaining effectively small armies for their protection and the expense is enormous. That, coupled with the tax or loot levied by Carranza, is gradually eating up many of the commercial enterprises and, in a

number of cases, these have been absolutely abandoned.

The English capitalist's word, however, is law with Carranza whenever any affront is brought to his personal attention. No amount of German suasion has ever been able to swerve Carranza's wholesome and abject fear of Great Britain. Germany has been permitted to take over and Germanise schools and has been encouraged in every possible way to insult Americans and injure their properties, but when it comes to an affront upon the Englishman, Carranza has announced that he does not propose to take any chances. His respectful attitude to England and Englishmen is a byword all over Mexico. Where English properties have been injured and looted, it has been without his consent, it is conceded. Many of the English oil operators live in daily fear that some of the disaffected Carranza bands—many of whom loathe their chief and stand by him simply because they are paid to do so—will set fire to the oil fields. Should this happen in the Tampico or any of the other great oil regions, the losses entailed would be enormous.

All sorts of subtle and, in some instances, perfectly open methods are being employed to protect the big properties. A certain wealthy American holding enormous interests in Mexico employs one of Carranza's Cabinet officers as counsel for his interests. It has thus far proved a most effective move. The Hearst establishment employs an army of cowboys for purposes of protection. They have had several victorious battles with bandits and brigands, and thus far have

been exceedingly successful in protecting the vast properties. That all these means of protection must speedily prove futile, however, unless something vital is done, is conceded by close observers of the situation. The millions of Mexicans must live and, with nearly the whole land laid waste and already looted and robbed, there is but little else left for them to attach unless they raid the great properties which are now in a measure protected.

The attitude that Carranza is assuming, or rather that his German advisors are assuming for him, has been obvious to close observers of the situation for months past. There is no indignity that he has not heaped upon Americans from the President of the United States down. Murder, outrage, pillage and insult have been added to the list, and he literally forced the second punitive expedition into Mexico to withdraw before it had hardly crossed the border. American troops nearly starved and were refused transportation over Mexican lines. Insult has been added to insult, until now, with some show of reason, Carranza insists that he in the end will force the Wilson Administration to intervene if necessary in his behalf. Then there will be, according to this idea, a readjustment of the finances with the assistance of the United States and all will be well. Nothing that the Wilson Administration could do relatively would surprise these troubled United States—except perhaps to attempt the readjustment of finances. Just how that readjustment could be made effective is puzzling to the layman.

Part of the statement of Mexico's finances was

prepared by the financial expert of the New York *Times*. Here is the situation:

Approximate figures are set down where exact totals were not obtainable, and round numbers only are used. The amounts are in pesos, except when gold is mentioned specifically. But as the value of the peso has been reckoned at its former worth of 50 cents gold, and to take over and German-American gold dollar, been encouraged in every expressed in pesos, in Americans and injure their times as much in that column to an affront upon presented. The gold values announced that he dividing the sums given by two chances. His report of the figures is vouched for by Englishmen is a

*In any résumé of Mexico's present English proper- the depreciation in the value of the peso has been with- plified in the daily exchange, 3,000,000,000 of the Eng- noted. Four years ago the value of the Eng- cents in gold. To-day it is practically nil.*

When Diaz turned over the Government to the ly be- Madero, in May, 1911, Mexico's National Debt to the world was 3,000,000 pesos, and her National Credit was unimpaired. Her collateral obligations, by which is meant obligations guaranteed the Federal credit but not included in the National bonded indebtedness—amount to 461,000,000 pesos, or a total of 901,000,000 pesos, itemised as follows:

National Debt, 440,000,000; collateral obligations, National Railway bonds, 22,000,000; Tehuantepec Railway bonds, 4,000,000; and Caja de Prestamos bonds, 50,000,000.

Including the 300,000,000-peso bond issue authorized by Provisional President Gutierrez by

executive decree on January 5, 1915, the National Debt, exclusive of collateral obligations, now stands at 1,000,000,000 pesos or an increase of 560,000,000 pesos over the debt as on May 1st, 1911.

Adding to this collateral obligations amounting and 60,000,300 pesos, Mexico's current liabilities else . . . them to at 1,300,000 pesos. This great properties which are, Diaz regime ended of tected.

The attitude that Ca rather that his German are: him, has been obvi situation for months onal Debt. that he has not he Pesos.

President of the outrage, pill . . . 1,000,000 list, and . . . deductin exped . . . nses, were devo 10,000 hardl rez . . . xpenses. nearly . . . took a 1,000,000,000 over Mex:

	Collateral Obligations.	
Paper currency, es- timated . . . . .	180,000,000	the
National Railway, defaulted inter- est and maturi- ties . . . . .	30,300,000	in
Bank notes, issued guaranteed, perh c. overmen estimated . . . . .	450,000,000	is
National Railway bonds . . . . .	387,000,000	



	Collateral Obligations.	
Tehuantepec Rail- way bonds . . . .	24,000,000	
Caja de Pres- tamos . . . . .	50,000,000	1,121,300,000
Grand total..		2,121,300,000

For comparative purposes the figures may be displayed this way:

	National Debt.	Collateral Obligations.
Present . . . . .	1,000,000,000	1,121,300,000
Before revolution..	440,000,000	461,000,000
Increase since rev- olution began..	<del>560,000,000.</del>	660,300,000
		<del>560,000,000</del>
Grand total increase...		1,220,300,000

Certain presumptive and actual offsets must be taken into consideration in dealing with the above figures. Considerable portions of the Huerta bond issues still find no purchasers. To what extent the Government may be held responsible under its guarantee of the National bank notes depends upon the ability of the banks issuing the notes to redeem them or any part of them.

Against the item of overdue interest and maturities on account of the National Railways must be reckoned several million pesos in the 1913 and 1914 gold bonds, which Huerta handed over in lieu of cash. Of the Huerta bond issue of 1913, 14,000,000 pesos were not disposed of, and of

the 1914 issue 42,500,000 pesos are in the National Treasury vaults.

Explanations of some of the items in the above table are interesting as showing how Mexico's National liabilities have increased so sensationally in the last four years and of the manner in which various of the huge sums enumerated originated.

While Madero was in office only two short-term loans, each for 20,000,000 pesos, payable in one year, were floated. Huerta, by authorisation of the Congress, issued a loan of 200,000,000 pesos in 6 per cent. ten-year gold bonds. Of these 60,000,000 pesos were taken in Europe by a syndicate composed of Paris, London and Berlin bankers.

Forty of the 60,000,000 were used to liquidate the two short-term Madero loans, and the remainder, after deducting bankers' commissions and expenses, were devoted by Huerta to meeting current expenses.

The syndicate took an option—which it did not exercise—on the remaining 140,000,000 of this loan. The option expires next June, but, subject to this option, Huerta pledged most of the 140,000,000 as follows, the figures being approximate:

Seventy-five millions to Mexican banks, as security for cash loans; 37,000,000 to John W. DeKay, of which 10,000,000 went into DeKay's pocket in payment for the Government's purchase of the controlling interest in DeKay's bankrupt Mexican National Packing Company, and the remainder for arms for which DeKay contracted in Europe which never were delivered, although the bonds were retained by DeKay; 14,000,000 pledged to foreign bankers for defaulted pay-

ments due on National Railways securities, thus leaving 14,000,000 undisposed of.

The Congress, in June, 1914, authorised Huerta to issue 60,000,000 in 6 per cent. gold bonds, guaranteed by the stamp tax, which Huerta was unable to market. But 11,500,000 worth were given to foreign bankers to guarantee overdue National Railways payments.

The remainder of these bonds was not disposed of, although 6,000,000 pesos were employed to guarantee an emission of 5,000,000 in bank notes during Carbajal's brief term as Provisional President, after Huerta got out and before Carranza came in last August.

The 300,000,000-peso bond issue, decreed on January 5 of this year by Gutierrez, is part of a measure planned to relieve the situation caused by the flooding of the country with bank notes issued by the various Constitutionalist military leaders and State Governors, and to afford means for providing a substitute for these notes, besides supplying the Monetary Commission with needed gold in the expectation that exchange rates will assume a complexion more favourable to Mexican currency.

Conditions in the foreign money markets preclude other than a slight probability that Mexico will be able to vend any of these bonds at present. In this event they will be deposited in trust with the Monetary Commission and such banks as the Minister of Finance may select and *against 85 per cent. of the amount of the bonds new bank notes are to be put out. The new notes will be employed to redeem the paper currency which has flowed so unstintedly from revolutionary printing presses in the last two years.*

*From what records are available it appears that*

*180,000,000 closely approaches the total amount of revolutionary paper currency now in circulation throughout the republic. The legitimatising of this, so far as possible, was one of the first steps taken by the successors to the Huerta Government.*

The last paragraph in relation to the "legitimising" of the 180,000,000 revolutionary currency would be amusing if it were not for the terrible pathos of the situation.

Two months after this statement was published venders were hawking up and down Park Row in New York, "A hundred Carranzista pesos for five cents," and there were no purchasers along that thoroughfare where sometimes even bad money is said to be interesting. On June 1st, 1916, there was not a penny or peso in the Mexican Treasury or a piece of negotiable paper not already in pawn, and the Carranzistas had begun in earnest the taking over of American properties, the famous Dos Estrellas mine at El Oro being the first to fall under the ban.

In the event the United States Government intervenes in behalf of Carranza and assists in a readjustment of the Mexican finances, would that Government feel called upon to return to Americans the American properties originally taken from them? This is a question that naturally arises and arouses interest. Eventually it will be seen that there is much in the Mexican financial question to enliven interest in the not always receptive minds of citizens of the United States, even if they are totally oblivious to the humanitarian

side of the situation. Especially is this true of the American farmer. When injury happens to the pocketbook of that all-important class of gentlemen, the howl that rises heavenward can be heard all over the land. And, thanks to Carranza & Co., he has had already to put his hands in his pocket to the tune of some millions in the matter of sisal hemp, the price having been raised from three to six pesos gold many months ago, when a peso had some small value. An idea of the "First Chief's" methods may be gathered from the fact that when he and his German monopolists demanded payment for the hemp, they marketed in gold and paid the Yucatan farmer in Carranza scrip. Carranza's attitude in this connection has been so patent and flagrant, that the matter was taken to Congress. There is not a member of either branch of Congress who has not had the heinous outrages upon nuns and innocent and helpless women put before him so that they could not be gainsaid. But there has been not a ripple on the Congressional waters relatively.

But lo! the poor farmer must be taken care of if within the confines of possibility. The Senate Committee to investigate the monopoly in Yucatan, headed by Senator Ransdell, referred the matter to the Federal Reserve Board and the latter body through its chairman made the announcement that "two men would be sent to Yucatan to look into the situation." As matters now stand it looks as if the American farmer would have to continue to pay twice as much for his hemp as formerly, so long as Carranza remains at the head of Mexican affairs.

In his "hemp policy" the "First Chief" is said to have been entirely controlled by General Pablo Gonzalez, who is the commander of Mexico City for the de facto government. General Gonzalez, it will be remembered, was the happy recipient, as a Christmas gift, of the decapitated head of General Juan B. Hernandez. The head, which is said to be prized very highly, was accompanied by the following note from the sender—a Colonel Galicia: "If in one single day the heads of the bloody enemies of our country fall, we find ourselves on the way to complete peace and to the enjoyment of that grandeur to which all cultured nations have a right," etc., etc.

General Hernandez was beheaded simply because he had been an intimate friend of Diaz and Huerta. So it will appear that if Gonzalez is helping to control the hemp situation with the Germans on the side lines, the outlook for the American farmers is not roseate with promise. The hemp situation is but one of many other phases of the Mexican muddle that will shortly come closely home to the American and English business man. Enormous cotton interests have already been sacrificed and the trade between the two countries is now in almost as sad a state of chaos as the social conditions of the country. Some idea of the cotton industry in Mexico may be gathered from the statement that there are 151 mills, including the largest one in the world, in that country.

There is no redress for Americans. Their properties have been taken over, destroyed and used as it pleased the "First Chief" and his confed-

erates. Protests to the State Department have been absolutely ignored again and again, until now the American having interests in Mexico knows the utter futility of appealing to his own Government—and simply lets matters go by the board. It is a situation absolutely without parallel in the history of the United States.

## CHAPTER XXV

### AMERICAN POLICY TOWARD MEXICO

The God of War has been a most beneficent friend to "First Chief" Carranza. There is small doubt but what this troubadour of despotism would have been soundly trounced and reckoned with by one or another of the Great Powers ere this, but for the fact that over all Europe and in remote parts of the world has been raging the greatest conflict in the history of mankind. It may have been accident or mere coincidence, but on nearly every occasion when there has been a fresh massacre or a new particularly serious series of outrages south of the Rio Grande, on the border or over on the American side of that serpentine stream, the State Department at Washington has at once deemed it wise to unearth another note on the submarine issue with Germany, the *Lusitania* "incident," or some trespass upon the American mail by England or France.

A glimpse at the record reveals a most startling array of those coincidences. It would hardly be just or fair to allege that President Wilson or Secretary of State Lansing has been guilty of bringing about such circumstances intentionally; yet the constant repetition has been most significant and can hardly be passed without comment. An occasional *contretemps* of this character might remain



unnoticed, but day after day, month after month, the American people have had to listen to scant and often hazy and badly coloured reports of first this outrage and then of another. It was widely known in the metropolitan newspaper offices and in other quarters that the real facts were being hidden or else so distorted by the Carranzista censors that they were unbelievable, but the world at large has been kept in ignorance at once dense and dangerous. Here and there just a *soupçon* of the truth has been permitted to be told and, occasionally, the high dignitaries of the Catholic Church at infinite pains and much expense have been able to tell their side of the story. But the burden of the proof of this tale of unspeakable horror is locked up in the State Department—to be made public, perhaps, by some future administration, but never under present conditions.

Early in the proceedings this unprecedented secrecy became extremely noticeable, and, but for the insatiable interest in the great war abroad, there is small doubt that the hands of the Administrations at Washington under both Presidents, Wilson and Taft, would have been forced, and much of the present terror and horror and loss of human life and suffering would have been obviated.

The new fashion of iron-clad secrecy began in the Taft Administration during the Madero uprising. The excuse for the unfathomable secrecy in that instance was that Mr. Taft knew that his successor in the White House would have to deal with the then serious and menacing Mexican question and that he did not want to cloud the issue.

No graver precedent to the detriment of the American people was ever established, and the dire evil that is now so clearly foreshadowed is far removed from mere apprehension.

In other years when American interests, commercial or otherwise, and American lives were at stake, the American people have always felt that they had a right to the facts in the premises—and the demand or request for those essentials has rarely required repetition.

In regard to Mexico, however, all such demands have beat against deaf ears and an only too obedient Democratic Senate and House have seen to it that every salient fact in connection with the Mexican horrors has been more than hidden under the proverbial bushel. The rather ineffective and puny efforts of the press to tell the story is not the least interesting phase of the situation. The censor—especially during the Carranza period—and a variety of other reasons—account largely for the journalistic lapses. But the Congressional impotence, easily understood but not less lamentable, will not be soon lost sight of or overlooked.

From the very beginning of the trouble all efforts to get at the simple verity through the State Department have been absolutely futile and fruitless, and from the day of President Wilson's inauguration to the present moment the White House gates have been closed with the latch key in Mr. Tumulty's trousers pocket. From the beginning President Wilson has absolutely declined to see or discuss the Mexican question with any but a few of his chosen advisors, and Mexicans themselves, no matter how high their standing in their

native land, have been told to keep without the White House turnstile or else journey over to the State Department where they were treated with scant courtesy—if received at all.

This Chinese wall of exclusion erected by the Government of the United States would ordinarily have brought forth a torrent of vociferous protest from press, pulpit and the public generally. In the conflagration of world tragedies, however, Mexico, than which there has been no graver national tragedy, has been lost sight of except in a few exceptional instances. The *Chicago Tribune* did pass the following comment on November 13, 1915:

“All that is known is that the archives of the State Department which the Wilson Administration has made more secret than the dossiers of the Russian secret police, are crammed with reports from American diplomatic and consular officers and confidential emissaries depicting conditions in Mexico shocking beyond belief. There are many important reports of a late date setting forth a state of anarchy in Mexico which raise a substantial doubt of the ability of Carranza or any factional leader to establish a stable government.

“There are hundreds of reports of the murdering and spoliation of Americans and the persecution of the Catholic clergy and nuns. There are recorded in these secret files the names of more than three hundred Americans whose lives have been sacrificed, since Diaz was kicked out, to the weak policy of the American Government in protecting its citizens in a neighbour State. There are also filed the claims of Americans for dam-

ages for destruction of property said to aggregate more than \$100,000,000.00."

According to sources of authority that cannot be questioned, in a brief six months the amount of actual losses, direct and indirect, has run up from \$100,000,000 to nearly three times that amount, and the loss of human life is incalculable. The last Red Cross agents returning from the City of Mexico just before Carranza's recognition, made the blunt statement that at the rate of inroad typhus was making on the population the entire city would be depopulated in a very short time—in a year or two at the latest.

The useless pity of it all! Warning upon warning was given the Administration months before Carranza was recognised; his character was unfolded to President Wilson by men—ministers of the Gospel and others whose veracity and verity of good purpose could not be questioned nor moulded into political adventure or purpose.

As early as January 6, 1915, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts made a lengthy address in the Senate in which he graphically pictured what must perforce of necessity happen, and suggested what would eventually be done. In part, he said:

"It seemed impossible to induce any one connected with the administration to consider what was to happen after Huerta had been driven from power. When he was driven from power it became obvious that no consideration had been given to that point. The whole movement of the administration was owing to the fact that they absolutely declined from the beginning to recognise

the character of the Mexican population. It was not our business, however desirable it might be, to undertake to give Mexico new land laws or to choose a President for her. We had no protectorate over Mexico, and to regulate her internal affairs would have been intervening in the affairs of another country; but it was of the utmost importance that in our course toward that country we should not forget of what the population consisted—50 per cent. and more pure-blood Indians, some of them in a wild state; 30 per cent. of half-breeds, and perhaps 20 per cent. of pure Spanish blood, the descendants of the old Spanish conquerors. To suppose, with a population like that, with the history of Mexico, which apparently nobody took the trouble to read, that you could build up a government such as we have, let us say, in the State of Nebraska, that with those foundations you could erect an American Government on American principles, was a dream. When Huerta fell from power the result of this refusal to face conditions was seen.

“What has been the condition of Mexico since? Why, as everybody who has taken the trouble to study Mexican history and to inform himself knew, the first thing was that our two allies, Villa and Carranza, fell to fighting each other. It required no great intelligence to predict that that would have been the case. We did not hear so much of Carranza, but we can all remember how popular Villa was in certain quarters. When I ventured to have read into the *Record* a sketch of that eminent person's life it was resented, and a defense, said to have been prepared in the State Department, was made of Villa's character. It was currently rumoured that it was felt in the highest quarters that he must be a good man be-

cause he neither drank nor smoked. It is not apparent that these premises were correct, for I am told by other persons competent to know, such as the Senator from New Mexico (Mr. Fall), that he is guilty of both drinking and smoking; but even assuming that he does not indulge in those particular vices, was it not a hasty inference that he was therefore a good man, in the international sense, and devoid of murderous tendencies? At all events, he seems to have been the one man in Mexico who had distinct military capacity.

"As I have said, after we got Huerta out, Villa and Carranza fell to fighting with each other, and look at Mexico to-day. It is a chaos of fighting factions, the prey of banditti, with predatory bands riding through the country. The social organisation has collapsed, and anarchy is a polite word to apply to the condition of things.

"Mr. President, I fear that it is now too late to adopt any policy which would be effective there except a complete military occupation of the country at great cost, which all of us wish to avoid, but it is certain that when the Mexican question was presented to us there were but two possible policies. I am speaking now of policies and not of personal animosities. One policy was to begin by exerting all the power and influence we had under international law and under treaties and in accordance with the comity of nations to prevent outrages, to prevent wrongs, and to try to bring about pacification. That is the way we should have begun, and then, in line with the policy of avoiding war at all hazards, we should have refrained from any intervention beyond the efforts warranted by international law.

"The other course was to enter Mexico in sufficient force to take possession of and pacify the

country and try to bring back a government there which would have the capacity of fulfilling its international obligations and at least establish order. To that course the United States was opposed, and quite naturally and rightly; but the course we did pursue was neither of those. We did not stay out and we did not go in effectively. I should be sorry to shed the blood of a single American soldier or sailor for the sake of restoring order in Mexico, but nothing, it seems to me, can justify shedding the blood of a single American soldier or sailor for the sake of putting one blood-stained Mexican in the place occupied by another. We have our reward for what we have done in the condition of Mexico to-day.

"There was American property in Mexico to an enormous amount. I am told there were a billion dollars of American money and capital invested in Mexico,—certainly many hundreds of millions. It is practically all gone. More capital, which is nothing but the savings of the American people, has been lost in Mexico in the last few years, many times over, than has been lost by the unfortunate interferences with our foreign trade which have occurred in the last few months. I was informed by gentlemen with property interests in Mexico, who came here representing many Americans employed and large American capital invested, that they were told substantially at the State Department, 'We are not concerned about American property in Mexico; Americans who invested in property in foreign countries must not look to this Government to protect them.' That was a new doctrine in international law to me, and I think it is a novel one to everybody. I am glad to see, Mr. President, that the indifference to American property in Mexico has not extended to

American property on the high seas. I cling to the old notion that American property on the high seas and in foreign countries, when the owners of that property live in accordance with the laws of the countries in which the property is placed, is entitled to our regard and to the active protection of this Government. That protection has not been given in Mexico, and, what is far worse, between 150 and 200 American lives have been lost in Mexico. If there has been any redress secured, or even demanded, I do not know it, for a veil of secrecy has been drawn over our Mexican proceedings, and the inquiries of the Senate in regard to it have thus far been in vain.

"Americans have been killed there within a short time. I understand that 52 people have been killed and wounded by Mexican bullets across the line at Naco. It is said that General Bliss announced that if there was any more shooting across the line he would stop it. There was more shooting, and I am sorry to say that he did not stop it. Knowing of him as I do, I think that he may have been prevented from stopping it. There is that dismal record of American lives lost, and now, with irresponsible bands roaming over the country, with no government, look at the City of Mexico. One of the presidents has set up a guillotine there, and has been executing the supporters of Huerta, reminding one of the scenes of the French Revolution, a strong populace, with traditions and institutions which were certain to reassert their power, as they did. Those securities for the future have perished in Mexico, and bloodshed goes on unchecked in the capital of the country.

"It has gone further than that. These bandits have been turned loose and have thrown themselves upon the most helpless class—upon the



women, upon the priests, and upon the nuns. It is a revolting story, unfortunately only too well authenticated. Father Tierney of New York City, one of the best known and most distinguished of his order, when he went to the State Department to ask for our good offices to prevent these outrages upon his coreligionists, has stated publicly that it was said to him, in the presence of two friends, that the followers of Huerta had committed similar outrages on two American women from Iowa.

"What a reply to make! Certainly every dictate of humanity would lead us to do what we could to save those unfortunate men and women who have been the helpless victims of these half-wild Indian soldiers; and the reply is that Huerta's troops were guilty of two cases of similar outrages on American women! What has been done about that? There was an affront, indeed. In the reasons for the excursion to Vera Cruz it did not appear."

Senator Lodge is a trained publicist—trained in the red flames of experience and long weary years of application. He is absolutely the last vestige and remnant of statecraft left in the public life of this land. He has no political fences to mend because the State from which he hails would no more think of unhorsing him than it would think of adopting the political methods that obtain in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. There was not at the time that he made his kindly and dispassionate address the slightest probability that he would enter the lists of "favourite sons" who are seeking the Presidency, and his whole argument is

based on the sound logic of reason—and advice to a President inexperienced in international affairs. There is not the slightest tinge of partisanship in the lengthy comment, and it is as far removed as the poles themselves from all political chicanery; and why in the name of the God of Peace and Good Purposes the President could not see his way clear to hearken to it and take warning therefrom can never be explained to the normal mind.

What weary lanes of pain would have remained untrodden, how many heavy hearts would have been left unscarred, could he only have found it consistent to heed the prophetic admonitions of the Massachusetts Senator!

Now that the stage of all logical procedure is passed, the task that the United States is confronted with is beyond the scintilla of a doubt the most herculean and dangerous that has ever fallen to the lot of the American people since the Father of this country had his little differences with our English cousins. And these same English cousins do not hesitate to declare that there are no excuses to offer in the premises. Long before the American press and the American people began to pay even the slightest attention to the ever-menacing situation, the great London dailies and English periodicals were sounding warnings in no measured terms. But the Mexican policy of President Wilson seems to have been cohesively and unalterably conceived and cemented in error since the advent of one Lind upon the scene. No logic or argument has won the least credence or receptive interest at the White House since his initial appearance, and the admonishing advices of the

British Minister and other members of the *Corps Diplomatique* at the National Capital have been treated with not even the respect of passing attention.

No thinking American with a fair measure of equilibrium and poise has seriously considered the conquest of Mexico. The Government of the United States has most profoundly demonstrated its inability to take care of its own affairs within its own borders in many directions, and its efforts toward successful colonisation have been fraught with calamity and disaster. The Philippine profit and loss account shows two terror-impelling items on the wrong side of the ledger of a trifle of \$900,000,000 in hard American cash and a toll of nearly 100,000 lives. The latter item is hardly credible, yet almost any army man who has seen service in the Philippines will give a very graphic and adequate account of Philippine facts for the asking. So the conquest of Mexico has never been even seriously considered.

The Philippine problem pales into insignificance compared with that of Mexico. If the latter benighted land was entirely subdued and pacified, the task ahead would be a colossal one. As matters now stand, not only the future welfare of Mexico is concerned, but the intricate problems involved affect the heart and arteries of national life and civilisation of the United States. By the recognition of Carranza the United States Government in the eyes of the European world not only assumed a radical responsibility for the future of Mexico, but it virtually said to that same world—all the world, in fact, having Mexican interests

and thoughts for its welfare—that it, the United States, was assured of the passing of Villa and Zapata and the other contending forces and that it would stand sponsor for what happened to be the result. The Latin-American countries were cajoled into the recognition of Carranza plainly against their wishes, with this distinct understanding. There is not a diplomat in South America or any of the Latin-American countries who was not fully cognisant of all the characteristics and attributes of the “Coxcomb of Coahuila,” as Carranza was commonly known in the balmy days of Madero and his band of agitators, and they reposed not the least confidence in either the man himself or the coterie of affiliates about him. The attitude the Latin-American countries assumed was very simple: If the United States was willing to stand sponsor for Carranza, they would interpose no objection. At least two of the delegates to the Latin-American conference in New York, however, sounded practically the same warning that Senator Lodge had long before entered upon the *Record*.

Like all other warnings, they were unheeded, and the dominant insistence of the Administration at Washington to pursue the even tenor of its way undisturbed has been most successful.

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## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS IN MEXICO

Huerta's complete extermination—his enforced retirement from the head of the government, his exile, imprisonment, and death—finally threw the Mexican people into an ebb-tide of anarchy, disease and death like unto which nothing is comparable except, perhaps, one of the bubonic plagues in India. The I. W. W. agitators had been more than industrious in their efforts to awaken, as they termed it, the populace during the Madero period of disorder, and had been held in leash on numerous momentous occasions only by the strong arm of the Federal army so well disciplined and controlled by Huerta. Madero's fears that Huerta was not loyal to him were thus shown to be well grounded. Huerta always insisted to his confidants that Madero could last only a little while. The young dreamer's theories were too transparent, he said, and after but a short incumbency of the high office his utter selfishness and indifference to public opinion, among other numerous frailties, was most flagrantly evinced in connection with his own family. All the Maderos, *pères et fils*, were provided with selected billets under the administration, and the government palace in a short time became a perfect hotbed of scandal and accusation. No direct allegation of personal dishonesty

is on record against Madero himself, but the less said about those around him the better.

If such opportunity presented itself in the high places, why should not all share it? was the query going the rounds of the agitators, and it proved to be most effective. Once Huerta was out of the way, the era of lust and loot proceeded with a terrific recklessness for gain and disregard of human life unrecorded even in Mexico, so often the scene of great cruelties and barbaric practices.

And just here, before entering a description of this unprecedented and the most remarkable period of brutality and infamy in American history, brief sketches of the personalities and Indian traits of the *dramatis personæ*—the leading roysterers in the banditti warfare and accompanying murder and pillage—are pertinently in order.

The barbaric picturesqueness of at least two of the three leaders in the revolt cannot be gainsaid. There is little to repell or attract in Don Venustiano Carranza. He is the simple type of a simple class of peon farmer in which Mexico abounds. He first came to the fore when Madero wanted a vehicle in which to ride to fame. Carranza had acquired some wealth in his native state of Coahuila mainly by overworking the very peon he is supposed to be striving to help. His pompous airs and his studied silence brought him into prominence first by the route of ridicule which was later on changed into mild respect when, with false promises and some rather clever trickery, he and those about him induced the Government of the United States to recognise him. The Madero assassination afforded him his great opportunity.

There was no great friendship between the two men, but Carranza was exceedingly useful to Madero mainly because the latter could point with pride to the fact that he had been the making of this nonentity. When Madero was assassinated, Carranza immediately appointed himself a protector over the martyr's interests, thereby gaining for himself much notoriety and paving the way to his present very enviable position of "First Chief."

This title affords an excellent insight into the leader's character and incidentally confirms the popular idea of his crude egotism, "President" or "Constitutional President" or "Generalissimo"—none of the ordinary titles assumed or adopted by rebel leaders would do. He must needs be the "First Chief," thereby conferring on himself full power and all the supremacy of his Indian forefathers when in command of a primitive tribe. The title alone, he told his followers and companions, would strike terror to the hearts of his opponents and enable him to rule without restraint. With this malevolent thought in mind, he proceeded to set up a guillotine and frankly announced that he would kill all that opposed him. So far as he has been able to accomplish his purpose the record speaks well for itself, and there is small doubt but what Carranza is responsible for more executions of political opponents than all of his predecessors combined. He frankly told Paul Fuller, and Paul Fuller told President Wilson—repeating his [Carranza's] words—that he proposed to kill every one who opposed the Constitutional party or that had anything to do with the murder of Madero. Mr. Fuller also told

President Wilson that Carranza was a doctrinaire—which is perhaps the most flattering term that was ever used in his connection—and that he was a hopeless weakling, absolutely unfit to rule a crossroads hamlet. That brief summary and estimate appears to be the consensus of opinion of all President Wilson's personal emissaries and appointees, with the exception of Lind, Silliman and Colonel House.

It would be interesting to record some minor or major good traits in the "First Chief's" character, to avoid the possible allegation of partiality. It can only be said that if he has any redeeming trait at all it lies in his liberality to the brigands about him. No matter what the end of the present revolt, Obregon, if he survives—and there is not much danger of anything happening to him, for he knows how to keep close to the hilltop—will be a wealthy man. Carranza appreciates the fact that he owes his present position entirely to Obregon and President Wilson. To the former he has showed the deepest gratitude, to the latter a contempt that makes the average American burn with shame. Every request and cautionary admonition that President Wilson, through the State Department and through his personal envoys extraordinary, has sent him has been treated with the most flamboyant contempt, and the studied insolence in the excerpts from his 10,000-word note, published far and wide, demanding the removal of the American troops because "they were kept in Mexico for political purposes," will not soon be lost from the memory of observant citizens of the United States.



The single incident in Carranza's public career where there has been any evidence of pluck was at a cabinet meeting during the early spring of 1916, when he entered into a fisticuff encounter with his star protégé, Obregon. The entire assemblage were hotly discussing the division of the spoils, when, to the surprise of all present, Carranza struck Obregon in the face with his fist. The latter made no resistance, and strenuous efforts were made to hush up the incident. They were futile, however, and many Mexicans say that there is much bad blood between the two men and that Obregon is only biding his time to take the reins of government over—a procedure which would place Mexico, if possible, in a worse state of anarchy than now.

Conditions have never been worse at the Capital than during the brief period when Obregon was in control of that city. A reign of terror existed then which Americans and Mexicans virtually imprisoned there say could not be surpassed. Loot and every variety of outrage was indulged in, in forms so hideous that even many of the Indians fled the city, when they could do so without detection. Finally, without a moment's warning, Obregon gathered up his forces and abandoned the city, and the Zapatistas took possession. And to their utter amazement the people fared much better under Zapata than during the Obregon months of brigandage.

A faint impression of Carranza and his loutish egotism may be gathered from his custom upon entering a city. Very careful he always was to enter the town after it had been safely taken by

his advance forces. He has a wholesome dislike for warfare in any form, and was a stern advocate of the "too-proud-to-fight" idea long before President Wilson ever coined the phrase. Immediately upon his entrance in the newly captured city, flags and bunting had to be displayed, all the bands were called out, and to the strains of martial music Carranza rode down the principal thoroughfares, and it was well for the populace to vociferously cheer him and his escort. In the evening a grand ball was given in the most pretentious residence, hotel or public place having an auditorium sufficiently large to accommodate the throngs. Many of his followers have sought to dissuade him from this practice. For the orgies that took place, like many other things in relation to the "First Chief's" practices and customs, may best be left to the imagination.

Some future historian may find in "First Chief" Carranza something to commend, but this writer begs the issue and turns with relief to the Morelos Indian, Zapata, who at least does not hide his calumnies and perfidies under the veneer of civilisation. Carranza has some education, and vaunts his intellectual capabilities in the faces of his friends and enemies alike.

Zapata may be best introduced with an incident in which figured a young newspaper man who sought to gain fame and fortune by interviewing the famous Morelos warrior. By dint of perseverance and a long and arduous journey, the young scribe was ushered into the presence of the big chief, who received him with all the unconcern of a great tenor well trained in the habit of *entr' acte*

interviews. No sooner was the reporter seated than Zapata noticed on his arm a wrist watch. Immediately curious, the Indian asked what the trinket was. He was told it was a watch. Zapata thereupon promptly told the reporter he was a liar, mincing no words and adding a series of native oaths that did not serve to add to the reporter's peace of mind. Pulling himself together, however, the young man took the watch off and held it to the Indian chief's ear. The latter smiled and at once offered him \$500 for the time-piece. The offer was quickly accepted and Zapata sent a messenger to get the money and carefully counted it out himself. But the reporter happened to recall that he was a long distance from the border, that his wrist ornament cost only \$2.00, and that the trade might cause additional international altercations between two countries already very seriously in difficulty. So he hastily returned the money and presented the \$2.00 Ingersoll to the great chief.

It is of Emiliano that this incident is related; there are two Zapatas—Emiliano and Euphemio. The former is the great chief; the latter is simply his brother, with many privileges and small authority.

Zapata's entry into the City of Mexico was most interesting. It was in the early summer of 1914 when one of Obregon's couriers brought him the dreaded news that "the Zapatistas were coming." Obregon had a force of many thousands of men, a majority of whom had been recruited from the jails and penitentiaries and were made up of the worst elements in all Mexico of the time. Mex-

icans declare that he could have resisted and held the city, but many of his men had been on a prolonged debauch and were in no condition to do battle with any force, let alone with the dreaded Zapatistas, who commanded the respect of all Mexicans for many years in affairs of arms.

The Zapatistas took possession of the city practically without opposition, and the population awaited fearfully a new period of grewsome horror. To the astonishment of both the native and the foreign population, the reverse came to pass. There was some looting and here and there an outrage, but on the whole the Zapatistas were tractable, and refrained from all the crimes against women which had made the stay of the Obregon forces one of the worst chapters in the history of the Capital. The behaviour of the peons impressed the members of the American colony very forcibly. The city was full of Zapatistas—hordes upon hordes were encountered in the streets and public places all the time—little brown fellows, with heavy cartridge belts buckled around their gaunt bellies and over their shoulders and antiquated arms in their holsters. They viewed the great Capital in abject wonderment, and stood wide-eyed in amazement, gazing into the windows of the magnificent shops in which the Capital abounds. Presently their rations gave out and they became hungry, and Zapata was forced to permit them to beg. Americans in the city during that period tell many interesting experiences. A peon would approach and ask for a peso, stating pathetically that he was hungry. Nearly always his modest request was granted. If he was of-

ferred three or four pesos, he would not take the money, stating simply in the most matter-of-fact way that he was permitted to ask for one peso but no more. When he was hungry again he would ask for another.

It was at this time that the American, McManus, was shot. The Zapatistas were approaching the city, a long way from their native heath of Morelos, tired and hungry. McManus kept a model dairy and had many head of cattle. Approaching the house, the Zapatistas asked for food and drink. But McManus pointed to the American flag waving from the cupola of his home and told them he would give them nothing and have nothing to do with them in any way. The raiders then shot him dead before the eyes of his wife.

All the particulars were laid before the authorities at Washington—with the usual result. There was a great hullabaloo in the press at the time, and Americans in Mexico counted on the incident to bring them some protection, because McManus had carefully preserved his citizenship in the United States and at great expense had made pilgrimages to his home in Chicago to vote. Mrs. McManus, a charming woman of culture and refinement, picked up her little brood of five children and came to the United States.

Zapata himself was not in the raiding party, and it is said that he severely disciplined the ring-leaders in the affair. A very short time after the tragedy he sent Mrs. McManus 90,000 pesos as a measure of restitution. She brought the money to New York and was able to exchange it in Wall Street for \$16,000 in good United States cur-

rency. At the time of the exchange or, perhaps, a little later, Carranza officials were shooting down merchants and other citizens in some parts of Mexico, because they would not accept the worthless scrip of the Constitutional government.

Even now Zapata is circulating a peso in Morelos that is said to contain nearly two dollars' worth of silver. He is perfectly safe in doing so, because there is not the slightest probability of his people or himself ever being disturbed by the Carranzistas. The latter have a fairly well-disciplined army for ordinary purposes—but not for Zapata. Much comment has been caused by the Carranzistas' failure to occupy the Capital and by Obregon's sudden departure, much to the amusement of all familiar with the premises. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not drag either the "First Chief" or his worthy official, Obregon, to occupy the same state with Zapata. As these lines are penned, in June, 1916, the wires are again throbbing with the news that "Zapata may again take the City of Mexico." There has never been a time under Carranza or Obregon when he could not take it. The Zapatistas remain within the environs of their native state, Morelos, where they live a very happy and fairly well-ordered existence from the Mexican point of view, except occasionally when the thirst for adventure takes possession of them or there are no crops to plant or harvest. Then they hie themselves forth, and the jailbirds and other followers of Carranza, Obregon & Co. seek the safest and most distant places. To those familiar with the situation, the announcement from Washington that Carranza

had control of a major part of Mexico, at any time during his career, has been most humorous. Since Villa's downfall and loss of power, there has never been a time when Zapata could not have occupied any part of Mexico he cared to take possession of. It would not have been necessary for him to fight. He would simply have had to announce his coming. Zapata entirely understands Carranza, and is capable of great cruelty. Carranza knows it, and could not be induced to enter the Capital until he knew Zapata was at a safe distance and not on the war path.

Zapata and his army go forth to war only for pecuniary reasons. The people of Morelos are fairly well-to-do, so far as food and raiment are concerned. He received a very large consideration to run Obregon out of the Capital, it is said, from unknown sources, and the method in which it was done seems to have met with high approval in all quarters but the Carranzista camp. The Mexican people agree without hesitancy that the only period they have enjoyed at the Capital in more than three years, when they were free from outrage and persecution of almost every description, was during his brief occupation.

There is much that might be well said for Zapata. The absolute devotion and implicit obedience of his followers is sufficient evidence of some merit. The Carranza adherents have frequently deserted to the Villa ranks, and the reverse is, of course, also true. It has largely depended upon the condition of the finances of the two respective leaders and the amount of loot in sight. Carranza has frequently had to raise the pay of the

conglomerate hordes under him until they are now getting what is the equivalent of nearly fifty cents a day in United States money. His "soldiers" did not hesitate to lay down their arms when their wage was not forthcoming. On the other hand, the devotion of many of Villa's troops has become proverbial among United States army officers—many of his men following him to the verge of starvation—and the loyalty and fealty of the Zapatistas to their chief have never been questioned. In dismissing Zapata from further consideration, a tribute should be paid to his native honesty, which is not unlike that of a Mongolian. There is not a shopkeeper in Mexico who would not trust Zapata for almost anything within reason. Needless to say, no such testimony can be adduced in regard to Villa or Carranza.

Enter Pancho Villa, the Butcher-Bandit!

Down the long, weary corridors of Time, it is weirdly doubtful if any such strange commingling of the inhuman and bestial passions, merged into the form of a man, were ever permitted to pass as those possessed by this fiend incarnate. The milk-and-water viciousness and the thirst for assassination and wholesale executions of Carranza, the erstwhile barbaric cruelties of Zapata and the mad infamies and tortures indulged in by Geronimo, Aguinaldo, Sitting Bull, and other like notables, pale into faintest insignificance compared with the acts of frightfulness committed by this bandit, whose record is unparalleled and unexampled in ancient or modern history. No student of sociological problems or commentator along the way of human progress or down the path of a



wavering civilisation can fail to lament the misdirection of Villa's wonderful genius as a military strategist and masterful disciplinarian. He moulded an army out of nothing and fought that army not from some neighbouring hilltop, but in the vanguard, with an acumen and inherent knowledge of military tactics that was startling; at times absolutely dumfounding to the army officers across the border. Time and time again he illustrated a cunning and cleverness in the movement and direction of his troops that surpassed the most approved military tactics. There is not an officer in the United States Army, except perhaps Colonel Slocum, who has not a hidden glow of admiration for Villa, often but ill-concealed, from General Hugh Scott down to the newest recruit.

A misshapen destiny was Villa's, if ever there was one in human annals. A generation or two from now, when the world has time to pause and glance backward over these historic days, Villa's life and misdeeds will stand out with vivid and colourful distinctness. He will even be the theme of the writers of the penny dreadful, as the greatest of all outlaws, and he will for all time furnish the educationalist with the best example in any day or time of the terror of illiteracy and the evils of hopeless ignorance. And the Government of the United States, in the estimation of every fair-minded historian, will always have to stand sponsor for many of his crimes, that Government having played fast and loose with him, using him as a puppet to-day and a bludgeon to-morrow, until finally every evil passion in him was aroused, and the Columbus and countless other outrages and

massacres resulted. On Monday Villa was the idol and the Mexican white hope of the Administration at Washington; on Tuesday he was the bandit and worst outlaw in Mexico. As long as Villa thought he had the esteem of those in power in the United States, he preserved the peace for Americans as best he could and carefully guarded their property. General Scott bore testimony to that fact, and highly prizes the Indian blankets that Villa brought and laid at his feet with promise of good-will and good purpose. When the United States turned upon him without rhyme or reason and went over to the traitor Carranza, who had betrayed him at every turn of the road, it was but natural that Villa should turn, too—and turn he did down the road to Columbus, New Mexico.

That he played a hard game against Fate is admitted by all who have followed his terrible career. What might have happened and what he might or might not have been, had there been a guiding angel somewhere along the way with an arithmetic and grammar in stock, is an interesting surmise. For his great handicap was the burden that the vast majority of the human race has ever had to bear since the beginning—the need of light. Through his life of blackest infamy there are milestones of good purpose that might have been developed and made much of under proper conditions. But Fate was against him and despite his magnificent courage and some other good qualities he will pass over in the shadows, leaving behind him a record matchless in its criminal accomplishment.

Villa's name is really Doroteo Arango. He was born in the village of San Juan Dol Rio in Durango. He passed his early youth tending his mother's goats—a small herd upon which his mother, one sister, and two brothers depended for a meagre sustenance, the father of the little family having died when Villa was a mere stripling. His dreams were doubtless the dreams of a very lonesome lad passed in the vast fastnesses of the Sierra Madre. Sometimes his sheep would wander far over the mountains, close to the great property and rich pasture lands of the Terrazas estate on which were grazing a quarter of a million of the finest cattle in the country. He wondered, as all the world has wondered before him, why the great Terrazas should have two hundred square miles of velvety turf for his thousands of cattle to graze upon, while he and his goats had to comb the bleak mountains for scant food—and the old sins, envy, hatred, and malice began to take root in his mind. Destiny soon turned the first leaf for him. One day when he was but fifteen years old he returned home to find his mother and sister weeping and in perfect agony of grief. He learned that his sister, a girl of rare beauty, had been ruined by a wealthy rancher. Villa did not even pause to make comment. He launched himself on his horse with the wonderful agility and swiftness that afterwards made him famous, and in a twinkling he was out of sight. He caught up with the young nabob, about whose identity there has been much discussion and who is yet unknown, a few miles from his home and shot him to his death.

The incident seems to have been the turning point in Villa's life. He was then an outlaw and had to take to the mountains, where he lived in hiding until he thought the crime was forgotten or at least forgiven. Then he came down to Chihuahua and with his two brothers, Antonio and Hipolito, opened a butcher shop. There he is said to have worked industriously for several months, supporting his old heartbroken mother, who never recovered from the ruin of his sister, and directing the labours of his less enterprising brothers. He was to have no peace, however.

One Claro Reza, who had once been Villa's friend, saw his opportunity. Diaz was cleaning up the mountain country with his rural police. Reza joined them with the understanding that he was to capture Villa. The latter heard in some way of the compact. Not long afterward Reza was standing in one of the main streets of Chihuahua City, discussing his mission. Suddenly a great black horse appeared in view, and as he approached the spectators saw to their horror that the mad rider was Villa. Before the thought could pass intelligently through their minds, Reza was lying dead at their feet with one of Villa's bullets through his brain, and the latter was well on his way to some distant recess in the mountains.

Villa then gathered about him some choice spirits and they formed a little tribe or organisation of bandits which the whole country feared and avoided very religiously. The Diaz rurales were very effective all over Mexico except in the districts where it pleased Villa and his followers to operate. This section they studiously avoided. The

Terrazas estate covers fully three-fifths of the state of Chihuahua. Villa rustled the cattle when it pleased him, and he often said that the poor got their meat very cheap and that he did not take enough of the great herds to be missed. It was not a very exciting or a very entertaining life, he often declared, and when the matter of another revolution began to be discussed, he declared his intentions.

It was in 1910 that he made up his mind to take this step. The poor of Mexico were hungry; he wanted to abolish wealth and he wanted to do something for his people. In August he rode into Chihuahua and offered his services to General Abraham Gonzales in behalf of Madero. They were promptly accepted, despite the fact that he was a bandit and oftentimes murderer. They were also later accepted by Carranza after the Madero assassination, and Villa and the "First Chief" became fast friends, notwithstanding that Villa often boasted that he had killed more than forty men with his own hands and committed nearly every crime in the calendar. But Villa soon saw through Carranza's transparent hypocrisies and abandoned him, just as he had done with Madero.

American newspaper men in Mexico who have followed Villa's career have often wondered why he did not kill Madero and later also murder Carranza, both of whom he had learned to detest because of their varied weaknesses, if for no other reason. For Villa arrived at that stage where he had absolutely no regard for human life. Shortly after Juarez had fallen he killed a Spaniard named

Santiago Maese, in the presence of a number of newspaper correspondents. Three or four times he appears to have tried to rise out of his environment of incomparable perfidy and crime, but an adverse Fate always sent him back to the very abyss of infamy, until he finally became the most indescribably criminal human being the world has ever known.

And into the hands of Villa, Zapata, Obregon, and Carranza were the destinies of Mexico reposed when Huerta was forced into exile by the Government of the United States, and that whole land left to be laid low in waste and ruin and its people tortured, despoiled and ravished as no people were ever so maltreated before in history.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE RECOGNITION OF CARRANZA

Any eleemosynary or philanthropic conception that may have prompted the dethronement or removal of Huerta as the nominal head of the Mexican Nation signally miscarried from the day of his exile, just as all altruistic dreams of government without forcible direction are sure to be dispelled. It has been repeatedly said that Mexico does not need another Diaz. That may be true, but just now there are millions of Mexicans who would willingly welcome with outstretched hands a ruler with even half his ability, determination, and genius as disciplinarian.

No government is so powerful that it can be radically and logically successful without definite guidance, and that guidance can be had only through the genius and executive talents of a great leader. No matter how finely the Ship of State may be constructed, or how sound and firm the fundamental principles of its government, there must be a strong man at the wheel. This country has sadly needed another Washington, Jefferson, or Monroe for more than fifty years. The United States of Mexico have never had the proper form or semblance of good government, and its rulers, with the one or two exceptions already noted, have wrought their own ruin by their dictatorial and

tyrannical methods. That fact, coupled with the constant external political interferences and the internal hordes of adventurers and looters that have been forever and a day disturbing her domestic affairs, is only the natural consequence that the country should be in its present state of wreckage and national grief.

With Huerta's disappearance from the scene, the swarms of Carranzistas, Villistas, and Zapatistas began to strip the country of its riches like a plague of locusts. Rapine, pillage, and robbery were the order of the day. Murder under the guise of political execution became so common throughout the entire land that it finally arrived at a stage when it failed to excite more than passing comment.

Carranza was the first of the trio of brigands and assassins to put in his claim for supremacy. Early in the hideous game of pillage and murder, stalking abroad under the name of revolution, he put in his bid for the Chieftainship, telling a correspondent of the *London Times*, "I am the only leader recognised as supreme by all the chiefs of the revolution. We Constitutionlists refuse to recognise any President retained by force and shall execute anybody who recognises a President unconstitutionally elected and directly or indirectly guilty of the participation in the murder of Madero." How well he has kept his word in that direction is a matter of record well calculated to make the world stand aghast with horror. Influential Mexicans in this country whose integrity cannot be questioned say that literally hundreds of his opponents have been murdered—or executed,



as it is politically and politely termed—without rhyme or reason except the fact that they were opposed to the “First Chief.” By this reign of terror he hoped to incite the populace to a wholesale fear of him and his accomplices and drive the best element of the Mexican people out of the land. That his well-laid plans were eminently successful is conclusively shown by the number of exiles in this country now, which readily mounts up to more than 60,000 Mexicans and members of the foreign colonies.

“Governments” have changed with the moon. One distinguished Mexican, Lascurain, was President for just twenty minutes. Carbajal succeeded Huerta and remained in the office for just one month after the former had resigned on July 15, 1914. Carranza’s threats unquestionably had their effect. A multitude of Mexicans who had watched his career when governor of Coahuila and knew his characteristics of vacillation and cruelty at once hastened out of Mexico. Later when it was seen he was in favour with the United States Government many foreign residents, at much sacrifice, followed their example. The exiles included the best element of both of those classes of people, and there only remained at the capital at that early day those who were forced to do so for business or social reasons.

The Constitutional Army, with the “First Chief” at its head, took possession of the Capital on August 15 of the same year, without any resistance on the part of the populace and to their utter dismay. Carranza immediately began his play to win over the esteem of the “Gringos.” Elections

were discussed and promised at great length in the newspapers—the same elections that Carranza is still promising the people at this late day, with the country on the eve of what nothing but a miracle can prevent from becoming a long war. At that early stage of affairs Villa and Carranza, the two choicest samples of the bandit and brigand the world has ever produced, were like the entertaining Damon and Pythias. Frequent notes of esteem and good-will were passed and carefully published in the press throughout the United States. The utmost spirit of *camaraderie* seemed to exist between them, it was repeatedly stated. The English and French journals, however, declined to be fooled or cajoled into the belief in the consistency of purpose of either of these two worthies, and the files of the *London Times* are a fine record of journalistic acumen and anticipation of the situation just as it exists to-day.

For a few weeks there was peace between the two chiefs. Then suddenly Villa, who was far away in the northern hills, began to scent danger. He was informed by his couriers that there would be nothing left in the Capital worth carting away if the "First Chief" and his army remained there much longer. So the "First Chief" was told he must retire, the butcher-bandit issuing an ultimatum (save the term!) to that effect. Immediate serious differences followed, and a lengthy exchange of notes, ultimatums and dispatches extraordinary ensued anent the fashion of the day and time. A convention of all the various revolutionary chiefs, soldiers of fortune, makers and manipulators of propaganda and what not was

finally decided upon, to meet at Aguas Calientes. Here it was announced that a new government would be decided upon and the proper personages put in power.

Again was the almost masterly genius of Villa illustrated. When the delegates convened, it was known that a large number of them were in favour of Carranza, if for no other reason than because he was apparently the lesser of two great leadership evils. In some mysterious way Villa got control of the convention and, almost before the outside world could glean a comprehensive idea of what was going on, he authoritatively announced Carranzas retirement and Carbajal was instructed to take possession of the Government Palace at the Capital. The Mexican populace drew its breath.

What phase in the ever-changing political kaleidoscope would turn up next? They had not long to wait in suspense. Early in November, after the convention had been in session for several weeks, General Eulalio Gutierrez was declared Provisional President. Villa, who could neither read nor write, who only with great difficulty could decipher his own name, had completely taken possession of the assemblage and had the man of his own designation put in power. Never doing things by halves, he then proceeded to see to it that Gutierrez was properly installed in office.

Carranza was then in possession of the Capital, with all the pomp and paraphernalia of office about him.

Among the dominant surface characteristics of

Carranza, barring his circus-ring egotism, the most conspicuous in his great fear of Villa. It is for this reason that all familiar with the conditions and relations between the two men have always treated humorously the idea that Carranza has ever had any serious thought of attempting to capture his bandit rival.

Villa approached the Capital leisurely, having sent word that he was coming to install the new President in office. Carranza harkened to the news, and within two hours after he heard it he left the capital with his bodyguard post-haste. It is said that no quicker trip was ever made to Vera Cruz than he made in this instance.

That city had been evacuated by the Americans on November 23, and Carranza, appreciating that it was easier to get away from Villa there than from some interior city, promptly made it his capital.

The so-termed "Convention of Chiefs" had by this time formed the habit of appointing presidents. Gutierrez was not a success as President, and on January 16, 1915, another Provisional President, Roque Gonzalez Garza, was appointed. He lasted just a few days when Carranza's army, largely reinforced from the south, marched in and again took possession of the Capital.

The "First Chief" himself, profiting by past experiences and not caring to run any personal risks, studiously avoided the Capital. The first differences between Carranza and Obregon took place on this occasion, when the latter insisted that it was plainly the "First Chief's" duty to occupy the Capital, if for no other reason than for the

moral effect. Carranza, having fine regard for his own skin, was obdurate, and Obregon, who from the first has seemed to have the same kind of fear for Carranza that Carranza has of Villa, was forced to take possession of the Capital without his superior's companionship. This period of Obregon's occupancy is that of which the Mexicans speak in such dire horror and which has already been described in these pages. His stay, fortunately for the people of the Capital, was but brief.

Villa proclaimed himself President—there was no "provisional" about his claim—on February 16, and Zapata, coming out of the mist somewhere, took possession of the Capital, Obregon and the large force under him fleeing from the city in great disorder.

The Carranza and Villa forces continued to do occasional battle with each other, when they were not too busy looting the country and issuing worthless paper currency, and on April 15, 1915, Obregon defeated Villa at Celaya, in one of the few engagements of the revolution that may be dignified by the term "battle." It was during this engagement that Obregon is said to have displayed great bravery, and in the fighting lost his arm. There are many different versions of the story, however, and it is difficult to believe a man capable of any great courage whose whole career is marred by innumerable outrages by himself and his men upon priests and nuns, women and children.

The incidents that followed leading up to the recognition of Carranza and his de facto govern-

ment—which never at any time has borne the remotest resemblance to government unless unlimited and unlicensed rapine and murder and barbaric outrage upon Americans and Mexicans alike can be termed government—is interesting only inasmuch as it has bearing upon the future conduct of the United States Government in the premises. No student of the Mexican problem as it stands, in the late days of June, 1916, is going to undervalue or underestimate the dire consequences that may befall this country because of the incalculable error already committed.

Unfortunately, the crisis—the intrinsic crisis of the situation—was reached during the throes of the several conventions to nominate a President of the United States. And, of course, it would have been asking too much of the American politician to refrain from attempting to make political capital out of the situation.

There have been moments in the National life of this land when such vulgar effort for self or partisan enhancement would have rebounded upon those involved with irresistible force and consequences. But the ideals of the statesmen of today and the sentiments of the American people are not so highly placed, and the nauseating spectacle is presented of one party carrying a Mexican plank on its platform *pro* and the other party *con*—fortunately, the third party has been eliminated from a much-confused political situation. And the question arises: Is Mexico to be the campaign issue, a cat's-paw in the approaching Presidential contest?

May not this land, sickened with strife and in-

conceivable evil and error, be saved from that untoward Fate? Assuredly there must be somewhere in the recesses of the Government chambers a remnant of the majestic equity and justice, once prevailing in the dominions of Washington and Jefferson, that might be meted out to Mexico!

The A B C Conference in August, in which participated several representative Mexicans, justices of the United States, and others, arranged to all intents and purposes with the object of removing Huerta, succeeded beyond the warmest hopes of its advocates—if that was its purpose. Then followed, in October, the conferences with the Latin-American delegates, in which Carranza did not take any part, despite the insistence of this Government that he do so, for he not only declined to attend in person, but would not even permit a delegate to appear as his representative. The Secretary of State on the one side and the representatives of the South American republics—Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Guatemala, Bolivia and Uruguay—on the other, attended these conferences, and when they were concluded it was announced that the entire body was in favour of the recognition of Carranza. All the delegates were careful not to commit their governments, and authorities on international law say that the proceedings were most irregular. Certainly nothing to establish any such remarkable precedent can be found in history, and the astounding spectacle is presented of one faction in the “revolution”—at that time unquestionably a very weak faction—being accorded recognition. Some of the preliminary proceedings leading up to these conferences

and the consummation of the recognition are not enhancing, nor do they lend to the dignity of the United States as a nation and a great Power.

Carranza's proverbial weakness as the Governor of Coahuila and his unenviable reputation as a *poseur* and trickster, long before he ever set up his appalling guillotine, had been noised abroad and, of course, reached the authorities in the Latin-American countries. So they had to be placated. At least two of the republics—Chile and Argentine—which in days gone by have given this country no little trouble, were dealt with very flatteringly and diplomatically. With one sweep both of these countries were raised from comparative obscurity of representation to the highest diplomatic grade, their Ministers being promoted to Ambassadors. This move on the part of the Administration at Washington excited widespread comment and much unfavourable criticism. It was a very effective move for its purpose, however, and when the time came for the recognition both of these countries silently consented.

Carranza evidently knew far in advance that he was to be recognised, as he was on October 9, 1915, for his assurance was astounding and Americans were amazed when, on the very day following the announcement, he insisted that the Red Cross, the only organisation of importance that was doing any relief work in the diseased and death-ridden country, should cease its operations and depart. The reason of this was perfectly obvious to all familiar with the conditions. The "First Chief" wanted full sway to put in operation his guillotine and reign of intimidation, and no



sooner were the Red Cross officials entrained than he began his iniquitous programme with practically no fear of publicity in this or any land outside his own, for everything like news was censored or else absolutely killed.

The first important personage to fall under his axe was Alberto Garcia Granados, Huerta's first Minister of the Interior. Granados was a member of an old and distinguished Mexican family and a great favourite with the foreign colony because of his genial, courteous treatment to all strangers and his endless flow of good spirits. At the mock trial—for it was nothing more or less than that—he testified that he was sixty-eight years old and did not accept a position in Huerta's Cabinet or recognise his Government in any way until the Maderista element in the House of Representatives had approved it. He sadly told the people assembled in the court room, all of whom knew that his doom was sealed long before the farcical trial was begun, that he had kept aloof from politics all his life, during the old Cientifico regime in Mexico and against the order of affairs instituted by Madero, only to permit himself to be dragged into the Huerta abyss. The Public Prosecutor, touched by the old gentleman's appeal, announced at much personal risk to his own safety that he would be satisfied with a sentence of two years' imprisonment.

The Court had its instructions, however, and the prisoner was immediately sentenced to death and executed a few hours after the Carranza recognition by the United States.

This first execution was followed by others

throughout the country in such rapid succession that they startled the whole country and brought closely home the early threat of the "First Chief," that he would execute all who opposed his rule and will. Naturally these murders—for they were nothing more or less—have attracted much adverse comment in the Latin-American countries which were parties to the recognition. Several of the diplomats of those lands argue that they were led into the error by the United States and will, like England and France, in the end hold this Government responsible for the inhumanity and great losses entailed.

President Wilson has always insisted that the sovereignty of Mexico must be preserved—that the nation must be treated as a wholly independent state. It was upon this basis that Carranza was recognised. There is small variance or difference of opinion among the authorities on this point. Halleck, in his "International Law," says:

"When . . . a state changes its government or a province or colony that before had no separate existence is in the possession of the rights of sovereignty, the possession of sovereignty *de facto* is taken to be possession *de jure*, and any foreign power is at liberty to recognise such sovereignty by treating with the possessor of it as an independent state. Where sovereignty is necessary to the validity of an act no distinction is or ought to be made between sovereignty founded on a good or bad title . . . In international transactions possession is sufficient."

In Lawrence Wheaton's "International Law" (pt. I, chap. 2, p. 36) is found the following dis-

cussion of what actually constitutes sovereignty in a state:

Sovereignty is acquired by a state either at the origin of the civil society of which it is composed or when it separates itself from the community of which it previously formed a part and on which it was dependent. . . . The internal sovereignty of a state does not in any degree depend upon its recognition by other states. . . . The existence of the state *de facto* is sufficient in this respect to establish its sovereignty *de jure*. It is a state because it exists.

Precisely the same definition of a sovereign state is found also in Kluber, "*Droit des Gens Moderne de l'Europe*," section 23.

Further, in Lawrence Wheaton's, page 47, is the following:

Where a revolted province or colony has declared and shown its ability to maintain its independence the recognition of its sovereignty by other foreign states is a question of policy and prudence only.

And again, on page 48 of the same work, Lawrence's note No. 19, it is said:

Before a formal recognition by sending ambassadors and entering into treaties by foreign powers, there should be a practical cessation of hostilities on the part of the old state which may long precede the theoretical renunciation of her rights, and there should be a consolidation of the new state so far as to be in a condition of main-

taining international relations with other countries, an absolute bona fide possession of independence as a separate kingdom, not the enjoyment of perfect and undisturbed tranquillity—a test too severe for many of the oldest kingdoms—but there should be the existence of a government acknowledged by the people over whom it is set, and ready to prove its responsibility for their conduct when they come in contact with foreign nations.

The same doctrine is declared in "Historicus," I, page 9, by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, which was published at the time of the War of the Rebellion in the United States:

Recognition of the independence of a revolted state is only lawful when such independence is de facto established.

W. E. Hall, the first of the English authorities and one of the most recent on international law, says:

Assuming that the recognition of the Spanish-American republics by the United States and England may be taken as a typical example of recognition given upon unimpeachable grounds, and bearing in mind the principle that recognition can not be withheld when it has been earned, it may be said generally that—

(1) Definitive independence can not be held to be established, and recognition is consequently not legitimate, so long as a substantial struggle is being maintained by the formerly sovereign state for the recovery of its authority; and that

(2) A mere pretension on the part of the formerly sovereign state or a struggle so inadequate as to offer no reasonable ground for supposing that success may ultimately be obtained is not enough to keep alive the rights of the state and so to prevent foreign countries from falling under an obligation to recognise as a state the community claiming to have become one.

In a note of Dana's to Wheaton's "International Law" he says that the tests which should determine the recognition of a foreign state are "the necessities of the foreign recognising state and the truth of the facts implied that the state treated with was at the time in the condition *de facto* of an independent state." (Extract and note from W. E. Hall's *International Law*, Part II. Chap. I, p. 93.)

Carranza has on no occasion had a following of as much as ten per cent. of the 16,000,000 Mexican people. At the time of the recognition of the *de facto* government, his following numbered less than half that percentage. Thousands of Mexicans out of sheer fear of assassination and execution acknowledged his authority, but they could not be counted upon as adherents or followers, as subsequent events have so clearly shown. Mexican sovereignty under Carranza was a myth at first, but now it has become a dangerous fiction which extends far beyond its borders. Grave and long-experienced Senators of the United States pointed out the impossibility of a government on anything like legitimate lines under Carranza, before and after his recognition. The process of treating a country, run over with banditti and ter-

rorised on all sides, as a sovereign state was the most harmful fiction from the beginning. Fortunately for the long-suffering Mexicans and Americans in Mexico, it is no longer an idle theory that can be persisted in and made political capital of in the United States. The whole situation has become intolerable. We are now at the parting of the ways.

Mexico is bankrupt. The treasury coffers, so well filled by Limantour in the balmy days of Diaz, are empty. The great bankers of the world, with far more astuteness than has been shown by the Administration at Washington, logically reckoned from the day of his recognition that the "First Chief" was unsafe and unsound and utterly untrustworthy. They had only to see the results of his promises to this country to confirm this belief. Knowing well Mexico's enormous wealth of soil and natural resources, they would like to have strained a point and placed in Carranza's hands a sufficient sum of money to set up a government. American banking houses had much idle money. The enormous profits from munitions and supplies to the warring countries in Europe put the bankers of the United States in a position where they could have made a loan of almost any magnitude. With Limantour in the Mexican Treasury and Diaz at the head of the Government, a loan as large if not larger than that granted England could have been had for the asking. But except for the money obtained in the Yucatan deal for sisal hemp, which was nothing more or less than the purchase price for the crop, the "First Chief" has been unable to borrow a penny from sources

other than Germany. Wall Street bankers have refused his emissaries even entrance to their ante-rooms. Influential Germans have been rendering him financial assistance when it was possible, but is Germany in a position to finance Mexico in a war against the United States or in another factional, internecine spat whereby Carranza may really gain the ascendancy which he has not now? Financial experts say that before his troubles are over, Germany will be worse off than Mexico and that her people will have to have outside help or else perish. So there is small hope for Mexico from that quarter.

The very fact that Mexico is not a sovereign state or never at any time in years had any legitimate claim to that title is where the great danger and trouble lies. It is a state or community more lawless than the most lawless mining camp in the Northwest. It has never been able to offer protection to its own citizens, let alone foreigners. It has never attempted to prevent bandits and brigands from its own ranks from crossing the border and killing Americans, and it has made no effort to prevent other outlaws from doing the same thing. And now its so-called *de facto* government has dealt in murder and pillage and robbery from the very day of its inception. Banks, churches, homes and even the vaults of its own Treasury have been broken into and robbed in broad daylight over and again.

If it were not for the infinite pathos of it all, there would be bathos in a discussion of Mexico's sovereignty.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE COLUMBUS MASSACRE

The impossibility and absurdity of attempting to create a sovereign state, bearing anything resembling a logical form of government, out of banditti-ridden and brigand-infested Mexico under a chieftain of the Carranza ilk was apparent from the beginning. In the "First Chief's" *entourage* were no officials capable of assuming any such colossal task, and had there been, their efforts would have been immediately frustrated by Obregon, whose thirst for power and loot is equal only to that of Carranza himself. The recognition, it will be for all time recalled, was accorded only *de facto*, with the paramount and explicit understanding that order was to be brought out of the chaos, wholesale robbery was to cease, and religious liberty was to be restored to the people—promises that have been utterly ignored. Eliseo Arredondo, first cousin of Carranza, then Confidential Agent of the Constitutionalists, and afterwards Ambassador from Mexico, made frequent trips to the White House, and these promises were reiterated time and time again. How well they were kept is a matter of record already recounted in these pages and only in a slight degree touched upon, we regret to say. The demoniac infamy of the Carranzistas can never be



told in detail. The "gentle, kindly old man," who had been so brilliantly painted by his propagandists, has proved himself a master hand in a new-fangled perfidy hitherto unknown in the annals of any land. While the acts of vileness have not been performed by himself personally, they have been approved and lauded by him in the most flagrant fashion. When any Mexican—peon or priest, official or highwayman—has offended him or his always willing assistant, Obregon, he has simply been branded "Villista" and shot to death or else imprisoned and tortured into subjection.

As long as there was a possibility of an American loan, pretensions of friendship for the United States were assumed. In December, 1915, a short time after the recognition accorded the *de facto* government, Antonio Manero, a financial agent of the Carranza Treasury Department, came to New York and made application for a loan of \$50,000,000. The very identical day—December 20—venders were selling Carranza and Villa currency notes on the streets of the metropolis at the rate of a thousand pesos for five cents in American pennies or a United States nickel, just as you pleased to pay. Had Manero—a suave and well-groomed young Mexican—been Toto, the Hippodrome clown, appearing in a white face and polka-dotted pantaloons, with his cap and bells all dangling about, he could not have created more amusement down among the Wall Street money men than he did when he arrived and asked for the Mexican loan. Washington might have confidence in Carranza, but Wall Street had no American dollars to lend him, Manero was told very

frankly. If he wanted money it could be had very simply from German sources, he was informed.

It so happened that Manero put in his appearance just after the United States Government had uncovered the plot of Germany, through investigation of the activities of Franz von Rintelen, to embroil this country with Mexico. Von Rintelen came to the United States, it was disclosed during the investigation, almost with power supreme—second only to Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, and outranking Captain Boy-Ed, the German naval attaché, and Captain von Papen, the military attaché. He had in his possession a sum of not less than \$20,000,000 for “missionary work” against the United States. A complete history of this movement is on file in the State Department at Washington.

Manero returned to Mexico, and a few months later it was conclusively shown that Carranza then had ample money to finance a revolution. The question naturally arises: Where did he get it? Certainly not in Mexico. Long since had that stricken land been laid bare and waste. There is not food or sustenance enough within its borders to keep the millions of peons and many even of the better class of the populace from starvation. The whole population is dying by the thousands, as all the world will shortly know when the American troops get well into the interior and take possession of the Capital.

In this connection it may be interesting to turn back the leaves of this volume to the letter reproduced from the New York *Herald*, instructing the German reservists to report at Juarez. Curiously

coincident is the fact that shortly thereafter the following notice was posted in all the public places of the same city:

"We invite all the citizens and inhabitants of Juarez who care to receive military instruction free and voluntarily. This call is for the purpose of having all men practice in order to be prepared in case a break comes with the United States. Please report for service at 5.30 each afternoon in the Plaza Principal, opposite the headquarters of the Twenty-eighth Battalion. This is necessary in order to apportion the arms and to be ready for any tricks which might come in."

This notice, in Spanish, the above being a literal translation, was signed by Jesus Valdez, a well-known civilian resident of Juarez, and had the approval of the military authorities.

Public attention was detracted from Carranza and his futile efforts to set up a government and turned to Villa during the succeeding months of late fall and winter following the recognition of the de facto government. Enraged beyond description at the action of the President of the United States in recognising the "First Chief" as the head of the Mexican people, Villa swore vengeance in direst form and threatened to fight the United States with what men he could surround himself with, and if he could not get sufficient followers would do battle against his enemies alone. Carranza and his agents in Washington and elsewhere repeatedly announced that Villa would eventually be captured by their forces and declared that banditry was being put down in

the country, and that it was only a question of time when Villa would be captured. Then a request from Carranza that he be allowed to move a section of his army across American territory, in order that he might approach nearer the Villa strongholds, was granted by President Wilson without apparent hesitancy. The rage of the butcher-bandit over the recognition was insignificant compared to the ire aroused within him and his followers over the movement of the troops through United States territory. This action was shortly followed by an embargo on arms to all factions in Mexico except Carranza and the troops supposed to be under his command.

Not in any wise daunted, Villa retired for the moment to the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre ranges and prepared to strike hard and bitterly where it would hurt most—upon the innocent and helpless people on the border. The matter of arms and munitions scarcely worried him. Of these he had plenty and an abundance in the mountain strongholds which had been his haunts since boyhood. The heads of the great munitions corporations in New York could a tale unfold about the arms that Villa had hidden in these mountains, if they cared to do so.

There is a new machine gun on the market that shoots about as many times a minute as the second hand of a racing watch can count time. It can be carried on the back of a soldier or peon, tripod and all, with comparative ease. The range depends largely on the marksman, but it is good with a fair shot for several hundred yards, and some of the peons who are loyal to Villa, because

they believe in him, can cut a Mexican hieroglyphic in a cactus leaf with one of these guns. In the caches of the Sierra Madre Mountains, the munitions people say, Villa has a large number of these guns and rounds enough of ammunition to pick off every cavalryman in the United States Army—if they only got close enough to the guns.

But this feat is hardly possible. To travel along the narrow trails of the Sierra Madre ranges, the packs on the backs of the little cactus-eating mules have to be measured very narrowly and closely in order to allow them to pass at all. In many of the mountain passes there is scarcely room for the small, underfed peon to make his way through. It is seriously questionable if a United States cavalryman, with his big troop horse and the very lightest equipment, can get close enough to the Villistas to get shot—let alone capture Villa—in these ranges.

Columbus, New Mexico, of 300 or 400 inhabitants, is the name of the historic place that Villa selected to wreak his vengeance upon first. It is a typical border town with some good people within its environs and many that are not. There are hotels, churches, dance halls, schools, hovels, gambling dens, and all the latter-day paraphernalia of a new town in the early stages of civilisation. Villa probably selected it for the reason that it was somewhat out of the beaten way along the 1850 miles of practically unprotected border and he had reason to believe that it had sunk into a veritable somnolence of security. He measured the wits and wisdom of the guardian angels of the town well and wisely. Columbus, with no gas

or electricity, was asleep—buried in the sleep of the just and unjust, when out of the blackness of night, Villa, attended by several hundred horsemen, many of whom were but poorly mounted, rode down upon the town.

Columbus is on the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad. Villa crossed the border at a point known as Gibson's Line and boldly brought his men over eighteen miles of American territory through a large American property known as Moore's Ranch. Colonel Herbert J. Slocum, in command of a meagre guard of the Thirteenth Cavalry, was supposed to be on the *qui vive* for just such an attack. Plainly he was not prepared, the sentries were overcome, and, there being no outpost, Villa had a comparatively simple task to ride into the town, murder in their sleep seventeen Americans, among whom were eight troopers, and ride out again, carrying with him some of the best of Colonel Slocum's troop horses. To add to that officer's difficulties, one of the archaic and antediluvian machine guns, with which the United States Army is so abundantly supplied, went wrong at the crucial moment and helped Villa to add another laurel to the already long list of his marauding parties.

No censure has been passed upon Colonel Slocum. None, perhaps, is due him. His instructions from Washington were imperative. It meant the loss of his commission if he followed and attempted to capture Villa—and failed. Lack of initiative in an army officer is always a grave fault. If Colonel Slocum had had time to gather his wits about him and give the matter serious thought, he

would have remembered that Washington dearly loves a hero and he would have taken the chances and assumed the responsibility of following Villa to his mountain lairs. Villa was himself badly mounted, and the men of his party were half starved and the horses under them half skeletons, as was shown by the animals left dead on the field.

Nevertheless, it was the only logical opportunity ever afforded the American Army to capture the outlaw since he had declared his undying enmity to the United States—and it seems nothing short of a crying shame that Colonel Slocum lacked the initiative. An English, French or Russian officer would never have been handicapped by any such childish orders as those that he was carrying around in his saddle-bags. But he missed the opportunity of his military career. Had he succeeded in capturing Villa, his reception at Washington would have been second only to that of Admiral Dewey after the Spanish War. Had he failed, to be sure he would have lost his commission. Carranza and Obregon are creatures of the moment that it will be easy enough for this Government to dispose of in time. But Villa, who not only seems to bear a charmed life but whose undaunted courage cannot be questioned, is a different and far more dangerous proposition. Colonel Slocum had the opportunity and lost—and more is the pity! It is hardly probable that Fate will ever present him with such another magnificent chance for distinction.

The United States Army—as it is officered—cannot be too warmly praised for the attitude it

has assumed throughout the Mexican mess. It speaks more highly for the *esprit de corps* of those in command than a thousand victories. It has long been conceded that the character of the men that come out of West Point is as high, if not higher, than of those of any other service in the world. Numerically, the United States Army may not be very strong—admittedly it is not very powerful at the top and the rank and file may be open to severe criticism in some directions; but it is well to pause when any ill-natured comment may be prompted by the Mexican enigma. There is hardly any known insult that the officers of the Army have not been subjected to since last October when the insolent brigand Carranza was permitted to assume a position of authority by the sanction and approval of the Administration at Washington. With hands literally tied behind them, the officers of the Army have had to receive and submit to these insults in grim silence. Told that they should not have even scant food shipped over the Mexican railroads, that they must not enter towns or villages to get food, that they must not do this or that in any way to offend a murderous lot of brigands and bandits, they have quietly submitted, tired often, hungry oftener, with the grace and good humour of a corps of cadets at their first cotillion.

The last crowning insult of insults at this writing is the order to General Pershing at the head of the Punitive Expedition that he must not move his troops south, west or east. This command came directly from the "First Chief" himself.



Ye gods! Think of it, kind reader—suppose General Pershing should lose his compass!

Even an army worm will turn, however, and the Columbus massacre disturbed the digestive apparatus of that old Indian hunter and fighting machine, General Funston, to the extent that he sent this message to the War Department post-haste:

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.,  
March 10th.

It is the opinion of Colonels Dodd and Slocum, in which I concur, that unless Villa is relentlessly pursued and his force scattered he will continue raids. As troops of Mexican Government are accomplishing nothing and he can consequently make his preparations and concentrations without being disturbed he can strike at any point on the border, we being unable to obtain advance information as to his whereabouts. If we fritter away whole commands guarding towns, ranches and railroads it will accomplish nothing if he can find safe refuge across line after every raid. Although probably not more than 1,000 took part in Columbus raid he is believed to have about 3,000. Even if he should not continue raids he has entered upon a policy of merciless killing of Americans in Mexico. To show apathy and gross inefficiency of Mexican Government troops, an American woman held by Villa for nine days but who escaped in Columbus fight states that during all that time he was undisturbed at no great distance from the border collecting a force of 3,000. The few Government troops in the region fled, losing all contact with him and not even informing us as to his whereabouts. If it is proposed to take

action suggested I recommend no information be given out. If desired I will personally take command. It would be desirable to replace as soon as possible from available cavalry in the United States the cavalry taken from the border.

FUNSTON.

The result attendant upon the sending of this message was the greatest shock the Army has had in many years. It was confidently believed in military circles that the "watchful-waiting" habit had become chronic and that no amount of massacres, raids or mutilation of American citizens would move President Wilson from his peace-at-any-price policy. The almost immediate response by code authorising General Funston to go as he pleased and deemed wisest in the premises was another shock, but it cleared the atmosphere wonderfully and raised the Chief Executive in the humble estimation of the Army many hundred per cent. The Army little knew what was to follow. The Senate passed a resolution immediately that the invasion was not intervention and the War Department proceeded to get down to business. The Eleventh and the Fifth Cavalry, with medical units, motor trucks, and the several aeroplanes of which the Army boasts, were sent to the scene. It was a slow and laboured process from start to finish, through no fault of the Army or those in command. It is very much simpler to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear than it is to make an invading army out of some military odds and ends gathered up here and there promiscuously.

There was not a supply train along the whole

border; motor trucks had to be purchased and the guns of the service sorted out and the elderly ones eliminated so that they would not all fail to work at the crucial time, as did the machine thing at Columbus.

Some time ago, when "Tony" Hamilton was the star publicity man of Barnum & Bailey's Circus, he noticed two quiet, military looking men sitting in a box. It was the last night of the circus and the show was booked for a long jump. While Tony was watching them, one of the two vaulted out of the box and came over and quietly announced that they were officers in the German army and were over here to study transportation methods—especially the transportation methods of Barnum & Bailey's Circus. Hamilton immediately tendered the courtesy of the management and the officers travelled with the show for a week, making copious notes. They saw how a thousand people, herds of wild animals, great tents and endless paraphernalia were moved, set up and taken down every few hours with a precision and mechanical certainty a little short of marvelous. A little later—two or three years—the big circus went to Germany. Hamilton was invited to witness the transportation facilities of a big section of the Kaiser's army about to be moved across the country. He frankly admitted that the Germans had beaten the circus and adopted some of their army's methods. Thus it may be said that the German army got many valuable points from the transportation methods of an American circus, and enlarged upon them most efficiently.

It took Germany just about the same time to get a million men into France as it took General Funston to start the Pershing expedition into Mexico—and it was no fault of General Funston. He is in no wise responsible for the antique customs and habits that prevail in the United States Army. The day that General Funston's despatch was received at Washington, the new Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, formerly Mayor of Cleveland, assumed the duties of his office. He fortunately had the good judgment not to interfere with any of the details, leaving all the arrangements to that veteran, General Hugh Scott, whom the Carranzistas so cordially hate because they think he has a certain admiration for Villa and his bravery.

When General Pershing did finally start, he had a formidable array of some 6,000 men, including field artillery, cavalry, infantry with machine guns, such as they were, mountain howitzers on mules that were led by soldiers, eight acroplanes on transports, only two of which afterwards turned out to be serviceable, and a lot of nondescript bargain-counter motor trucks purchased in a hurry for the occasion.

For display was impressive, and the moral effect of the expedition worth while, perhaps. But to capture Villa, who had six days' start on some of Colonel Slocum's best troop horses, and friends all along the route—the humour of the situation was irresistible. Colonel Dodd, fifty miles down the border, moved in on a like mission from Hachita, N. M. Both commands had a small army of cow-punchers, gathered up from some of the big ranches, out in front doing scout duty. Great

hopes were roused in their behalf at first. But, so far as getting a definite scent of Villa is concerned, they were as helpless and useless as all but two of the aeroplanes in service.

If the Pershing Expedition has accomplished little or nothing, it is no fault of the Army. It had no secret service, no reconnaissance, no supply trains—practically nothing for a quick campaign for which it was intended—not even goggles to protect the eyes of the men in the sand and amid storms. Besides, many of the men doing police duty on the border were stale. There is nothing so demoralising to a force of active, well-disciplined troops as the kind of work they have been doing up and down the border. The Mexicans could “snipe” them as much as they pleased, but they must not “snipe” back; and the patrol along the dank wastes and sand deserts, with not a chance for action, has literally worn out many of the best men. About the only thing they could hope for was to be run down, shot in their sleep without a chance for retaliation, not being permitted or equipped to follow their assailants across the border.

And Villa, the mysterious, is still at large. He has been shot, wounded unto death, buried, exhumed, and resurrected so often by the Carranzistas, that even the ever-gullible American public will no longer believe the varied canards about him. Those Mexican savants that know best his movements say that at the psychological moment he will put in his appearance in the usual good health and spirits.

For all the outside world knows, Villa may be an honoured guest in the "First Chief's" private household. It is hardly likely that Carranza would register any objections under present conditions.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION

Pride in American institutions is one of the most commendable and praiseworthy characteristics of the people of this God-endowed land. Unfortunately, however, this national esteem in its enthusiastic refrain sometimes absolutely disregards the merits of the case and assumes a sort of blindness-to-virtue form that is most regrettable.

The lament of the United States Army for the past sixty years or more has been one long inharmonious song for equipment. It has never been within many per cent. of possible antagonists among the great powers, and now, when the equipment is so much needed, it is not to be had for love or money. The whole land has been bereft of troop horses for months past. The Allies have bought up everything like a good cavalry animal within sight, and France, England and Italy now have under contract steeds even in foal for their soldiers' mounts. The average United States army soldier would not know one of the modern armoured motor cars—thousands of which are used by the soldiers of the English, French, Italian and German armies—if he met it in the middle of the road.

How could he?

He is turned out of West Point, one of the finest military schools extant, as finished and finessed in the art and technique of warfare theoretically as any officer in the world. But unless he marries a rich wife, or happens to get an appointment as a military *attaché* to some of the United States embassies abroad, there his education begins and ends, so far as the intrinsic, modern methods of warfare are concerned. If he were to ask for an appropriation from his congressman—the gentleman of the pork-and-fat-infested proclivities—to go abroad and study warfare and armament in detail, as employed to-day, he would be regarded as a madman; and yet the German army sends two army officers over here to see how Barnum & Bailey load and unload their circus vans!

A little coterie of army officers was seated about the round table in the sally-port club down at Fortress Monroe, in March, three years ago. One of the older officers, who has been sick at heart at the lack of condition of the Army for some twenty or thirty years back, called attention to an article in an English periodical, recounting the trip of a Zeppelin up around the North Sea, through the severest sort of stress and storm of weather, a distance of 1,400 miles, carrying a crew of twenty-two men and two tons of cargo, munitions, et cetera. When the commander of the airship returned to his base at Christiania, Norway, a board of German army officers was awaiting him. Before alighting, he informed the board through a megaphone that his men were all well



and that he thought he could repeat the trip, having food and water enough, without any difficulty.

"I wonder if it would do any good to send this story up to Washington," remarked one of the young and particularly verdant officers.

The other officers glared at him angrily, and one of them dug down in his pockets, got out a story from a Western newspaper, stating how many millions the rural mail delivery system cost the people in the United States, calling attention to one route in Tennessee, upon which lived five people who could read and write—and that route cost the United States Government \$800 per year.

The trouble in the Balkans was brewing; there was a war cloud hanging over Mexico at that early day; half a dozen or more young and promising West Pointers had been recently killed trying to use the antiquated aeroplanes in the service, while the army airmen of England, France and Italy were looping the loop before breakfast for exercise—but every army man knew also how much effect the Zeppelin article would have had on the Congress of the United States.

Lessons count for naught. All the tutelage in the entire military manual would not do any good, the army men say under their breath. Soldiers—mere boy militiamen—died by the thousands at Montauk Point and other places during and after the Spanish War, from tainted beef, unsanitary transports and lack of the ordinary care that a troop horse gets in other lands. Nothing was done to avoid recurrence. President Wilson ordered the militia of New Mexico, Texas and Arizona to the border recently, and it is said that the

Secretary of War did not ascertain whether or not they had a supply train.

The Pershing Punitive Expedition presented the picture as it should be painted—an imperishable and incomparable picture. It's pretty bad down at Fortress Monroe—which is only a couple of hundred miles from the Capital of the United States, up a good waterway for gunboats or small war-craft—where the officers are housed in an old fortress that a few shots from a French 75 would wipe off the face of the earth; but it remained for the Punitive Expedition to offer up to those who viewed it an everlasting and ever-enduring spectacle. It should always hold a treasured and honored niche in the Hall of Military Fame among the pride-of-American-institutions collections.

It was in March—three years after the Germans so well housed in the Zeppelin made their pleasant trip up around the North Sea—that General Pershing, with his procession of second-rate motor trucks, mule wagons, artillery of ancient days, light infantry, et cetera, started across the border and over the 280-mile trail to his base at Namiquipa, Mexico. France is using another style of motor truck to-day, made in these United States, that would have pretty much the same effect upon an American soldier on first view that a locomotive had upon an Apache Indian in the old days. Thousands and thousands of these trucks have been shipped out of this county in the last year to the Allies. This conveyance is arsenal, house and common carrier all in one. In default of these trucks, General Pershing had mules mostly—the not-beautiful and historic mule, which some fifty

years ago was a very useful animal by comparison, but which now has lost much of his usefulness, unless he is of the cactus-eating variety. With latter-day equipment, the General might have made the trip, with no great discomfort to the several thousand men under him, in about one-half the time it took him. As it is, he made it at much inconvenience and with great hardship, suffering silently every indignity that could be heaped upon him and his men but actual attack.

The hardships—unnecessary hardships, except to those imbued with the great pride in American institutions—that the men had to endure, were sickening to the expert who has any knowledge of military affairs; and when these men return, of course, the work of the recruiting officer will be doubly hard—for it is not a tale pleasant to relate. To be sure, a number of the participants will not return to relate it.

There is never a plaint from a good American soldier about the necessary hardships incurred in a task like that of the Punitive Expedition. But when he is sent on a journey of this description, without even the ordinary essentials of life, it is natural for him to howl. And howl he will—and howl he does—upon his return to post, in the quarter where it does the most harm.

The trail across the waste of Mexican deserts and through the ravines and hills is none too well blazed at any stage. Water holes are few and far between, and it is through the worst of the Mexican country, where, as the weary troopers so graphically put it, "you can see further and see less, where there are more rivers (meaning empty

beds) and less water than in any land in the world," which is not a bad description of this particular part, all things considered. In that country the sun rises with an angry glow of vivid, cardinal red over the desolation of sand and dwarfed shrubs, and goes down with an even deeper ire on the very land it is supposed to kiss and warm. In the long, weary journeys of a month or more the troopers had occasion to run about the entire gamut of weather and climatic conditions. To-day the dank, bleak, wrenching cold of the Yukon—to-morrow the heat and sun of the simoon-like sand-storms of the desert of the Sahara.

And for what purpose? Often the men and officers asked themselves that question. There was about as much chance of catching Villa as there was of finding a tavern along the way serving chicken dinners à la Maryland. A couple of twentieth-century aeroplanes, with searchlight attachments, might have helped a trifle, but the pride-in-American-institutions and peace-at-any-price pacifists precluded any such possibility in that direction.

So wearily the Punitive Expedition crawled its serpentine way along, like a great brown, dust-laden copperhead, clean where the wind cleaned it, but dusty and dirty and flea-bitten wherever the dust and fleas could find moisture enough to stick.

Little excursions out on the side lines were made occasionally and some of the bands of robbers run down and scattered and shot. Always in the dispatches these bands were announced as Villistas, to placate the friendly brigand and comrade-at-arms, Carranza, and dear Washington, which must

not be embarrassed by injuring one of the votaries of the "First Chief." Nearly always the men knew the dispatches were lies. The game they were bagging was Carranzistas—Carranzistas robbing the wagon trains; Carranzistas who made the treacherous, sneaking attack at Parral, where the half-starved soldiers of Uncle Sam were trying to purchase some food supplies. Villa and his followers were farther up in the mountains, in no more danger of attack than Carranza himself, who is an admirable advocate for peace where his own precious person is concerned.

Meanwhile the Sibley and other expeditions were started out and abruptly returned across the border. "Sniping" and border outrages had become so common that they no longer created a ripple on the surface of the insistently peaceful American waters. The hurried return of all the expeditions except the Pershing—who was too far in the interior to be summoned with safety—was ordered, perhaps for fear of offending friend Carranza.

He who runs may read the situation at that stage—the middle of May, of the year 1916, a year that will long be remembered in American history—if the signs of these tumultuous times do not most signally fail.

Carranza's throne was crumbling in abject ruin about him. The whole of Mexico, north and south, was in the most advanced stage of corruption, anarchy and death from disease and starvation yet recorded in the whole, tragic history of the land. The Mexican people, not slow to understand, saw their opportunity, and they made

plain that their intentions were to repudiate the "First Chief." In Mexico City, his German affiliates threatened to desert him. The government was almost helpless. Nearly all the merchants and bank officials, who had refused to accept the Carranza worthless currency, had been either imprisoned or shot, which added to the difficulty. There was not a banking house in the world that would even discuss finance with him or his agents. But from some unknown (?) mysterious source the "First Chief" was told that he could have money—heaps of it—upon one condition and only one—that he run the Americans out of the country and humiliate them as they were never humiliated before. That was the deal. There was no secrecy about it. The "gentlemen's agreement" between the American army officers, whose names should not be coupled with Obregon's, went by default, as all "gentlemen's agreements" with outlaws and brigands have a habit of doing. It is doubtful if the American officers ever put any faith in the "parley," as the sequel perhaps showed. They were simply obeying orders from Washington, but these were orders that were of course not relished for obvious reasons. Naturally, it was not pleasant for the little group of officers, all of whom have the pronounced habit of "tubbing," regularly to be closeted for four or five hours on several successive days with Obregon, who has the common Mexican's natural antipathy to water. Their lot, however, was comparatively trifling compared with the humiliation to General Pershing, who had to march his men around towns, avoid the railroads, get shot and not shoot back,

as at Parral, and literally sneak into his base holes at Namiquipa and Casas Grandes.

Having been assured of large funds under certain considerations—the details and sanction of the deal will soon be written in blood unless a kindly Providence intervenes—this arch apotheosis of hypocrisy, Carranza, proceeded to act. Gathering his counsellors and partners in crime about him, he prepared the historic 12,000-word note, which reached the White House on May 22, after many varied stories of its departure from Mexico and its arrival in this country. It was delivered to the State Department by the Mexican Ambassador, Arrendondo, who is a first cousin of the present brigand ruler in Mexico, with the kindly added insolence that it was not an ultimatum.

In sum total, this paper may be described as a masterly paper—masterly inasmuch as it is most carefully couched in the idiom and satirical irony of the most studied and insulting insolence. By whom it was prepared is a question—certainly by none of the members of Carranza's cabinet. There is but one of his ministers, Louis Cabera, Minister of Finance, who is capable of writing a note of such character in any form, and his style is clumsy and forced.

Amid the mass of insolence which runs like a sordid stream, or theme, through the document, two phrases stand out in the original Spanish, with salient meaning. The intended insults lose much by the translation from the original.

The one phrase tells the President of the United States that he is keeping the United States troops

in Mexico for political reasons—the message was delivered just before the convening of three National Conventions for the nomination of a President of the United States. The first insult might be passed as having no ulterior meaning, and, unfortunately, Mr. Wilson *did* postpone his response until after all three conventions, which handled the Mexican question without gloves, had adjourned.

But, in the dimmest and most remote recesses of American diplomacy, there is nothing comparable with the satire of the other inspired phrase, so plainly meant to anger and insult the people of the United States—that the soldiers were “idling away their time in Mexico.”

Verily, this note might have been the work of Disraeli!

The middle of June, of this blood-red year, a toll was taken of the *known* Americans who have been murdered in Mexico. They number approximately 400. In addition, every American consul has a list of “disappearances” of thousands. How many of these are dead, Carranza and Villa only know. Zapata is responsible only for the death of McManus and one or two other Americans, so far as known. On June 15, General Funston compiled a list of 30 American soldiers who have been killed outright and 100 wounded since last August, and all but four of these have been murdered in their sleep or just after being awakened by volleys, in Mexico, during the Carranza reign of assassination and brigandage.

A punitive expedition of the United States forces is sent for the purpose of avenging the



American dead. The troops are promised help by Carranza and his government, and, after failing absolutely in their purpose—mainly because of the interference of Carranza—in capturing Villa, they are told by this impertinent brigand that they are “idling away their time in Mexico—to get out and stand not on the order of going.”

To this remarkable document, or state paper, undeniably the most insulting and unpardonable missive that was ever placed in the archives of the State Department, President Wilson replied with a suggestion for a Board of Arbitration, or an International Commission, or something of the sort—the suggestion was not quite clear in some of its phases—to settle the differences between this country and Mexico. Under a treaty of 1848, the creation of such a commission was found to be possible. “Should such a course be proposed by either party,” says a paragraph in this treaty, “it shall be acceded to by the other, unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the difference or the circumstances of the case.”

There was no response to this suggestion, if it called for one, except that the Mexican Ambassador called at the State Department and demanded a response to the Carranza note, which, among the varied insults, had insisted upon the withdrawal of all American troops from Mexican territory. He was informed that it would be forthcoming in a few days.

A few more Americans were killed along the border, and, while the Carranza government was awaiting the response to the note, General Jacinto Trevino published to the world his famous pro-

nunciamento, in which General Pershing was informed that if he moved his troops "south, east or west" he would be attacked. General Pershing's reply to that famous mandate is worth reproducing among the many relative documents that cannot be so honored.

In simple, plain, matter-of-fact, soldier fashion, this is what he said—his exact words to Trevino—and it rejoiced the hearts of the American onlookers, who have been submerged for so long with the tamale brand of insults:

"I have not received orders to remain stationary or to withdraw. If I see fit to send troops in pursuit of bandits to the south, east or west in keeping with the object of this expedition I will do so.

"If any attack is made on any part of my forces while performing such duties the entire military strength of the expedition will be used against the attacking force.

"Gen. Trevino, as commander in chief of the de facto troops in the north, will be held responsible for Mexican forces within striking distances of American forces."

Events in the Mexican situation began to crowd each other in rapid succession. Yet more troopers were killed in border raids; marines were fired upon from a naval launch. At last the Wilson Administration, aroused from its somnolence, uncoiled like a python in the spring after his long winter's sleep.

Sunday evening, June 18, the President issued a call for the entire National Guard to patrol the

Mexican border. Two days later he asked Congress to pass a resolution authorising him to send the guardsmen, if necessary, on Mexican territory. It was granted, perforce of necessity, and on June 20 his famous response to Carranza's insolent note, sent just a month previous, was made public.

## CHAPTER XXX

### PRESIDENT WILSON'S ULTIMATUM

All the art and science of roentgenology could not determine why the note from the White House was delayed so long, or why the militia was ordered to mobilise before it was made public. Finally, however, in time for publication in the afternoon papers of June 20, the long-expected and all-important document put in appearance. The consensus of opinion among those familiar with the rules of international law was that had the instrument been employed a fortnight earlier the most serious consequences of the case might have been subordinated and war averted. As matters then stood, Carranza had no alternative on the surface but a complete surrender of his whole attitude and policy or else a resort to arms. The latter procedure he will now, of course, be delighted to avail himself of, and, unfortunately, the United States at this late day has been put in the position of a stronger nation trampling on a weaker one.

The expression of the note was tense, terse and very much to the point. Its most important phases are herewith reproduced:

WASHINGTON, June 20.—The Secretary of State to the Secretary of Foreign Relations of the de facto government of Mexico:

## DEPARTMENT OF STATE

WASHINGTON, June 20, 1916.

Sir—I have read your communication, which was delivered to me on May 22, 1916, under instructions of the chief executive of the de facto government of Mexico, on the subject of the presence of American troops in Mexican territory, and I would be wanting in candor if I did not before making answer to the allegations of fact and the conclusions reached by your government express the surprise and regret which have been caused this government by the discourteous tone and temper of this last communication of the de facto government of Mexico.

The government of the United States has viewed with deep concern and increasing disappointment the progress of the revolution in Mexico. Continuous bloodshed and disorders have marked its progress. For three years the Mexican republic has been torn with civil strife; the lives of Americans and other aliens have been sacrificed; vast properties developed by American capital and enterprise have been destroyed or rendered non-productive; bandits have been permitted to roam at will through the territory contiguous to the United States and to seize, without punishment or without effective attempt at punishment, the property of Americans, while the lives of citizens of the United States who ventured to remain in Mexican territory or to return there to protect their interests have been taken, in some cases barbarously taken, and the murderers have neither been apprehended nor brought to justice.

It would be difficult to find in the annals of the history of Mexico conditions more deplorable than those which have existed there during these recent years of civil war.

It would be tedious to recount instance after instance, outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity, to illustrate the true nature and extent of the widespread conditions of lawlessness and violence which have prevailed.

During the past nine months in particular, the frontier of the United States along the lower Rio Grande has been thrown into a state of constant apprehension and turmoil, because of frequent and sudden incursions into American territory, and depredations and murders on American soil by Mexican bandits, who have taken the lives and destroyed the property of American citizens, sometimes carrying American citizens across the international boundary with the booty seized.

American garrisons have been attacked at night, American soldiers killed, and their equipment and horses stolen, American ranches have been raided, property stolen and destroyed, and American trains wrecked and plundered.

The attacks on Brownsville, Red House ferry, Progreso postoffice, and Las Peladas, all occurring during September last, are typical. In these attacks on American territory Carranzista adherents and even Carranzista soldiers took part in the looting, burning, and killing. Not only were these murders characterized by ruthless brutality, but uncivilized acts of mutilation were perpetrated.

Representations were made to General Carranza, and he was emphatically requested to stop these reprehensible acts in a section which he has long claimed to be under the complete domination of his authority.

Notwithstanding these representations and the promise of General Nafarrete to prevent attacks along the international boundary, in the following month of October a passenger train was wrecked

by bandits and several persons killed seven miles north of Brownsville, and an attack was made upon United States troops at the same place several days later.

Since these attacks, leaders of the bandits well known both to Mexican civil and military authorities, as well as to American officers, have been enjoying with impunity the liberty of the towns of northern Mexico. So far has the indifference of the de facto government to these atrocities gone that some of these leaders, as I am advised, have not only the protection of the government, but encouragement and aid as well.

Depredations upon American persons and property within Mexican jurisdiction have been still more numerous. This government has repeatedly requested in the strongest terms that the de facto government safeguard the lives and homes of American citizens and furnish the protection which international obligation imposes to American interests in the northern states of Tamaulipas, Nuevo León, Coahuila, Chihuahua, and Sonora, and also in the states to the south.

For example, on Jan. 3, troops were requested to punish the bands of outlaws which looted the Cusi mining property, eighty miles west of Chihuahua, but no effective results came from this request.

During the following week the bandit Villa with his band of about 200 men was operating without opposition between Rubio and Santa Ysabel, a fact well known to Carranzista authorities. Meanwhile a party of unfortunate Americans started by train from Chihuahua to visit the Cusi Mines, after having received assurances from the Carranzista authorities in the State of Chihuahua that the country was safe and that a guard

on the train was not necessary. The Americans held passports of safe conducts issued by authorities of the de facto government.

On Jan. 10 the train was stopped by Villa bandits and eighteen of the American party were stripped of their clothing and shot in cold blood, in what is now known as the "Santa Ysabel Massacre." General Carranza stated to the agent of the Department of State that he had issued orders for the immediate pursuit, capture and punishment of those responsible for this atrocious crime, and appealed to this government and to the American people to consider the difficulties of according protection along the railroad where the massacre occurred.

Assurances were also given by Mr. Arredondo, presumably under instructions from the de facto government, that the murderers would be brought to justice, and that steps would also be taken to remedy the lawless conditions existing in the state of Durango. It is true that Villa, Castro, and Lopez were publicly declared to be outlaws and subject to apprehension and execution, but so far as known only a single man personally connected with this massacre has been brought to justice by Mexican authorities.

Within a month after this barbarous slaughter of inoffensive Americans, it was notorious that Villa was operating within twenty miles of Cusiuhiriachic, and publicly stated that his purpose was to destroy American lives and property. Despite repeated and insistent demands that military protection should be furnished to Americans, Villa openly carried on his operations, constantly approaching closer and closer to the border. He was not intercepted, nor were his movements impeded by troops of the de facto government, and



no effectual attempt was made to frustrate his hostile designs against Americans.

In fact, as I am informed, while Villa and his band were slowly moving toward the American frontier in the neighborhood of Columbus, N. M., not a single Mexican soldier was seen in his vicinity. Yet the Mexican authorities were fully cognizant of his movements, for on March 6, as General Gavira publicly announced, he advised the American military authorities of the outlaw's approach to the border, so that they might be prepared to prevent him from crossing the boundary.

Villa's unhindered activities culminated in the unprovoked and cold-blooded attack upon American soldiers and citizens in the town of Columbus on the night of March 9, the details of which do not need repetition here in order to refresh your memory of the heinousness of the crime.

After murdering, burning, and plundering, Villa and his bandits, fleeing south, passed within sight of the Carranzista military post at Casas Grandes and no effort was made to stop him by the officers and garrison of the de facto government stationed there.

In the face of these depredations, not only on American lives and property on Mexican soil, but on American soldiers, citizens, and homes on American territory, the perpetrators of which General Carranza was unable or possibly considered it inadvisable to apprehend and punish, the United States had no recourse other than to employ force to disperse the bands of Mexican outlaws who were with increasing boldness systematically raiding across the international boundary. The marauders engaged in the attack on Columbus were driven back across the border by American cavalry, and subsequently, as soon as a

sufficient force to cope with the band could be collected, were pursued into Mexico in an effort to capture or destroy them.

Without co-operation or assistance in the field on the part of the de facto government, despite repeated requests by the United States, and without apparent recognition on its part of the desirability of putting an end to these systematic raids, or of punishing the chief perpetrators of the crimes committed, because they menaced the good relations of the two countries, American forces pursued the lawless bands as far as the Parral, where the pursuit was halted by the hostility of Mexicans, presumed to be loyal to the de facto government, who arrayed themselves on the side of outlawry and became in effect the protectors of Villa and his band.

In this manner and for these reasons have the American forces entered Mexican territory. Knowing fully the circumstances set forth, the de facto government cannot be blind to the necessity which compelled this government to act, and yet it has seen fit to recite groundless sentiments of hostility toward the expedition and to impute to this government ulterior motives for this continued presence of American troops on Mexican soil.

The note very succinctly denied any bad faith on the part of this Government in relation to a promise to withdraw the American troops from Mexican territory, alleged to have been given at the conference between Generals Funston, Scott and Obregon, and stated emphatically that the expressions in the Carranza note relatively were "clearly a misstatement."

The note then very pertinently takes up the

raid at Glenn Springs, one of the most flagrant of the many border outrages:

While the conferences at El Paso were in progress, and after the American conferees had been assured on May 2 that the Mexican forces in the northern part of the republic were then being augmented so as to be able to prevent any disorders that would endanger American territory, a band of Mexicans, on the night of May 5, made an attack of Glenn Springs, Texas, about twenty miles north of the border, killing American soldiers and civilians, burning and sacking property, and carrying off two Americans as prisoners.

Subsequent to this event, the Mexican government, as you state, "gave instructions to General Obregon to notify that of the United States that it would not permit the further passage of American troops into Mexico on this account, and that orders had been given to all military commanders along the frontier not to consent to same." This government is, of course, not in a position to dispute the statement that these instructions had been given to General Obregon, but it can decisively assert that General Obregon never gave any such notification to General Scott or General Funston, or, so far as known, to any other American official.

General Obregon did, however, inquire as to whether American troops had entered Mexico in pursuit of the Glenn Springs raiders, and General Funston stated that no orders had been issued to American troops to cross the frontier on account of the raid, but this statement was made before any such orders had been issued and not afterwards, as the erroneous account of the interview given in your note would appear to indicate.

Moreover, no statement was made by the Amer-

ican generals that "no more American troops would cross into our territory." On the contrary, it was pointed out to General Obregon and to Juan Amador, who was present at the conference, and pointed with emphasis, that the bandits, de la Rosa and Pedro Vino, who had been instrumental in causing the invasion of Texas above Brownsville, were even then reported to be arranging in the neighborhood of Victoria for another raid across the border, and it was made clear to General Obregon that if the Mexican government did not take immediate steps to prevent another invasion of the United States by these marauders, who were frequently seen in the company of General Nafarrette, the Constitutionalist commander, Mexico would find in Tamaulipas another punitive expedition similar to that then in Chihuahua.

American troops crossed into Mexico on May 10, upon notification to the local military authorities, under the repudiated agreement of March 10-13, or in any event in accordance with the practice adopted over forty years ago, when there was no agreement regarding pursuit of marauders across the international boundary. These troops penetrated 168 miles into Mexican territory in pursuit of the Glenn Springs marauders without encountering a detachment of Mexican troops or a single Mexican soldier.

Further discussion of this raid, however, is not necessary, because the American forces sent in pursuit of the bandits recrossed into Texas on the morning of May 22, the date of your note under consideration—a further proof of the singleness of purpose of this government in endeavoring to quell disorder and stamp out lawlessness along the border.

At great length the note declares that every effort possible has been made on the part of this Government to prevent any hostile feeling between the two countries, and states that so long as

this menace continues and there is any evidence of an intention on the part of the *de facto* government or its military commanders to use force against the American troops instead of co-operating with them, the government of the United States will not permit munitions of war or machinery for their manufacture to be exported from this country to Mexico.

Carranza's attention is called to the fact that no apparent effort on his part has been made at any time to check the border outrages, and that if such efforts were made, they were very ineffective.

In regard to the recognition of the brigand, Mr. Lansing begs the question, and is exceedingly disappointing.

When the superiority of the revolutionary faction led by General Carranza became undoubted, the United States, after conferring with six others of the American republics, recognized unconditionally the present *de facto* government. It hoped and expected that that government would speedily restore order and provide the Mexican people and others, who had given their energy and substance to the development of the great resources of the republic, opportunity to rebuild in peace and security their shattered fortunes.

This government has waited month after month for the consummation of its hope of expectation. In spite of increasing discouragements, in spite of

repeated provocations to exercise force in the restoration of order in the northern regions of Mexico, where American interests have suffered most seriously from lawlessness, the government of the United States has refrained from aggressive action and sought by appeals and moderate though explicit demands to impress upon the *de facto* government the seriousness of the situation and to arouse to its duty to perform its international obligations toward citizens of the United States who had entered the territory of Mexico or had vested interests within its boundaries.

In very gentle terms the note calls attention to the fact that this Government is of the opinion that Carranza and the forces under him are not now and have not at any time been in earnest in their pursuit of the elusive Villa. In this exceedingly interesting connection, Mr. Lansing says:

I have already pointed out the interrupted progress of Villa to and from Columbus, and the fact that the American forces in pursuit of the Glenn Springs marauders penetrated 168 miles into Mexican territory without encountering a single Carranzista soldier. This does not indicate that the Mexican government is doing "all possible" to avoid further raids, and if it is doing "all possible," this is not sufficient to prevent border raids, and there is every reason, therefore, why this government must take such preventive measures as it deems sufficient.

The note regrets that at no time during the crucial Carranza regime has there been any coöperation for the protection of the border. The re-

sponse to the request for the withdrawal of the American troops is retained for the last two paragraphs of the communication, and it is refreshing to record that General Pershing will not have to withdraw his troops in the most abject humiliation, as did all the other punitive expeditions:

In conclusion, the Mexican government invites the United States to support its "assurances of friendship with real and effective acts" which "can be no other than the immediate withdrawal of the American troops." For the reasons I have herein fully set forth, this request of the de facto government cannot now be entertained. The United States has not sought the duty which has been forced upon it of pursuing bandits, who under fundamental principles of municipal and international law, ought to be pursued and arrested and punished by Mexican authorities.

Whenever Mexico will assume and effectively exercise that responsibility, the United States, as it has many times before publicly declared, will be glad to have this obligation fulfilled by the de facto government of Mexico. If, on the contrary, the de facto government is pleased to ignore this obligation and to believe that "in case of a refusal to retire those troops there is no further recourse than to defend its territory by an appeal to arms," the government of the United States would surely be lacking in sincerity and friendship if it did not frankly impress upon the de facto government that the execution of this threat will lead to gravest consequences.

While this government would deeply regret such a result, yet it cannot recede from its settled determination to maintain its national rights and

to perform its full duty in preventing further invasions of the territory of the United States and in removing the peril which Americans along the international boundary have borne so long with patience and forbearance.

Accept, etc.,

ROBERT LANSING.

The dignity with which the Carranza government has been treated in the note is irritating. To witness the courtesy of this Government to the brigand and the coterie of assassins about him is not enhancing nor uplifting, but unavoidable, perhaps. There can be but one outcome, under existing conditions, and in the end the Government of the United States may be able to devise some way for the redemption of the much-abused and down-trodden people of Mexico.

That it is not possible to attain that end without bloodshed is lamentable, but necessary beyond the shadow of a doubt.

But now it is war, and no little *matinée* war, either, as we had with Spain, but war to the death, with the Great Powers on the side lines watching the result with deep interest.

No such error could have been made in the lettuce days of this Government. The only thing now left for the American people to do, is to stand by the President and the colours, and make the best of a very difficult situation.



## CHAPTER XXXI

### A FINAL CHAPTER OF HUMILIATION

Efficiency is the earmark of sound government. It bears the same relationship to the nation that clean linen does to the individual. Without it all the finest stitches of wonderful thought and magnificent expression in the lexicon of large experience may be embroidered on the hearts of the people in vain.

Secretary of State Lansing's note, endorsed and approved by President Wilson, went forward after the already noted long delay; and then followed a series of incidents that demonstrated Carranza's attitude conclusively and finally to the whole World of Doubting Thomases.

With no effort at concealment he threw off his cloak of hypocrisy and deceit and unhesitatingly showed his hand and purposes toward this Government. Previously there may have been some minor excuse for an obtuse Washington to hide behind. But the "First Chief" and his assistant assassins left no room for doubt to build upon in the trying days that followed the receipt of the note from the Secretary of State.

The one hundred thousand militiamen ordered out were "hurrying" to the border. If ardent hopes had existed in the minds of the people of the United States that some few lessons had been

learned by the tragic incidents that marked the late unpleasantness with Spain, when men died from neglect at a ratio of about one thousand to one over those lost in actual warfare, they were soon dispelled. The guardsmen were ordered to mobilise at various camps and armories throughout the country. In the West and South the assemblies were in a large majority of cases effected without serious disorder or grave mishap. In the East, and especially in the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the treatment accorded the men attendant upon their departure was inexcusable. No argument for "military necessity" or any such trivial nonsense will hold for a moment.

The Mexican "situation," as we have been pleased to term the state of anarchy, murder, and assassination in that bellicose land for the past three years, has been growing steadily more serious day by day. From the very day of Carranza's recognition, when the Red Cross was ordered out of Mexico and practically all communication cut off except through sources controlled by the brigands, it has been perfectly apparent that in default of an army, the National Guard would eventually have to be sent to the border. With the Columbus massacre the possible necessity became a certainty and later on a tardy accomplishment.

Amid the mausoleums of National deeds left undone, however, for the assemblage, departures, journeys and arrivals of the thousands of guardsmen, there should be an especially decorative sarcophagus to commemorate the splendid accom-

plishment of the Government itself and the state authorities. Men were sent to waterless camps and required to do the work of beasts of burden, the army mules of antiquity not even being available, to say nothing of motor trucks. Hundreds were required to sleep on the dirt floors of armories, one guardsman going mad as a result. The New Jersey guardsmen arrived at their camp to find no tents and not even hard boards to rest their weary bones upon. Their commanding officer promptly wired the War Department that unless the supplies were forthcoming he would disperse his troops and send them home. After a long wait the men found a place to lay their heads. But a few of the troop trains provided any sleeping accommodations at all, and thousands of guardsmen arrived at the border hungry, literally worn out, with not a little of their ardour and patriotism dampened if not entirely extinguished. Recruiting officers had been commenting on the fact that 150,000 men took part in the preparedness parade in New York, but that it was difficult to get a meagre 3,000 to enlist to fill up the necessary state complement, which after all is not remarkable, all things considered.

It was also the first opportunity to observe the vast improvements in the commissary of the War Department, as well as its modernised transportation facilities, since the numerous deaths due to inefficiency during 1898. That there has been no improvement is a fact of interest and absolutely incontrovertible. What a steady diet of embalmed foods will do to them in the end, with "Corned Willie" (canned corned beef), "Em-

balmed Horse" (canned beef), and "Goldfish" (canned salmon) as *entrées* or *plat du jour*, it may be interesting to note later on. Entrained, the troops had cold beans—and no coffee. Yet General Wood, who it will be recalled was once a doctor and hence ought to know, says the guardsmen had the best diet for a soldier that science can devise—and, incidentally, it is worth while to mention that the American people pay twice as much for the rations of their soldiers as does England, which has the next most expensive commissary *pro rata* known. A few days in the French or English trenches might change General Wood's ideas about the food necessary to the well being of a good soldier. *En route* some of the lads fared quite well, for often the women of the various cities were ready to provide them comforts. At Springfield, Ill., some kind-hearted ladies presented a company of guardsmen each with a family bible and a neat, new can of raw tomatoes—a goodly diet surely if properly applied. At another locality the women scoured the restaurants about town to provide a literally foodless squad with food.

The proper shoes, clothing, uniforms, goggles, turbans, and the thousand and one necessities that might make the life of the men along the torrid, almost limitless expanse of border bearable, were not to be had from the richest country under the sun—a country, inferentially, which but a little while since lent the Allies several hundreds of millions to obtain just such essentials for their own soldiers!

But one grievous error can be alleged against

the founders of this Government at its inception—the lack of a far-seeing scheme or irrevocable laws for its protection. The immense area of this continent and the thousands of miles of unprotected coasts must have made the ultimate necessity for a large armed force within the borders of the United States apparent from the first. The necessity for the gradual increase of the armed forces on land and sea with the increasing population might have been foreseen, it would appear, and it is remarkable that some wise provision was not included in the superstructure of this admirably planned Government. Yet any spirit of criticism in this direction should be tempered with a large amount of tolerant justice, for it is hardly fair to assume that Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Webster, Clay, Monroe, and the other great statesmen who had gone before, could have presupposed the laxities of the countless throng of many weak rulers that were to follow.

There are 21,000,000 men of military age in the United States to-day according to a recent table of the Census Bureau. Approximately 14,300,000 of these are native whites, about 3,000,000 naturalised foreign born whites, 2,050,000 negroes and 50,000 Indians. And yet Mexico has an army, mainly made up of jailbirds and ex-convicts, to be sure, but nevertheless an army, of fully twice the size of the United States immediately available for land purposes. It is, as our English cousins insist upon putting it, "most extraordinary." Americans demand adequate police protection; they use the most approved locks on their homes; they have bank vaults with

electrical appliances that defy and confound the most expert cracksmen; they protect themselves personally in every way, shape and form, conceivable, from disease, death and disaster: and yet they lay themselves down in peace and sleep, knowing full well of the thousands of miles of absolutely unprotected sea coast, menaced by innumerable mysterious alien enemies within and multitudes without.

And the English cousin is much interested in the United States and the welfare of her people, just as he is interested in Mexico for more materialistic reasons. All hope of a future civilisation, if there is to be one, must depend upon England and the United States, as England appreciates and we are learning. Germany has placed herself beyond all consideration in this respect, for a half century in any event; France will have her own heartrending internal problems to deal with for many years to come; Russia has yet to rise from the ashes of her centuries of feudalism and serfdom, and none of the other powers will be in a position to blaze a trail to a new world of light and civilisation after the present world-racking conflict. It is obviously the English-speaking peoples who will have to assume this terrific responsibility.

Two great problems, Ireland and Mexico, confront the two greatest nations under the sun. Some of the best minds in England are strongly in favour of home rule—for freedom for the little Emerald Isle that has so long sought it. Should it be denied? is the question that many influential Englishmen and Americans are asking more seri-

ously to-day than ever before. England has had such magnificent success in South Africa, Egypt, India—with all her colonies in fact—that her wise men may soon see their way to a liberated Ireland. Let Ireland try for herself for a while, the world is asking. A land that has fought so long and so bravely for its freedom cannot go far afield if it is granted.

The United States has Mexico—the most serious, dangerous menace that ever confronted the people of this country and threatened their future welfare.

By what right or prerogative do the savants of the United States dare discuss the commonest laws of humanity under present conditions in Mexico? is asked. Normal-minded men or women of any land have a perfect right to shudder with the asking of that question. And England—some of us are wondering what England—whose King and wise men and warriors are winning their way so cleanly and sweetly to the greatest goal of ancient or modern days—is thinking about these United States and Mexico.

It is difficult to believe that the men in power in this Government and their politics are making of that saddened land, labouring in the night shades of death, disease, and anarchy, a thing of political purpose. And yet—

A review of the situation is not enhancing.

This is an era of vogues. Despite the wars and rumours of wars in these never-to-be-forgotten, sun-kissed July days of 1916, there were never so many vari-coloured fashions. And everything from skyrocket to socks, from a sun-

burst to a scarfpin, must be of the latest, or else one is entirely out of the running. Some of the motor cars look so much like circus vans that you pause and glance up the street for the white horses and the band wagon. One meets a woman on the board walk at Atlantic City, or F Street in Washington, and it is difficult to tell whether she is gowned in a bathing suit, or a beach costume, or attired for the chorus. Her shoes lace so high and she laces so low; there are clocks—the Washington monument (in miniature of course) and *fleur-de-lis* on her stockings; her millinery looks like an inverted bowl of sapphire or blood, and the combination as a whole is confusing. We breakfast on the roof and dine in an ice palace, and even the food is vulgar and *décolleté*. You order a steak *à la Bernais* or *Bordelaire* and the Americanised *garçon* brings it to you on a plank tied with pink ribbons and paper chiffon.

All those modes and vogues are endurable, however, if we could escape the almost daily breakfast-table *note diplomatique* which nearly always has to do with stricken Mexico.

Time was in diplomatic usage when there was a note, a response, another note perhaps and then an ultimatum. Now we have a rain of notes, snow flurries of ultimatums and the storms cease not.

When the Republican candidate was nominated for the Presidency, he very hotly assailed President Wilson's policy. The Monday following, June 12, Secretary of State Lansing announced that the Mexican situation was very grave. It was just six days later, it will be recalled, that the President in great haste ordered the guard



to the border. Then followed the President's lengthy note to Carranza, discussed in a preceding chapter, in which he peremptorily declined to withdraw the troops from Mexico and thrust home for the first time some very unpalatable truths to the "First Chief." The latter was frankly told that he was aiding if not in league with bandits.

Carranza's responses were in no wise to be mistaken. The consulates at Chihuahua City, Tampico and other cities throughout the country were stoned and in several instances nearly wrecked. The few remaining Americans in the Capital, except those in the employ of the "First Chief," were insulted and mobbed in the streets. Another of the perennial warnings from Washington was issued, reiterating the importance of the departure of all Americans from all points in Mexico. Several hundred thousand dollars of silver bullion belonging to Americans was seized by the Carranza banditti. There were half a dozen or more raids across the border and several punitive expeditions sent out—the old story of sending a boy to do a man's work being repeated over and over again with the same results.

And Carrizal!

Just what prompted President Wilson to send the Pershing Expedition into the Sierra Madre region has never been quite clear. If it was to catch Villa it had about as much chance as one would have "to hunt deer in the Maine woods with a brass band" as the magazinist, George Marvin, expressed it. It was there to be "sniped," however, and not "snipe" back when it

was possible to avoid it. The Carrizal incident was the natural result of the policy of the people "back home." A more cowardly attack could not be conceived. Despite the fact that he was in the mountains with an expressed understanding with the Mexican Government, Captain Boyd of the Tenth Cavalry with a detachment of troops asked permission to enter the village of Carrizal in the State of Chihuahua. At his request he met the Mexican officer in command, one Gomez, in the centre of the town. Just what happened is best told by Captain Lewis Morey, the only surviving officer, in his report to General Funston:

"CARRIZAL, Mexico, June 21, 1916, 9:15 A. M.  
—To the commanding officer, Ojo Frederico:—  
My troop reached Ojo Santo Domingo at 5:30 P. M., June 20. Met C troop, under Captain Boyd. I came under Captain Boyd's command and marched my troop in rear for Carrizal at 4:15 A. M., reaching open field to southeast of town at 6:30 A. M.

"Captain Boyd sent in a note requesting permission to pass through the town. This was refused. States we could go to the north, but not east. Captain Boyd said he was going to Ahumada at this time.

"He was talking with the Carranza commander. General Gomez sent a written message that Captain Boyd could bring his force in town and wanted to have a conference. Captain Boyd feared an ambush. He was under the impression that the Mexicans would run as soon as we fired.

"We formed for attack, his intention being to move up to the line of about one hundred and

twenty Mexicans on the edge of the town. We formed C troop on the left in line of skirmishers, one platoon of K troop on right of line and another K troop platoon on extreme right, echeloned a little to the rear.

"When we were within three hundred yards the Mexicans opened fire, and a strong one, before we fired a shot; then we opened up. They did not run. To make a long account short, after about an hour's fire, in which both troops had advanced, C troop to position of Mexican machine gun and K troop closing in slightly to the left, we were very busy on the right keeping off a flank attack. A group of Mexicans left town, went around our rear and led our horses off at a gallop.

"At about nine o'clock one platoon of K troop, which was on our right, fell back. Sergeant said he could not stay there. Both platoons fell back about one thousand yards to the west and then together with some men of C troop, who were there, these men scattered.

"I was slightly wounded. Captain Boyd, a man told me, was killed. Nothing was seen of Lieutenant Adair after the fight started, so man I saw stated.

"I am hiding in a hole two thousand yards from field and have one other wounded man and three men with me.

(Signed)

"MOREY, Captain."

Two troops of cavalry were practically wiped out and seventeen prisoners taken by the Mexicans. Asked by this Government to disavow the responsibility for the attack, Carranza peremptorily declined.

When the facts were finally and fully made

known to the American people, there was some show of indignation, and Washington, despite its still insistent policy of "watchful waiting," was forced to take cognizance. Captain Boyd literally gave his life to silence the machine gun fired from ambush. Wounded with the first volley he ordered his men to charge the machine gun operators. He led the charge right into the mouth of the gun, was wounded twice and fell dead across the gun. After the fight the bodies of the Americans, no attention being paid to their rank, were robbed of their clothing, piled in a heap in a ditch and cremated. The Mexicans then went over the field and killed the wounded Americans where they lay and captured others. The prisoners were taken to the penitentiary at Chihuahua. On the way they were stoned and maltreated. A corporal of the troopers who attempted to escape was asked if he could tell where any of his companions could be found. Upon promise that his comrades would be treated as prisoners of war, he revealed their hiding place. When they came to the spot the informant and the six other men in the group were told to stand in line and all were shot.

The note habit having become second nature, Washington sent another missive asking for an "explanation" of the Carrizal affair.

WASHINGTON, June 25, 1916.

The text of the note to the Mexican de facto government, transmitted to-day to James Linn Rodgers, special representative of the American Government in Mexico City, says:—

"Mr. Arredondo yesterday delivered to this government the following communication:—

" 'I am directed by my government to inform Your Excellency, with reference to the Carrizal incident, that the Chief Executive, through the Mexican War Department, gave orders to General Jacinto B. Trevino not to permit American forces from General Pershing's column to advance further South, nor to move either East or West from the points where they are located, and to oppose new incursions of American soldiers into Mexican territory. These orders were brought by General Trevino to the attention of General Pershing, who acknowledged the receipt of the communication relative thereto on the 22d instant. As Your Excellency knows, an American force moved eastward quite far from its base, notwithstanding the above orders, and was engaged by Mexican troops at Carrizal, State of Chihuahua. As a result of the encounter several men on both sides were killed and wounded and seventeen American soldiers were made prisoners.'

"You are hereby instructed to hand to the Minister of Foreign Relations of the de facto government the following:—

" 'The government of the United States can put no other construction upon the communication handed to the Secretary of State of the United States on June 24 by Mr. Arredondo, under instructions of your government, than that it is intended as a formal avowal of deliberately hostile action against the forces of the United States now in Mexico, and of the purpose to attack them without provocation whenever they move from their present position in pursuance of the objects for which they were sent there, notwithstanding

the fact that those objects not only involve no unfriendly intention toward the government and people of Mexico, but are, on the contrary, intended only to assist that government in protecting itself and the territory and people of the United States against irresponsible and insurgent bands of rebel marauders.

“ ‘I am instructed, therefore, by my government to demand the immediate release of the prisoners taken in the encounter at Carrizal, together with any property of the United States taken with them, and to inform you that the government of the United States expects an early statement from your government as to the course of action it wishes the government of the United States to understand it has determined upon, and that it also expects that this statement be made through the usual diplomatic channels and not through subordinate military commanders.’ ”

While the tension on the public pulse was high, President Wilson went over to Philadelphia and made a speech to a large body of advertising men, and told them, among other things, that he was “fighting mad.” But the city of peace and brotherly love must have had a most soothing effect upon him, for he returned to Washington unruffled shortly afterward, and a day or two later he went to New York and made a speech before the New York Press Club, during which he plainly intimated that the fight had all died out on him. He asked the assembled newspaper men if they wanted war. The scribes answered with a roar that must have been heard through the Waldorf portals well up Fifth Avenue, “No.”

The President probably mistook very naturally the import of their reply. The newspaper men were at the time not thinking of the public weal. They were cogitating mainly over the steady diet of war they have been fed for two years, and in the humour to welcome a dog fight or a violet tea for a change. Then the vast amount of adjectives for descriptive purposes had become most trying to them.

Carranza paid no attention to the note of June 25 until July 5, but meanwhile released the prisoners, who arrived at the border half dead and almost wholly naked. The Carranza note in reply was received on July 5 and was what might have been expected from Carranza. No response to any of the issues set forth in the American note, nor were they so much as honoured by comment or reference. No mention, no apology, of Carrizal, of Parral, of Glenn Springs, of Columbus, of the murder of a thousand or more Americans, of the crimes innumerable for which he and his followers are responsible. Just the same reiterated and repeated tissue of falsehood, of good will and good purpose that Washington has been surfeited and inundated with ever since the A.B.C. conference at Niagara and cannot even pretend to believe if its sanity is intact. The President received the note with approval and so greatly was the strain lessened that Secretary of State Lansing went off on his vacation.

What next? Well may the question be asked. A few months ago a zone of Northern Mexico might have been easily occupied and a quiet orderly way made for the temporary policing of the

country. We might have followed out the same scheme and plan employed in Cuba. Now the problem is almost impossible to meet and it is hardly likely that the American people will consent to a further alliance with Carranza.

The same day that the last Carranza communication was received here, there arrived also a young painter and poet—among the last of the gentle people to leave Mexico—Ramon del Valle by name. He had been arrested by Carranza, thrown into prison and finally sent into exile with his wife. His story of the present conditions in Mexico is the repetition of what may be found in many of the pages of this volume. He cares naught about his exile, he says. His native land is dead. There is no more Mexico. And the same plaint is everywhere.

Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, whose book, "A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico," has attracted so much attention, also voices it in a recent interview. Her query is the query of every one watching the situation:

"In Mexico, as everywhere else, government has been in the hands of the educated classes," she declares. "But the upper class Mexicans have fled the country. Their homes have been looted. In the residence of Señor Creel, once Minister to Washington, even the parquet flooring was torn up by looters. Mexico to-day is a country of peons and of roving bandits. Are such people capable of assimilating the ideals of a great republic? I wonder how? And let me say, that where in the world is there more charming society than there was in Mexico City before the



upper-class Mexicans were driven out? It was equal to and not particularly different from society in Vienna or Paris or New York. The women were not as much interested in isms as we American women are, perhaps, but they were charming. A charming woman is a charming woman everywhere, whether she has isms or not."

Could anything be more pathetic?

President Wilson has said that the land question is the trouble with Mexico. It is at the present moment, and has been such a minor contributing cause for three years past, that it is not worthy of discussion. With the formation of a feasible form of government the agrarian problem would be one of the simplest questions to formulate and adjudicate. It is Mexico's finance that is so serious—how to restore the gold to its Treasury vaults, the wealth to its churches and homes which the Carranzistas have robbed and looted for nearly a year past, and how to feed and resurrect the dying, starving peons and bring back to their homes and firesides the thousands of gentle, kindly, cultured Mexicans. Alas, nothing can be done to restore life to the murdered and honour to the ravished. These are the problems that are confronting this Government, which of its own volition has assumed the responsibility for the future welfare of Mexico by its acts in the "putting away" of Huerta and the recognition of the "First Chief."

"A wonderful task awaits the doing in Mexico. That task is the modernisation of a mediæval people, the putting of machinery in the hands of rude artisans, the setting free of the imprisoned

resources of man and soil, the guidance of Mexico into its own," says one American newspaper. How the cultured Mexican people sniff when they read these cant phrases. Mexico had great schools of learning, libraries, opera houses, cathedrals and homes of eloquence and culture before the United States had a newspaper. And those United States would have been in the same plight that Mexico is in to-day had England interfered, during our own war of the Rebellion, with Lincoln, as Wilson did with Huerta.

On the surface the Mexican situation appears to be passing out of the hands of the American people. There is imminent danger for the first time of the abrogation, the complete destruction and abolishment of the Monroe Doctrine. England has been watching Germany's interference in Mexican affairs for months past with no eye of charity. The utter helplessness or incapability of the United States to deal with the terror-stricken land, to do aught but add to its embarrassment, has not appealed to the Englishman's far-famed sense of fair play. Instead of retiring from the situation England has increased her holdings and the astonishing fact is now made publicly known for the first time, perhaps, that the major interest of the Mexican National Railroads has passed from the hands of Americans to captains of industry abroad, the bonds being largely held in England. Her immense oil interests in Mexico, acquired by purchase, also give her a sound equity in the premises. Just how much longer she will continue to see her great properties menaced and robbed is an interesting prob-

lem. She is, of course, fully cognizant of Germany's desires in Mexico—in all Latin America, in fact.

While the American people were being regaled with the latest exchanges of notes between the "First Chief" and the State Department, and the watchdogs of the Treasury were counting up the millions it would cost to protect the border, which Carranza has conclusively demonstrated he does not propose to protect, the United States Army was undergoing the greatest humiliation in its history. Pershing had been ordered to retreat to the border. Repeatedly the President had said the troops should stay in Mexico—that they should not be put in a position of a lot of craven cowards. But Pershing, the brave Pershing, was ordered to quit, to strike his tents at Namiquipa and Casas Grandes, and retreat to the border. He was well on his way—two hundred miles from his original base—before the American people knew anything about it. When Carranza's last and most impertinent of all his notes arrived, the expedition forces were within two days' journey of the border. Trevino promptly occupied the deserted towns, and placards, announcing the running away of the American troops, were posted in every city in Mexico. Trevino, who signed the famous order that the troops in search of a bandit who had murdered scores of Americans should not move "South, East or West," also signed the announcement of the "great Mexican victory." Elaborate celebrations were held in Mexico City, Merida, Tampico, Juarez and throughout the entire country.

Washington ought to read some of the letters the officers of the most erroneous expedition ever sent out by a logical government are writing home. "Another Vera Cruz" is the keynote of them all.

And the great brown snake with its ancient mule wagons, motor trucks that other armies would not give garage room, packs and what not, began to crawl back to the border, dodging the "snipers," dynamiting the passes and obeying the orders from Washington to the letter. Through the cactus and mesquite, under a hellish sun by day and a soul-depressing blackness by night, the little army has wended its way homeward.

Swallowing their pride, weary with the heart-heaviness that all courageous men feel when they are placed in a false position, they have marched along their difficult way.

Silhouetted in the shadows o'er the hilltops, in the ravines and mountain passes, the images of their dead, unavenged comrades at Carrizal, Parral, Columbus and Glenn Springs, rise before them and fade away in the mist.

But on they have marched, obeying orders, undergoing the most trying ordeal that any self-respecting army officers and men under them have ever had to shoulder in the history of this country—saying nothing when they doubtless can hardly refrain from crying out their thoughts into the vacant spaces.

Bravo, Funston! Bravissimo, Pershing! And a toast to the gallant Boyd and his troopers dead and alive. There are men in America yet!

## L'ENVOI

The shadows are deepening over blighted Mexico into a very abyss of blackness as the final pages of this volume are sent to press. And there is not a rift of light through the terror-impelling darkness with which the land is o'ercast. Villa, the Terrible, who has been so repeatedly and convincingly wounded, cut to pieces and killed by the State Department and the Carranzista Munchausens, is again heading so formidable an army that even indifferent Washington has expressed alarm. The Mexicans who will not join him are being branded like cattle—little cubes of flesh being cut from the tops of their ears. Proclamations are circulated all over Northern Mexico, calling "All loyal Mexicans" to the Butcher-Bandit's colours, which for the new occasion are black with a great blotch of spattered blood in the centre.

Already Villistas have captured the city of Jiminez, several other smaller cities and villages, and cut off Carranza's line of communication from the City of Mexico and the main body of his troops under the redoubtable Trevino. Another series of executions ordered by Carranza, of which that of General Santiago Ramirez of Saltillo is the most important, has thrown the people of Coahuila—Carranza's own state—into a furore of indignation, and there have been thousands of desertions from the ranks of the "First Chief" to the Villa colours.

Washington, ever mindful of Carranza's welfare, has lifted the embargo on all foodstuffs and fuel (what matter the American dead?), and it is understood that more munitions made in the United States are soon to be supplied him to "put down the Butcher-Bandit."

Villa is on crutches 'tis said authoritatively—but by this time the world at large is quite willing to admit that Villa on crutches is far more dangerous than Carranza on horseback. Apropos, the latter is practically living on his beautiful black horse so repeatedly dwelt upon by his press agents—riding around the capital, celebrating the birthday of Argentina and giving frequent balls and parties, while the people about him, literally starved at last into submission, are dying in the most abject horror by the *thousands*. Bereft of the people that might help, all of whom have taken refuge elsewhere, the Capital is a veritable city of the dead. Yet American newspapers are filled with stories of new elections, plans to placate the South American countries—and they need placating, for they know Carranza and his characteristic perfidy—and a "loan from the United States." As was anticipated earlier in these pages the "First Chief" is back to his old plaint—a loan from this country. Wall Street is again laughing quietly at the amateur Washington politics, meant to force a loan down its throat for an insolvent brigand—as the mist of darkness o'er the whole sickened, dying land is thickening into blackest night.

President Wilson has just addressed a convention of commercial travellers in Detroit, whom he

told that he would not interfere in Mexico, and, again, that the sovereignty of the land must be upheld. Recalling Huerta, the recognition of Carranza, Vera Cruz, some twenty or thirty punitive expeditions across the border and far into the interior on occasions, the world marvels and wonders what is meant by the future non-interference of the Chief Executive.

Meantime the friends of Mexico—the real friends of the country who realize that the time has at last come when in the name of common humanity something must be done—are planning and scheming. Out of the deliberations of the thousands of refugees, who practically include all the gentle people of the country that were able to escape before death or the Carranza guillotine overtook them; the representatives of enormous business interests, international lawyers—several of whom have volunteered their services without any thought of remuneration—ministers of the gospel, humanitarians and others who have been watching the steady downfall of the country since the Carranza recognition until it can go no further, some concrete plan may eventually be consummated. It is appreciated that nothing can be expected of Washington under present conditions.

The same plan that was pursued in the Boxer uprisings in China is feasible, it is thought, if it were not for the attitude of the White House. President Wilson is perfectly frank in the statement that he will do nothing to help American interests in Mexico. France and England have enormous interests throughout the country, many of which are being rapidly destroyed. Germany

controls the hardware trade but has no other large holdings except those acquired through Carranza. As he is not at the head of permanent government, whatever concessions he has granted the Teutons will not stand in international law. It is known that France and England are losing patience with the attitude of the United States Government and are now determined to protect their interests—the Monroe Doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding. The further humiliating spectacle may be presented—at no late day—of American interests appealing to England and France for entry into their scheme for protection against the Carranza and resurrected Villista hordes. Ere many months have passed a very cohesive and comprehensive plan in this direction may interest those who have the welfare of the country at heart. That something must be done and that quickly is the consensus of opinion among Christian people the world over. As between France and England and the United States and the allied commercial injuries sustained—all German property has been protected throughout the Carranza regime with infinite pains—it has resolved itself into a simple question of pay or play. In the end the great burden of indebtedness will fall upon the United States because of incalculable error unless some swift remedy is formulated.

Meanwhile, immediate relief is the matter to be considered. The American Red Cross has made repeated offers to resume its work at the Capital and in other sections of the land. Mr. Rockefeller's money, ever ready to help a suffering hu-



manity, might be had for the asking in all probability.

But the terrible error that this Government has committed against the Mexican people themselves can never be remedied, it may be said, finally and conclusively. It is as if we—the American people, for we are responsible for this Government, with no excuses of royal error, feudal system or monarchistic frailty—had gone into a garden of roses, robbed it of its most radiant and colourful flowers, wrecked its fences and left it to die in abject dissolution or else grow up again amid the weeds and tares of anarchy and brigandage.

## ADDENDA

In the preparation for this work much interesting data and correspondence was adduced from high officials in Mexico, the United States, France, Spain and other countries, that is not printable, and, most unfortunately, cannot be included in these pages. Some of this data is of a character too revolting and horrible to be presented. Fully appreciating the gravity of that fact and realising that the treachery and infamy of Carranza and his German affiliates would at no late day be made plain to the American people, in the fall of 1915 the author sent the prologue, chapter synopses and the first chapter of this volume to the President of the United States, through Secretary Tumulty, asking if he might not be permitted to say something in defence of the administration for the recognition of Carranza. Some correspondence ensued between the White House, the State Department and the author. The early communications of the author were sent to the Secretary of State, who prepared some data for this volume, as is illustrated by the following letter:

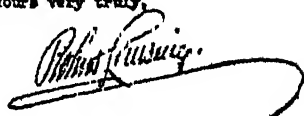
THE SECRETARY OF STATE  
WASHINGTON

November 10, 1915.

My dear sir:

Replying to your letter of the 9th in regard to the  
Ms. which you had sent to Mr. Tumulty, I have to state that  
it was returned to Mr. Tumulty a day or so ago with a memo-  
randum. You have no doubt heard from Mr. Tumulty are now.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Robert Lansing", with a long, sweeping horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Randolph Wellford Smith, Esq.  
New York City.

The data prepared by the Secretary of State which referred, it is understood, to the outrages upon nuns in Mexico, is not included in this work.

Early in June, 1916, the correspondence with the White House and the State Department was embodied in the form of addenda, as herewith, and sent to President Wilson with the renewed offer to say anything that might be said in justification of the Carranza recognition.

In response the following telegram was received:

Form 1294

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL	<b>WESTERN UNION</b>	CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message		 <b>TELEGRAM</b>	Day Message	
Day Letter	DL		Day Letter	DL
Night Message	NM		Night Message	NM
Night Letter	NL		Night Letter	NL
If letter of trans. shows symbols connect after the dash, transfer of service between day message. Others when difference is indicated by the symbol appearing after the dash.		If letter of trans. shows symbols connect after the dash, transfer of service between day message. Others when difference is indicated by the symbol appearing after the dash.		
GEORGE W. E. ATKINS VICE PRESIDENT		NEWCOMB GARLTON PRESIDENT BELVIDERE BROOKS VICE-PRESIDENT		

58NY GH 33 GOVT

**CW270 W. 23rd St. N Y**

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHN DC. 1235PM MAY 11 1916

RANDOLPH W SMITH

NY

YOUR LETTER OF MAY SEVENTH AND ENCLOSURES RECEIVED I CANNOT COM-  
 SENT TO THE PUBLICATION OF MY LETTERS TO YOU

J P TUNULTY

1253PM .

On the day following the manuscript was re-  
 turned with the following added communication:

## BENIGHTED MEXICO

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Personal

May 12, 1916

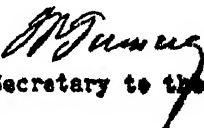
My dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of  
your letter of May 7th and to confirm my  
telegram of May 11th, as follows:

Your letter of May 7th and enclosures  
received. I cannot consent to the pub-  
lication of my letters to you.

I am herewith returning the enclosures  
of your letter.

Very truly yours,

  
Secretary to the President

Mr. Randolph W. Smith,  
New York City.

Enclosures:

Carranza owes his power and his recognition as a ruler of the Mexican people solely to this Government. With appalling vividness and horror the prophecies in the advance matter sent to the President have become verity. American citizens and soldiers have been murdered at will by Carranzistas, and insult after insult heaped upon this country and its government and its troops. Executions of Carranza's enemies one after another have occurred with such astounding rapidity that it is doubtful if Carranza himself has been able to keep score of his death list. And the infamies perpetrated upon nuns and other women have never been equalled in the darkest and most barbaric countries of ancient times. Of what avail is civilisation if such a bloodthirsty heart may prevail over a benighted people?

Mexicans in exile in New York are authority for the recital of atrocities, almost beyond belief, that are not included in this volume because they could be easily traced to the informants. And it is impossible to make the Mexican exiles believe that extradition is not soon to obtain and that they will not eventually be turned over to Carranza by the United States Government to do with as he wills.



## CHRONOLOGY OF LEADING HISTORICAL EVENTS IN MEXICO

1519.	Invasion of Cortez.
1521.	Conquest of the Capital. The country is made a Spanish colony under the name of New Spain.
1535.	The new colony becomes a vice-royalty.
1810.	Revolution under Hidalgo begun.
1815.	Revolution partly suppressed. Guerrilla warfare continues
1821.	Revolution under Iturbide. Last Spanish viceroy deposed.
1821-1823.	Empire under Iturbide.
1836.	Secession of Texas.
1846-1848.	War with the United States.
1857.	New Constitution formed, after frequent change of government.
1861.	Foreign intervention.
1862.	War with France begun.
1864-1867.	Empire under Maximilian.
1867.	French troops withdrawn. Execution of Maximilian and restoration of the Republic.
1867-1871.	Juarez President.
1871-1876.	Lerdo President.
1876-1880.	Porfirio Diaz President.
1880-1884.	Gonzalez President.



## CHRONOLOGY

- 1884-1910. Diaz President.
- 1910-1911. Revolution under Madero.
1911. May 25. Resignation of Diaz. Francisco de la Barra President.
- May 31. Flight of Diaz from Mexico.
- Nov. 6. Francisco I. Madero President.
1913. Feb. 9. Revolution against Madero led by Felix Diaz and Reyes.
- Feb. 19. Madero resigns presidency. Victoriano Huerta becomes Provisional President, and later Dictator.
- Feb. 22. Assassination of Madero and Vice President Pino Suarez, while being taken from the National Palace to the penitentiary.
- Mar. 26. Venustiano Carranza heads revolution against Huerta.
1914. Apr. 9. American bluejackets arrested at Tampico by Huerta's soldiers.
- Apr. 10. Rear Admiral Mayo demands salute to American Flag.
- Apr. 21. Landing of American troops at Vera Cruz.
- July 15. Resignation of Huerta. Francisco Carbajal Provisional President.
- July 22. Carranza appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs by Carbajal.
- Aug. 12. Resignation of Carbajal upon the approach of Constitutional forces.
- Aug. 15. Constitutional troops under Obregon enter Mexico City, followed on Aug. 20 by Car-

- ranza, who has now assumed the title of "First Chief."
- Sept. 23. Villa begins revolution against Carranza.
- Nov. 10. Eulalio Gutierrez Provisional President, having been appointed by the Mexican National Convention under the domination of Villa, Carranza moves his capital to Puebla. Villa and Zapata hold Mexico City.
- Nov. 23. Withdrawal of United States troops from Vera Cruz. Carranza now takes possession of the city.
1915. Jan. 9. Villa signs agreement with Gen. Hugh Scott at El Paso, Tex., to end conditions on Mexican border threatening American territory.
- Jan. 16. Roque Gonzales Garza appointed President, while Gutierrez flees from Capital.
- Jan. 20. Gen. Gutierrez surrenders his army to Carranza.
- Jan. 27. Garza resigns presidency and evacuates city with Villista army.
- Jan. 28. Obregon with Carranza army enters Mexico City.
- Feb. 11. Expulsion of Spanish Minister by Carranza.
- Mar. 10. Zapata enters capital with his forces after Obregon evacuates.

## CHRONOLOGY

- Apr. 15. Carranza forces under Obregon defeat Villa at Celaya.
- June 2. United States protests to Mexican leaders and says that unless they settle their differences, United States will intervene.
- June 6. Decisive victory of Obregon and Angeles over Villa at Leon.
- June 9. Roque Gonzales Garza deposed as President and Francisco Lagos Chazaro elected.
- June. 27. General Huerta and General Pascual Orozco arrested by United States Federal officers in Newman, N. M., charged with plotting a revolution in Mexico.
- July 2. Death of Porfirio Diaz in Paris at age of 84.
- July 3. General Orozco escapes his guard at El Paso. A few days later he is killed during a raid on the border.
- July 10. Carranza forces under Pablo Gonzales capture Mexico City.
- Aug. 5. A B C Conference consisting of the United States Secretary of State, Justices of the Supreme Court and leading Mexican citizens, and representatives of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Uruguay and Guatemala. They make appeal to revolutionary leaders on Aug. 11 for pacification.
- Aug. 19. Villa accepts the good offices of

- the United States and agrees to coöperate in the pacification of Mexico.
- Sept. 10. Carranza rejects United States pacification plan.
- Oct. 9. Pan-American Conference at Niagara Falls, representing United States, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Uruguay, Guatemala, Colombia and Nicaragua decide to recognize Carranza. Formal act takes place Oct. 19.
- Dec. 18. Villa announces he will cease revolution against Carranza.
1916. Jan. 10. Nineteen American employees of a mining company taken off a train near Chihuahua, Mex., and shot to death by bandits, said to be followers of Villa.
- Jan. 13. Death of General Huerta shortly after his release from Federal prison.
- Jan. 17-18. Two Villa officers, General Rodríguez and Colonel Baca-Valles, put to death by Carranza, said to be responsible for the massacre of Jan. 10.
- Mar. 9. Band of 1,000 to 1,500 Mexican brigands under Villa cross border and attack town of Columbus, N. M., and camp of the Thirteenth United States Cavalry, killing nine civilians and eight troopers. They are pursued into Mexico and more than 100 Mexicans are killed.

## CHRONOLOGY

- Mar. 10. President Wilson and Cabinet decide to send adequate force into Mexico to punish Villa.
- Mar. 13. United States agrees to allow forces of Carranza to enter American territory, when necessary for pursuit of bandits.
- Mar. 15. Start of the military punitive expedition against Villa, entering Mexico at two different points, under General Pershing and Colonel Dodd. General Funston in chief command of border situation.
- Apr. 12. Attack on United States forces at Parral, Chihuahua, by Mexican mobs. Carranza informs United States that it is unwise for American troops to remain longer in Mexico.
- Apr. 16. Widely reported that Villa is dead.
- May 6. Second raid across border by Villa bandits at Glenn Springs and Boquillas, Tex.
- May 9. President Wilson calls out Militia of Texas, N. Mex., and Arizona and also more regular troops to guard border.  
10,000-word note sent by Carranza to United States, requesting the withdrawal of American troops from Mexico.
- June 16. Order of Trevino that General Pershing move neither East, West nor South, but North,

- or else be attacked by his forces.
- June 18. President Wilson calls National Militia to mobilize for service on Mexican border.
  - June 20. President Wilson's ultimatum to "First Chief" Carranza.
  - June 21. United States Negro cavalry troops treacherously trapped and nearly exterminated at Carrizal by Carranza forces, who take a number prisoners.
  - June 25. Note of Carranza assuming responsibility of Trevino's order to General Pershing.
  - June 26. President Wilson demands release of Negro troopers held prisoners at Chihuahua and disavowal of Trevino South-West-East order.
  - June 30. American troopers released by Carranza and sent across the border.
  - July 4. Carranza sends conciliatory note to President Wilson which opens the way to a series of friendly conferences between the Department of State and the Ambassador Designate Arredondo of the de facto government.
  - July 9-12. Villa reported to be gaining strength and to have defeated Carranza forces in two battles near Parral.
  - July 13. General Trevino reported de-

posed by Carranza and to have deserted to Villa.

**July 21.** General Pershing reports to President Wilson that Villa again heads army of 18,000 men and is preparing for action.















